





Presented
to
Lake Forest College
by
Mrs. Alfred E. Hamill

CASANOVA LOVED HER

CASANOVA

by
BRUNO BRUNELLI

with a Preface by
ARTHUR MACHEN



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INTRODUCTION

There are two great methods of writing books. The one which is new, or rather the mistaken adaptation of an old plan, is to invent fictions, dull and formless in themselves, and to tell them with so serious and mortified a brow, with such infinite pains to no purpose, with such an accumulation of small details that lead nowhere, with so many little pieces carved into wiggle-woggle with the labour of a wild man's lifetime, pieces that fit into nothing, and that would never make even a jazz jig-saw puzzle ; to do all this so pontifically, so greatly, and so grandly that the reader is overwhelmed. He says to himself: " This cannot be a fiction, a novel. It must be all true. Here is a parlour-maid who brings in an invitation to tennis and tea in Book III. A footnote traces her pedigree up to the period of the Black Death. Nothing happens to the girl ; nothing happens at the tennis party. Nobody would take the trouble to invent that pedigree. So every word of ' The House of Doublethwayte ' must be true, and Felix Doublethwayte III did dislike China tea, though, as he says, ' it never disagreed with him. ' "

That is the one method ; and it is interesting, by the way, to note that it is a corrupt following of Defoe. When Defoe

had an amazing fiction in hand, the more incredible his tale, the more fully he loaded it with trivial and insignificant and irrelevant details. Here there was an end that justified the means. Thus Defoe made his readers believe in the ghost of Mrs Veal: but if you have no marvel to show, you need not be at the pains to be dull.

And, then, there is the other school. There are a few writers who can tell the truth with such a grace, with so fine an art, that we scarce know whether to believe in a word they utter. We feel that it is "too good to be true," that actuality is never so fantastic, so amazing, so deeply tragical, so strange in its procession of events. Of course, we all know that the Brontë sisters existed, that they lived at Haworth, and wrote books. External and independent evidence abounds to that effect; but if this had been lacking, I think I should have had certain doubts and hesitations in reading Mrs Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë." It is almost too wonderful—and too terrible to be true. So with a very different memoir of a very different person, Grimaldi, the famous clown. There are tales in that book over which I do hesitate and doubt, so strange and rare are their marvels; and yet I am sure that every word of them is nude verity.

And so, again, with yet another book, as remote from the "Memoirs of Grimaldi" as from the "Life of Charlotte Brontë": I mean the "Memoirs of Casanova." Forty years ago I became familiar with the "Memoirs" by the fact that I translated them into English. I was greatly impressed and highly entertained; but I must say that I was of opinion that the book was, very largely, a pack of lies. The fact was that I came to my text much as a Styrian or Thibetan, unread in English literature, might come to

the text of Mrs Gaskell. I had never heard of Casanova before ; I knew nothing of any confirmatory pieces of evidence ; of any literature of the subject that may have existed ; and so, taking the " *Memoirs* " as a whole, I thought them a great deal too good to be true. I suppose I was willing to admit that there had been such a person as Casanova, and that he was, doubtless, a seducer of dames, a swindler, a card-sharper, and an impostor of every kind and sort imaginable ; but I held that he, or some unknown scribe, had decorated, illuminated, and elaborated the rascal's life to an egregious extent, inventing fantastic and extraordinary episodes with one hand, bringing into the tale all the famous people of the eighteenth century with the other, writing up a mean history of roguery so liberally that nine-tenths of it were fiction. The English episodes, I remember, particularly aroused my distrust. I resented the fact that Casanova obliged the Duke of Bedford with a passage on his boat from Calais to Dover. I was sceptical when, within an hour of his arrival in London, he found himself in " the notorious Cannon Coffee House," sitting next to a well-known Italian man of letters, who was correcting the proof-sheets of his edition of " *Boccaccio*." Then, when Casanova went for a ride, his horse threw him opposite the residence of the Duchess of Kingston ; and when he got into trouble, he was brought up before Sir John Fielding. He could not stir, it seemed, without coming in contact with the notorious or the notable. And then, again, there was the story of the " *Fair Portuguese* " ; a wild fable, as it seemed to me. I decided that I believed very little of all this. I don't think I was convinced, though a distinguished French critic wrote to tell me : " *Casanova est un véridique.*" I believe I gave way when I found that those Charpillon

people did, in fact, live in *Denmark Street, Soho*, and paid rates in the parish of *St Martin-in-the-Fields*. There is something very convincing about rates. We are so settled in this odd belief that only the dull and unpleasant things are true, that we call a writer who deals with such things a realist, a man who treats of reality; while the artist, in words or in colour, whose subjects are strange, fantastic, or beautiful, is an idealist, a fellow who describes or paints the unreal, that which is not there. So the *Charpillons* paid rates and taxes as I do—sometimes. Ergo, *Casanova* is veracious.

Well, the syllogism is a queer one; but the conclusion is true enough. Whatever record leaps to light, it seems that *Casanova* never will be shamed; at all events on the accusation of lying. The more minutely his wild tales are investigated, the more fully they are confirmed and corroborated; and here in "*Casanova Loved Her*" is a striking and convincing instance of his veracity. The story of *Mlle X.C.V.*, which occurs in the gorgeous chapters of *Casanova's* second visit to *Paris*, had somewhat faded from my memory; it was soon recalled when I read once more of that mysterious drug, *Aroph*, exhibited in such an odd manner by *Casanova*, in the character of a disciple of *Paracelsus*; and the whole tale, as queer as any in the book, came back to me. I do not know that when I first read it I accorded it any special measure of incredulity; it was part of the tremendous phantasmagoria; it worked in with the lottery business by means of which *Casanova*, who did not know the *ABC* of lottery management, became, for a while, one of the most notable people in *France*. It went very well with the *Rosicrucian* swindling of *Madame D'Urfé*, with the tale of the strangely nicknamed *Count Sixtimes*—I had not in those

days come across the Count in a number of "Notes and Queries," as a well-known social figure and a successful architect in India towards the end of the eighteenth century. I say, I did not especially and virulently disbelieve in Mlle X.C.V.; but I certainly never expected to encounter her as an actual personage outside the "Memoirs," any more than I expected when I last visited Portsmouth to see Vincent Crummles billed at the theatre, or to be introduced in Plymouth to a stranger with the whispered aside: "One of Mrs Micawber's Family."

But here is this fabulosa Mlle X.C.V., in her true name, with her ancestry, with the date of her birth, with the story of her life and of her heart, with the letter—a very spiteful letter—that Lady Mary Wortley Montagu wrote to her daughter, the Countess of Bute, about our heroine and her family, with her marriage to a noble Austrian, and the serious state she kept in her later years. And the history goes on to the date of her death, and her death certificate. It was a strange life enough; she deserved, we may say, to have a part in the great Casanova Show; but it is all as sure and certain as death and taxes.

Mlle X.C.V. was a countrywoman of our own, on one side of her parentage. She was Miss Giustiniana Wynne, the (legitimised) daughter of an English baronet, Sir Richard Wynne, and a somewhat dubious Greek-Venetian lady. She loved for long years Andrea Memmo, a noble Venetian; indeed, it was a misadventure with Memmo that brought about the odd adventure of Casanova and the drug Aroph. And here, strangely preserved, are her love letters to Memmo; and the dead and buried Venetian days have come to life again. The fates fought against her marriage to her lover,

and there were other loves, other adventures, and then peaceful days, and honoured days ; though a few people smiled when her name was mentioned. At last, on 23rd August 1791, the Abbé Gennari, of Padua, writes :—

“ Yesterday was brought to the Church delle Monache di San Benedetto, with a decent equipage, the body of Madame Giustiniana Wynne, widow of the Count von Rosenberg, Imperial Ambassador at Venice.”

Her brother Riccardo gave her a worthy marble monument, with an inscription which may still be read at St Benedict's, in Padua. And eight years afterwards, Riccardo, having become Richard, died Rector of Ayot St Lawrence, Welwyn, Hertfordshire.

I do not quite know why ; but how strange it seems and untrue that a naughty Riccardo, well known to Casanova, should die Richard, the Hertfordshire Rector.



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The eternal magic of Venice—A disconsolate widower who was soon consoled—The beautiful Greek—Birth of Giustiniana—Legitimation—An unhappy fall from grace—A vow that was quickly forgotten—La Fontaine as a moral professor—Conversion and death of Sir Richard.

In the early part of the year 1735 there arrived in Venice the descendant of an ancient and noble Lincolnshire family, in the person of a certain Sir Richard Wynne. The baronet had recently lost his wife, and was broken-hearted. He had been advised to travel, and turned his footsteps towards Italy, a land where many a wounded soul has found solace in the smiles of art and nature. Venice was his first halt, in those days a city of theatres and festivals. Feminine intrigue, scandal, diversions, and literary rivalries may perhaps have filled too large a place there. But there still glowed, within the marvellous frame of that unique city, a spark of the genius which was to gild with beauty the death-agony of one of the wisest governments the world has known.

The disconsolate traveller felt the influence of so many attractions, and the serenity of a sky so different from that of his native land, and once again Venice was able to work

its poetic spell. Being wealthy and still young, the foreigner was speedily surrounded with seductions . . . nor were they precisely the seductions of art. In his first explorations of Venice, Wynne had seen and greatly admired a young woman of exotic beauty. An accommodating gondolier enabled him to make her acquaintance. She was a Greek : Anna Gazzini, daughter of Messer Filippo, a "Nobleman from the Island of Leukas," engaged upon some kind of business.

Aspersions have been cast on the nobility of the Gazzini, for the baptismal certificate of one of them speaks merely of "Signora Anna, daughter of Ser Filippo" and nothing further ; moreover, one of her sisters, Maria, who was married at the age of nineteen, in December 1741, to Giovanni Giacomo Vanest, is not declared in the marriage certificate to be of noble birth. It is possible that at a later date Sir Richard Wynne was moved himself to ennoble Anna Gazzini. He was proud of his own descent from Owen Wynne, an Under-Secretary of State in the reign of Charles II, and from George Wynne of Nostel Abbey, created baronet in 1666 ; and he enjoyed, and made much of the fact, the protection of an influential English nobleman, Lord Holderness. The truth is that this hypothetical nobility of the Gazzini appears for the first time in 1745. Their name, moreover, suggests no Grecian origin. Filippo Gazzini arrived in Venice from Leukas, an island in the Ionian Sea, some years after the birth of his daughter Anna, which occurred in 1713. His other daughter, Maria, was born in 1722 in Venice.

Fruits of the friendship between the English baronet and the fair Greek were soon evident. On January 26, 1737, a little girl was baptised at the Church of San Marmola,

under the name of Giustiniana, and registered as the child of His Excellency Sir Richard Wynne, Englishman, and Signora Anna, daughter of Signor Filippo Gazzini.

Such a birth was none too honourable, even when due allowance is made for the broad notions of the period in the matter of illegitimate births ; still less was it honourable for the daughter of " a nobleman of Leukas." And Wynne had his doubts as to the attitude his family would adopt, though he did his best to parade the noble origin of his lovely mistress. But his broken heart was healed and, three years after Giustiniana's birth, he decided to legalise the situation. On September 26, 1740, he married Anna Gazzini. From this marriage three more daughters were born : Mary Elisabeth, in 1741, Teresa Suzanna, in 1742, and Anna Amelia in 1748, who died two years later ; and two sons, Richard in 1744 and William in 1745.

But it was impossible to allow Giustiniana, the first-born, to remain illegitimate, and Sir Richard took steps to legitimise her. This was done in 1745.*

Lady Wynne proved herself an astute woman. Although her career had begun in an affair of gallantry, she so conducted herself as to become no less respectable before the world than she had been made in the eyes of the law. Her daughter remembered her mother's example when, later in life, she wrote her *Moral Essays* and gave some charming souvenirs of her childhood, in a series of pictures which are amongst the best of her literary work.

Giustiniana and Richard early showed themselves the

* It was in the certificate of legalisation, dated 10th September of this year, that Signor Filippo Gazzini was first characterised as a " nobleman of Leukas."

most intelligent of the Wynne children. The means of extending their knowledge were ready at hand, for their father lived among books ; his library was filled to overflowing, the very tables being encumbered with volumes. By the time she was thirteen years old, Giustiniana had a passion for reading. Her father, for a good part of each year, was crippled by gout, and she used to take any of his books which pleased her, and hide them in a small cupboard next to her bedroom ; being always careful, after reading them, to return them to the library. Lady Wynne, however, whose wish it was to make a good housekeeper out of her daughter, scolded her severely for neglecting practical matters for the sake of intellectual ones, and often threatened to send her to a convent. But Giustiniana was protected by her father, who would secretly give her a little money, with which she was able to bribe her governess into silence when the latter discovered her reading.

One unfortunate day, Giustiniana made off with Paolo Sarpi's *History of the Council of Trent*, a ponderous quarto, and while absorbed in its pages—which are hardly the most comprehensible for a child of thirteen—did not hear the bell for dinner. Someone was sent to fetch her, and hearing the noise of approaching footsteps she hurriedly ran to hide the book. Unfortunately for Giustiniana, she forgot in her haste that the room in which she was sitting was separated from the adjoining room by some steps, and she fell down, badly hurting her left knee. Unable to rise, she called out for help, and was carried off and put to bed, where she remained for a month. The governess then revealed the secret ; and this book and the others in the cupboard were sequestered by her mother.

A priest, who came every day to the Wynnes to play cards with the baronet, saw these volumes, and informed Lady Wynne that Sarpi's work was on the Papal Index. As frequently occurs in the case of fair sinners, Lady Wynne, as she grew older, had become extremely devout in the hope of consigning her too exuberant youth to oblivion. She professed to see Divine Influence at work in her daughter's unfortunate accident following the reading of the forbidden book. She painted the consequences of her disobedience, and the infernal terrors that awaited her, in colours so horrible that the poor child became seriously ill with fever. It was necessary to have her bled, and a priest was summoned, to whom Giustiniana confessed her fault. But before he could absolve her, the priest declared that he would be compelled to consult the Papal Nuncio ; and he required his young penitent, whose anguish was extreme, to prepare a written confession. Finally, when he had read the confession, he absolved her, and Giustiniana, in her joy, vowed that henceforth she would only read the lives of the Saints.

The baronet, who was confined to his room with the gout, remained ignorant of all this, and Giustiniana was forbidden to discuss the matter with him, as he was a Protestant, and regarded as a heretic by his wife and her spiritual advisers.

One day, as Sir Richard was sleeping, Giustiniana saw on the table by his bed a book which, from certain engravings in it, appeared to her to be of an ascetic character. She rejoiced to think that her father was doubtless about to be converted. But, upon reading the volume in secret, she found that it treated of a very different subject. It was in

fact La Fontaine's *Contes*. The little book so deeply interested her that she devoured it to the last page. It gave birth to new sensations in her, and aroused a sweet emotion which till then had been unknown and unsuspected. Thenceforward she continued to read other works, particularly those dealing with travel, and was profoundly interested in descriptions of the rites and customs of distant peoples : forgotten was her promise only to read the lives of the Saints. Her fear of the devil and of hell vanished ; new horizons were opening before her. She conceived ideas of life and religion that were very different from those inspired by her mother and the priest. These ideas were not yet clear, of course, to one so young ; but always afterwards she remembered the first books that she had ever read, and later declared that they had had the strongest influence on her manner of thinking and on the guiding rules of her life. We, for our part, will merely remark that La Fontaine is a singular moral instructor for a little girl of thirteen ; and the practical results of his instruction will soon be evident.

Lady Wynne was greatly disturbed about her husband's religion, and used every influence to convert him to the Catholic Faith, foreseeing that his gout would speedily end his days. In the end, unable to stir from his bed of sickness, he allowed himself to be moved by his wife's tears, and was converted within a few days of his death.

Sir Richard Wynne died on the night of April 24, 1751 ; and Giustiniana was certainly the one of his children who most bitterly mourned the father who had loved her so dearly, and whose memory she always venerated.

CHAPTER II

First visit to England—The demands of the Protestant relatives—Stay in Paris—First meeting with Casanova—Return to Venice—His Britannic Majesty's Consul, Mr Smith—Casanova reappears—Andrea Memmo—A fatal passion—The commencement of correspondence between Memmo and Giustiniana.

As she was now a widow, Lady Wynne had seriously to think about putting the family finances in order. Her husband had left a fortune of about £40,000 in England, but his English relatives raised a variety of obstacles when the time came for its liquidation. The widow therefore determined to visit England with her five children.

The journey across Germany and Holland was very fatiguing. Travel in those days was hardly a pleasure, for the inns were usually poor and the food incredibly unappetising. Giustiniana, at least, wished to see something of the towns and countries through which they passed, but her devout mother refused to admire monuments or works of art, and only took the children into the churches, where she would remain gaping before the various decorations which only made them hideous.

The travellers eventually reached England, where they remained a year. The fair widow succeeded in obtaining all that she wanted. She was able to produce authentic

proofs of her marriage, but against this was compelled to authorise the conversion of her children to the Anglican Faith. Otherwise she would have forfeited the inheritance. It was a hard sacrifice for so scrupulous a Catholic. But interest gained the day ; and it is not for us to blame an isolated woman with five children to bring up. By way of compensation, Lady Wynne unloaded her soul to an Irish priest, with whom she discussed the possibility of evading the religious obligations which she had assumed on behalf of her children. There was only one way to do this, namely, to leave London and return to Italy on the grounds of health. Having obtained permission to live abroad for two years (which permission was afterwards extended) the Wynnes left London and recrossed the English Channel.

Giustiniana greatly regretted leaving England. She took away a vision of animated streets, green parks, parties where elegant ladies met in crowds to celebrate the national rite of tea-drinking, and salons where she had hoped to perfect her knowledge of English and good manners. Paris, however, soon made her forget London ; for life was still more refined and elegant in the French capital, and Giustiniana moved there in the most fashionable circles.

It was at the house of Mocenigo, the Venetian Ambassador at Paris, that Giustiniana met for the first time one who was to play no small part in her future adventures. This was Giacomo Casanova. He was not yet the hero of the escape from the Leads, which was to make him celebrated throughout the whole of Europe, but his adventurous nature had made itself apparent in his youthful escapades. He was already a connoisseur of women, and immediately noticed Giustiniana who, “ despite her youth had every quality of

perfection upon her face.”* Casanova had always a tendency to rejuvenate the women with whom he had or was to have an adventure, and on this occasion, in August 1752, he says that Giustiniana was only twelve. In reality she was fifteen; and if the lovely child, in whose profile Greek purity of line blended with English strength of character, and whose manners reflected the soft seduction of her native Venice, had stayed longer in Paris, who knows but that Casanova might have essayed her conquest then and there?

But shortly after this meeting the Wynnes left France and returned to Venice, staying in the Santo Aponal quarter, where they took a house next to the Palazzo Tiepolo, at the Traghetto de la Madonetta. Such had been the charms of Paris that Giustiniana departed for Italy in a flood of tears. But her sorrow vanished when she saw again the Italian sky and Venice, the city of her birth. The Wynnes returned to Italy with a young English lady to improve their knowledge of the paternal language, and a young Frenchwoman, Toinon (Tonina in Italian) who, “like all Frenchwomen,” had an extraordinary talent for dressing hair, and who became Giustiniana’s confidante and almost a companion. Giustiniana, proud of her travels, and of accomplishments which gave her a certain superiority over other girls of her age, paraded the two foreigners as precious acquisitions, almost as trophies won in unknown lands. She only read French tragedies and novels, and enlarged, whenever the occasion offered in conversation, upon her experiences in London and Paris. Her listeners, however, were not many, for her mother had few acquaintances:

* *Mémoires de J. Casanova* (Flammarion’s edition), Vol. ii, p. 239.

the circumstances of her débüt in the world were too well known at Venice, for which reason she now affected an austerer way of life than ever. Moreover, her absence abroad had broken up the little circle of visitors who had formerly been attracted by the respectability and learned conversation of the baronet.

But one friend, at least, remained faithful. This was Mr Smith, the English Consul, to whom Giustiniana was always ready to listen when he talked to her of England, which she called "our common Motherland."

William Smith lived in a palazzo, which he had bought and modernised, with the assistance of Elena Balbi, in the quarter of the Holy Apostles. This palazzo, which to-day belongs to the Commendatore Eugenio Guillon Mangilli, still preserves in its interior decorations the pure style of the eighteenth century. Smith,* who was a man of letters and an enlightened amateur, had amassed there a remarkable collection of objets d'art, pictures, engravings, and especially incunabula, which last were much admired by the celebrated Président de Brosses in 1734. Later he became English Consul and, when his term of office was over, stayed on in Venice, his adopted country, until his death in 1760. Shortly before his death he sold his furniture to George II for a large sum of money.

Smith greatly admired the lovely young woman who called herself his compatriot, and Giustiniana and her

* Horace Walpole says Smith "had a fine library, of which he knew nothing at all but the title pages." Miss Berry relates that he "engaged Canaletti for a number of years to paint exclusively for him at a fixed price, and sold his pictures at an advanced price to English travellers." His first wife was Mrs Tofts, a celebrated opera singer, upon whom Pope wrote an epigram.

mother frequently visited the old man. It was in his house that she met Casanova for the second time, who again looked upon her with satisfaction, attracted, doubtless, by so green a fruit. Although fully occupied at the time with other adventures, he declared himself her admirer. The adventurer and the romantic Giustiniana met again during a short stay in Padua, perhaps in the house of Senator Bragadin, the friend and protector of Casanova, who was accustomed to spend his summers in Padua, like many of his fellow-citizens, who considered they were in the country the moment they left Venice.

Amongst those who visited Smith was a certain handsome and intelligent young man with distinguished manners. Little did the old consul imagine, when he presented him to Giustiniana, what his rôle was to be in her life. Years later, in her *Moral Essays*, she relates how the passion at that moment inspired in her by the young man overcame "all the others." What passions had already fluttered the heart of this precocious maiden? Did she include, among those others, Casanova? All were, however, but caprices beside the grand passion inspired by the youth whom she discreetly designates by the single initial, M.

The young man belonged to an old patrician family. His name was Andrea Memmo, and he was the son of Pietro Memmo, of the San Marmola branch of that family, and of Lucia Pisani. Andrea was a victim of maternal authority. Lady Wynne was unfriendly towards her daughter's admirers, while Lucia Pisani eyed with equal disfavour the set of unprejudiced young people that revolved round Andrea and his younger brothers. But Andrea and Giustiniana had the fiery blood of youth in their veins, and

viewed lets and hindrances with equal impatience. And each was equally smitten with the other.

After her daughter's second meeting with Casanova, in Padua, Lady Wynne observed the too intrepid adventurer paying court to her daughter in a manner considerably beyond what she permitted, which was little enough ; and she took steps to accelerate his departure from the scene. Giustiniana apologised for her mother's intolerance in a pretty letter which Casanova was to read again with great pleasure in later years, and to which he replied by an epistle in verse, wherein he bewailed his fate and envied the "Arabian phoenix" which would one day fill her heart. Contrary to his usual habit, Casanova easily adapted himself to the circumstances. But he had his reasons : little enough free time was left him by the charming C. C., and his rendezvous in the casino at Murano with the famous nun M. M., who played a double part, and played it openly, with Casanova and the Abbé de Bernis, French Ambassador to the Venetian Republic. Hence it was that Casanova left the ground open for his friend Andrea Memmo.

Andrea, with his brothers, Bernardo and Lorenzo, and several other young folks, formed what we might, with all due apology, call "the bright young people" of the Venice of the day. Casanova shone among them by his witty sallies and capacity for always discovering something fresh. He initiated his friends into the mysteries of Freemasonry. Signora Memmo was not content, however, to watch her sons wasting their fortune and filling their minds with new ideas. It was she who instigated a visit of Messer Grande to Casanova's apartment, the consequence of which was his famous imprisonment beneath the Leads.

At the time of Giustiniana's first meeting with Andrea, in 1753, he was twenty-four years old, and she sixteen. In view of their mutual passion and the rank of the young patrician, Lady Wynne could have wished for nothing better than their marriage. But on the other hand, for reasons of interest, she did not desire Giustiniana to abjure her recent conversion to protestantism; and she clearly realised that the difference of religion would be an insurmountable bar to the consent of Memmo's family. She knew, too, from experience, how easily false steps are made. She immediately recognised the danger of the situation. And, what was still worse, was the thought that obstacles would but prove a stimulant to one of Giustiniana's firm and independent character. The house was closed to Memmo. Lady Wynne no longer visited the few friends that formed her circle, in order to avoid meeting the young man. Giustiniana was heart-broken, but persisted the more fervently in her love. At first she occasionally saw her friend from her window or in church; then, having found a way of eluding the maternal vigilance, she began to correspond with him.

These daily letters, and sometimes there were more than one a day, were to be very numerous so long as the relations between the two young people lasted. Those written by Giustiniana were collected by an anonymous copyist, at the end of the eighteenth century, and have for the most part reached us in two manuscript volumes, recently discovered by myself. They are precious documents for such as would reconstruct the social and amorous life, and study the complicated psychology, of an adventuress of the eighteenth century.

 CHAPTER III

Giustiniana's wiles to deceive her mother—Letters to Andrea Memmo—Her rendezvous with him—First outbreaks of jealousy—A party in Marietta Corner's house—An old man declares his love—A worthy pupil of Casanova—Memmo's prudence, Giustiniana's delirium—A painful separation.

THE passion of Giustiniana and Andrea stands out clearly through the *Moral Essays*, in which she leaves us with the impression that her love was extinguished by the time the two young people had overcome the obstacles in their way. She skilfully dissimulates the first phase of her romance, which would scarcely have been in place in a collection of such writings. But the researches of historians and of the curious have not suffered her adventures to remain in the dark. She could not, of course, have foreseen Casanova's indiscreet memoirs, still less could she have guessed that the curiosity of the public would lead to a full investigation of those memoirs, which provide the most perfect picture we possess of life in the eighteenth century, and a picture, moreover, the accuracy of which has again and again been substantiated. Hence, while Giustiniana, turned Countess and a "Blue-Stocking" of note, thought that her youth had been well and truly forgotten in the mists of the past, the curious have been able to trace, through the discreet pages of her own essays, the mysterious lady of Casanova's

initials (X.C.V.), and the amorous adventures and follies of her youth.

Her passion for Memmo was the deepest and most complete passion in her life, and dominated it. Her letters, which I have discovered, show this clearly. They are the letters of a *grande amoureuse*. They reveal the lights and shadows of every phase of her passion. It is, indeed, a pity that we do not possess Memmo's letters, but they could hardly have proved so absorbing as Giustiniana's. From her correspondence, it would scarcely appear that he had the temperament of a great lover. And so one more proof is afforded of the saying that a woman abandons herself more completely and exclusively to her passion than a man.

I have previously stated that Andrea and Giustiniana were stimulated by the obstacles placed in their way by their respective families. Giustiniana had always been in an intense state of emotion and anxiety, whenever she expected to see Andrea at her mother's house, or when she knew that he was going to Smith's palazzo. Now that she was no longer allowed to see him, and that their meetings were so few and far between, her emotion increased. Her agitation coupled with the infinite sweetness of her visions compelled her to declare that she was "not herself."

In order to be in a position to exchange their daily letters and to meet every week, they were obliged to have recourse to intermediaries, so as to escape Lady Wynne's vigilance. A certain couple called N—— were ready to assist them, partly from compassion and more certainly on account of the presents which Giustiniana gave to the wife, who was sympathetic.

In a letter which Giustiniana wrote to appoint a rendezvous with Memmo, she says :—

‘ You will have received my letter this morning, and soon, no doubt, I shall receive yours. Meanwhile, we shall see one another on Friday. My God, how long it seems till then ! And after ? Afterwards I’ll think of another day, that I may be sweetly occupied with thoughts of you.

‘ Tell me, Memmo, are you satisfied with me ? Can I oblige you any further ? Is there anything in my bearing or way of life that you would have me change ? Speak ! I will do all that you wish. What greater consolation can I have than to see you contented and to unite myself more strongly to you ! I never would have believed it possible to love with the violence with which I love you. Everything is excessive in me. Coquetry used to be my whole pleasure, and perhaps represented passion for me. Now, I can scarcely even be civil to people, and am bored with everything. Everybody tells me I am grown dull, *stupid*, and that I can no longer amuse anyone. I notice it myself, and I care not at all. It is enough for me that you do not think so. I have grown much thinner too, nor could it be otherwise, for, on consideration, I have had great trials. But patience ! I have won my Memmo and will keep him always. My only pleasures are those which come from him, to adore him and to be loved by him as much as I desire. And with such happiness, such great happiness, what may we not look forward to ! ’ (LXXVII)

Giustiniana was sure of Andrea’s love ; but from time to time, alternate doubts, torments and exquisite sensations awoke in her. To please Memmo, she would have liked to

be still more beautiful, more intelligent, worthier of one whom she worshipped as an idol and placed so far above herself. She admired in Andrea a handsome and distinguished young patrician, a perfect example of the masculine graces, who, with an air of good breeding, was charming and at the same time serious, modest, well-educated and full of sound and broad ideas. A certain vivacity of temperament and a 'foolishness on principle and for sound reasons' were due to his age and natural inclinations, and this increased the enchantment which, proud of his preference for her, she experienced. Women were always a great temptation for Andrea Memmo; and in his riper years they were his distraction from work and political occupations. Giustiniana knew this, and blushed with pleasure when the complaisant Madame N—— asked her, "What have you done to fix this fickle fellow?"

But sometimes she feared that their love would harm Andrea's future career. He took a keen interest in the theatre, and was always greatly occupied with it, both in Venice and Padua, where he later became *Proveditore*. He had formed certain plans, but abandoned them, owing to his absorption in Giustiniana, whilst she regretted the fact that she had kept Andrea away from a study which would certainly have gained him a great reputation.

Memmo continued to visit Smith, at whose house Lady Wynne no longer allowed her daughters to appear, without, however, preventing the old Englishman from visiting her. He invited them to his villa at Mogliano and offered to find them a house to rent in the neighbourhood. Lady Wynne would readily have left Venice during the summer heat and taken her children to the country. Giustiniana

would have had less opportunity of meeting Memmo and of hearing him discussed, and therefore in time, so her mother reasoned, 'would be more likely to forget him. But it was not easy to find a villa, and the idea of spending the summer in the Terraglio district had to be abandoned.

Meanwhile Giustiniana had discovered a means of meeting Memmo. There were occasional interviews in the afternoon, in a place which Memmo chose from time to time, and Giustiniana would go there with Madame N——. The latter's husband was always terrified lest these meetings might be discovered, but Giustiniana knew how to triumph over his scruples. She would talk with Memmo for two hours at a time, their hands united in tender emotion, whilst the N——s mounted guard in the room. They were deeply touched by the profound sincerity of this love and by Giustiniana's mental torture, who, otherwise, would have been compelled to content herself with a long and fatiguing watch for Memmo all day, waiting for him to appear on the balcony of the adjoining palazzo, in order to exchange a few words, or to see him passing along the Grand Canal in his gondola. Their sympathy for the two lovers induced them to lend their help for as many interviews as possible.

Lady Wynne nourished the secret hope that the opportunity would occur for a wealthy marriage for her daughter, and that this would banish for ever her passion for Memmo. A Roman Knight, who was spending some time at Venice, was suggested to her one day ; but she hesitated to speak to Giustiniana about him, for Smith was showing such interest that she daily awaited his demand for her daughter's

hand. She regarded him as the most suitable match for a turbulent girl ; for experience had taught her to beware of young men.

Amongst Lady Wynne's visitors was the Abbé Carlo Lodoli, an extremely cultured man, who looked after the instruction of Memmo and of other young patricians. Giustiniana was always eager to talk with him, for she enjoyed his originality and sallies, but, above all, because she knew that he was a friend of Memmo and could talk about him. Lodoli greatly admired Andrea and he was wont to praise ' the fine quality of his soul ' to Giustiniana.

But there was another friend, too, who took a certain pleasure in revealing to Giustiniana the manner in which Memmo was finding consolation during their compulsory separation, with former flames and even with new ones. At first Giustiniana professed indifference. Then she let her lover know, with a discretion which scarcely hid a spark of jealousy, that she was aware of his having spent a whole afternoon with Catina Barbarigo.* And finally she made her accusation clear :—

' I am ashamed, Memmo, of your attitude, for your own sake. How could you worse use a loving woman with whom you profess to be madly in love ? On Saturday I write to you, and you cannot reply as you are with the Barbarigo. On Sunday, I do not see you, although I am at the window the whole day, nor do I receive a letter.

* Catina Barbarigo's beauty was greatly admired by the French Ambassador de Bernis (1752-1755). In 1747, she had a casino at the Giudecca, which was closed by order of the State Inquisitors. She was a tireless traveller, as was later her daughter Contarina Barbarigo Zorzi.

As for Monday, a solemn day, you must know that I go out, and you are therefore surely bound to inquire about me and make some effort to see me. Oh! you wrote to me. Good! and if our friend could not give me the note, were there no other means of informing me of anything, after the two days when I neither saw nor knew anything of you? I was out of the house the whole of yesterday, in the morning with Milady, for a long time in the Café Cardinal * to see the Procuratore pass; then through the Merceria; and I met you nowhere. Others told me where you were. From you I have heard nothing.' (LXXXII)

On the other hand, a love without quarrels would not have merited the name of love. It is an ancient law that little antagonisms act as stimulants to the passions. But eventually Giustiniana's amour-propre began to make itself apparent. She would not tolerate ridicule and make a fool of herself. She feared the chatter of her friends and others and, in order to have a sincere proof of Memmo's love, she forgot to be prudent in front of her mother and Smith.

Giustiniana was, one day, in the house of her obliging friends, watching through the window for Memmo's passage, which had been announced. The husband of N—— was present. The conversation fell, as by chance, on the subject of Memmo. N—— insinuated that he had a liaison with an unknown woman. It appears that this husband had his reasons for mentioning the fact, and for enlarging to his wife upon the inconstancy of certain handsome young noblemen. His words caused a terrible storm in Giustiniana's

* Doubtless, a café on the Piazza of San Marco with the Cardinal's hat as a sign.

heart. She passed a very agitated night, without closing her eyes for an instant. She had become suspicious. She refused to go out with Madame N—— the next day ; being vexed, moreover, because Memmo had not appeared on the neighbouring balcony the day previous. She declared several times in her letters to Memmo that she was not the type of woman who can ‘share,’ but beneath these reproaches one realises that her passion was still burning, that it was breaking her heart and that it alone inspired her with her invectives against the unfaithful Memmo, who was, however, *her* Memmo.

But at their next meeting, Andrea’s tenderness and vows banished all Giustiniana’s doubts, and the fine weather returned. But the sun did not shine for long, for Memmo went imprudently one day to the N——s with another girl, and this again infuriated Giustiniana. This time it was not la Barbarigo, but one who is unknown to us, though not to Giustiniana, who thought, ‘If he had at least waited for the Carnival, he would have better been able to hide his treachery !’

From whom did Giustiniana receive such accurate information ? Memmo suspected that it was from one of her friends, Pietro Marcello.* But she hastily whitewashed her friend of this suspicion, and assured Andrea that he must lay it to the account of chance discoveries.

We find in one of Giustiniana’s letters something which may justify Memmo’s conduct, who really was fond of her. Harassed by his mother and other relatives, who knew of

* Pietro Marcello (1719-1790). Procuratore, and to the very last, in spite of his years, a devotee to the ladies : as were all men, gentlemen or otherwise, in the eighteenth century.

Lady Wynne's past and Giustiniana's tardy legitimation, Andrea had to show great care in order not to lose the rare opportunities which he had of meeting her. Giustiniana was not ignorant of this, and she had written to him, at a moment when no cloud darkened the heaven of their love, as follows :—

' . . . not to listen to remonstrances . . . which are all founded on false suppositions and therefore on false principles. . . . The truth is, our madness is so special, and so natural to us, that we ought never to abandon it. Let us leave others to think as they like ; but if anyone can find two foolish creatures exactly like us, and who gain such profit by their voluntary folly, I am ready to turn wise immediately. I am losing myself ! Oh ! how happy is my situation. I would not change it for all the world !'
(LXXXIV)

But Memmo, whilst proud of his adventures, which flattered his vanity as a charmer of the sex, thought it better to avoid suspicion. Giustiniana, on the other hand, who was beginning to have doubts about him, thought that she could detect proofs of treachery in his counsel for prudence.

At the height of her exasperation, she wrote a letter of farewell to Andrea, which was to have been her last good-bye to the faithless lover, in which she announces that she is returning to him a miniature which she had carried on her person, and promises to compensate the painter, who, on her orders, is making a portrait of Andrea. The latter, in his turn, must remit to N—— all Giustiniana's letters and she will burn them, so that nothing may be left of

their former love. It is not so much Memmo's inconstancy that she reproves—he cannot overcome this and it is part of his nature—but rather her own credulity. She does not ask for his friendship in the future; for having been 'the most passionate of his loves' she does not wish to be anything else to him, and she finishes sorrowfully: 'Look upon me as dead. Farewell for ever.' (LXXXIV)

But, following new and full explanations from Memmo, who, in his turn, reproached Giustiniana for her foolish imagination, the correspondence was renewed and sent in the usual secret manner. Giustiniana had been too hasty in acquitting Marcello on the charge of informing against Memmo. Had not Pietro Marcello, like many another, his own reasons for wishing to separate Giustiniana from Andrea? And he reproaches Giustiniana in his subsequent letters for having so easily fallen into the trap. She softened, although he had to recommence his conquest: which proved easy enough. Fresh letters from Memmo and new assurances banished the clouds, and Giustiniana again proclaimed her burning passion for her 'Darling fool' and declared that she was 'mad, mad to the last extreme.' (LXXXVI)

'... If I possessed you, even if not as much as you possess me, and you allowed me to believe it, my God! I would be unable to resist the excess of my joy. Calm me, dear Memmo, as much as you can. Tell me everything which you feel for me, and even add something to the truth if you wish; for in the present case, I will give you leave to do so, in order to regain my serenity. I can write no more. What rage, what pain, what frenzy!

Memmo, Memmo, did you ever think that you would meet a heart which could love you with such passion, which would almost burden you with its excess.' (LXXXVII)

Then she regrets that she has revealed her passion to him with such sincerity, in fear lest he may no longer love her with so much fire, because 'Security in the possession of a thing renders it almost indifferent.' The conversation of the friends and visitors, that of Smith and of a certain ninny called Labasso, bores her. Whilst scheming for fresh meetings at the N——s house, they renew their secret rendezvous at the Palazzo Tiepolo, on the Lido and at the Opera. One day, there arrives a magnificent opportunity for a meeting with Memmo in the shape of an invitation by Signora Marietta Corner to a ball in her house at the Giudecca. But Lady Wynne was nervous about the wind, which might make the crossing of the lagoon a little dangerous. And sure enough, a boisterous wind arose that night, and the unhappy Giustiniana had to stay at home and console herself with the thought of the agony which she would have suffered at seeing Memmo under her mother's watchful eye, especially as, in order to seem indifferent, he would have had to be particularly attentive to the other ladies, amongst whom was sure to be the gay Barbarigo, of whom she had recently been so jealous.

At one of their meetings—perhaps at the Palazzo Tiepolo—Giustiniana saw fit to rally Memmo on the score of his gallantries. Annoyed by her continual suspicion, Memmo replied with disdain and ceased to correspond. Giustiniana was vexed at this, but became even more attached. She then declared that she believed in his innocence and repeated

her passionate cry of love: 'Cursed be my sincerity! Will you not understand that in my fury I adore you?' (LXXXIX). Memmo, reassured as to his power over Giustiniana, continued to sulk, but finally melted. She asked for a simple word of excuse . . . a mere 'Je vous aime' would content her. And finally, she triumphed again by means of that infallible weapon, jealousy.

One day Smith visited Lady Wynne with three of his compatriots, one of whom was 'not to be despised.' After the three Englishmen had gone, Smith remained behind. A few days before, he had ventured to mention his love for Giustiniana, and she had replied in an evasive manner, in order not to offend him, as he still looked after the interests of her family in England. Giustiniana was not yet at the age of reflection or calculation. On the day of the three Englishmen's visit, Smith made a more definite declaration, which, had it reached the ears of her mother, would have brought balm to her soul. Giustiniana still did not refuse him, for fear of incurring her mother's wrath. Smith was in full agreement with Lady Wynne, and looked on Memmo with the eye of disapproval. He had even been instrumental in persuading her not to go to Marietta Corner's ball.

The day after this ball, Memmo slept very late. He did not appear, therefore, on the balcony of the Palazzo Tiepolo as Giustiniana had hoped. Nevertheless, on the following morning, they saw one another, with the assistance of the N—s, in one of the casinos which then swarmed in Venice. There, beneath a delightful loggia, in front of a garden planted with clumps of trees, reminiscent of an English park, tea was served, in homage to the British

customs adopted by Giustiniana. The fulness of her joy rendered her mute. She would have liked to arrest time, which bore away these unforgettable moments in its passage. She savoured the thrill of being near her beloved, in so fair a place, and of strolling in such charming surroundings with him without a fear and despite all prohibition.

‘How sweet it is to be with you! Holy God! And you see it, and how well you know what enchants me. I am beside myself. I shall never find another Memmo with all the qualifications and faults that please me in you. . . . It will be enough if I moderate my distrust and you an appearance of lightness; then we shall be happy.’
(XCII)

Lady Wynne, according to her plans, was preparing to depart with her family to the country. She had at last discovered a small house at Dolo from where it was easy to visit Padua for the Saint’s Fair, and to participate in the traditional amusements. Fortunately for Giustiniana different matters cropped up and the departure was delayed. Smith was the first to depart for Mogliano, and he invited Memmo to accompany him. Memmo was unable to refuse, lest he should lose the old Englishman’s friendship and at the same time show where his thoughts were turning. Giustiniana hoped that Memmo’s stay at Mogliano would be as short as possible, because she wished to enjoy as much of his society as possible before her departure to Dolo.

She spent the whole of Sunday in a state of complete boredom, rushing every moment to the window, looking over the canal, with the illusion that she would see the

well-known gondola passing. Later in the day, she went out with her mother, and numerous friends came to see them in the evening. The conversation was animated, but Giustiniana would far rather have retired to meditate alone. When the company had departed Giustiniana went to her room and set to work to write to Memmo. She would have written much more if the 'inconvenient' Toinon had not forced her to go to bed. On the following day, she had nothing better to do than to read her beloved friend's letters and gaze for hours on end at his portrait, to which she addressed a number of lengthy declarations of love. On the Tuesday, however, she counted on the return of her 'dear philosophical madman.' She sent her confidential friends—a certain P—— had now joined the N——s, as well as the Abbé Marcellotto, tutor to the young Wynnes—to obtain news of his arrival. But Memmo did not make his appearance.

Andrea was pursuing another plan. He clearly understood by now that a marriage between Giustiniana and himself would be impossible, on account of the opposition of their two families. He therefore decided to assist Smith in his hopes. The worthy man was seventy years old, and could never be other than a protector or tutor for Giustiniana. Memmo thought that such a marriage would at once liberate the girl from the tyrannical surveillance of her mother and facilitate their own liaison. This was the reason why Andrea, in the quality of a worthy disciple of Casanova, had renewed his friendship for Smith, with hopes of deceiving him all the more. Can we blame him for this calculation? Such marriages between young girls and old men were common enough at the time, and the

philosophy possessed by the husbands must have been unlimited.

But Giustiniana had fewer illusions than Memmo. Smith was becoming more and more flattered with the hope of marrying her, and Lady Wynne refused to let her daughter go out when the old man was expected at her house. Moreover, Giustiniana treated him with great courtesy, as if he was really destined for her.

‘ But if I made up my mind to do it, do you think, dear Memmo, that, for all his apparent friendship for you, and for all that he may have said on the subject, he would suffer your presence in his house with me? For the love of God, put any such idea out of your head! Heaven alone knows what scenes there would be, and how miserable both your lives would become. Think; it is impossible that others besides ourselves should understand our way of thinking; and no one would have reason to think ill of us more than Smith. Then to separate . . . O God, let me finish what I wish to say, for I cannot bear the mere idea of being thus abandoned. . . . I am dying to see you. . . .’ (XCIX)

Then Andrea was preoccupied by the serious illness of an uncle, Costantino Memmo, and felt that, in these circumstances, he could not leave his father. But Giustiniana learnt that Memmo had succeeded in visiting the theatre in the hope of seeing her. Andrea’s uncle died, and a few days later they succeeded in arranging for a meeting, with the help of the N——s, at the Opera.

But new obstacles arose, which prevented them from meeting as had been arranged. Giustiniana was just on

the point of going out, when her mother made her stop at home for a lesson arranged for her by the Abbé Marcellotto. Then Miss Murray, daughter of the English Resident, called, and Giustiniana was still further delayed. Then a certain "Cavaliera" arrived to take her to the Opera, and finally, to complete her misery, Smith came in. The Cavaliera saw Smith and, in order not to annoy Lady Wynne, took Toinon to the Opera instead of Giustiniana. This was exasperating indeed to Giustiniana, who in the space of a few days, had lost three opportunities of seeing her Memmo. A sole hope cheered her up; her grandfather, Filippo Gazzini, had in the meantime fallen ill, and their departure for the country was again postponed.

She met Andrea at last in a providential café to which, for some time, they had addressed their correspondence. But the interview did not much enlighten Giustiniana as to the possibility of their seeing one another during her stay in the country.

‘ You love me very much, you know, Memmo. Yes, yes, your little friend is very dear to you ! I understand it more and more. . . . You are a rare thing, you know, my madman ! I tell you this, but do not believe it, lest you should try and prove it with others. When are you going to Padua ? And where will you put up ? Are you going to Dolo ? Are you going to precede me to where I told you ? We have spoken and have been together, and left the most important things unsettled. The Memmo who is near me occupies me so entirely that he makes me forget the more distant Memmo. Farewell, my treasure. When shall we see one another ? ’ (CIII)

On the following day, Giustiniana saw Memmo passing with Smith in a gondola and she made a sign to the gondoliers to call for a letter which she had left at the N——s. But they failed her, and she was heart-broken to find no news from Memmo in the café, and her letter still there.

‘ During these last few hours, I wish to have you at my entire disposal ; but it does not do to make “ advances ” to me and then to fail. Oh ! show yourself to-day at La Tiepolo and often on the Canal, and write to me often. If you do not come to 22, send me N——. I will write you something and will arrange for to-morrow. Farewell, *méchant*. In truth, I do not wish to write anything more to you to-night, in order to revenge myself a little for to-day. Farewell, my Memmo. Give me leave to tell you that, for all my fury, you are my soul and I adore you. Confess your sins of omission, which you commit so often. I, at least, will never have such sins to expiate ! ’ (CIV)

On the following Sunday, Giustiniana went to Mass and then visited the English Resident, who retained the Wynnes to dinner. Thereafter they called on “ the Cavaliere,” and spent the rest of the evening at home. A whole day without seeing Memmo ! He, for his part, could do nothing imprudent, harassed as he was by his desire to see Giustiniana, his mourning, which prevented him from being seen at parties, and his fear of arousing Smith’s and Lady Wynne’s suspicions. Giustiniana, who saw the day of departure approaching, ‘ raved.’

On her last evening in Venice, so she wrote, she would remain on the balcony until a very late hour, and she would like Memmo to draw near in his gondola, when all were

asleep, in order to have a few words with him. But Andrea cautioned her against doing anything so foolish. Then, in the silence of the night, she wrote him another letter in which, feeling calmer, she recognised her error, for there would be nobody there to save her in case they had been surprised. 'My soul is being shattered,' she says, when she thinks that, at Dolo, she will no longer have the balcony of the Palazzo Tiepolo, nor the window from which to view the passage of her beloved, nor kindly friends, nor the chance of venturing forth beneath the mystery of a domino. Memmo, then, will go to the villa and to Padua, but he must have even more consideration when he is far from his Giustiniana, who by love or force will somehow be his. 'Let your behaviour be such that I have not to complain of the liberty I grant you.' (CVIII). She will be suffering enough already from slanders about him, without his giving colour to them by his attitude. She desires him not to have anything to do with certain ladies in Padua, least of all with the lady who had already given umbrage to her. 'You know too well that your gallantries with others must give me pain. Never would I have believed that this separation could cost me so much.' She will lead the simple life in the country and closely study the systems 'of those illustrious old fools who were later called, to their own joy, Philosophers, and thought to be so by the majority.' On the subject of these authors and their works, she wishes to exchange her ideas with those of Andrea, 'For it is most important to me that our thoughts should move on the same principles.'

It is almost 8 a.m. and she fears that someone will get up and find her writing; and so ends her letter with a note

of despair, 'Farewell, my soul! Memmo! Memmo! O God!' (CIX)

The departure was fixed for midday. Giustiniana slept for two hours. She arose at ten and wrote another short letter, whilst watching through the window, in the hope of a last farewell with Memmo. Andrea, in fact, appeared on the other side. He was waiting for the windows at the Palazzo Tiepolo to open, in order to justify his crossing in the eyes of anyone who might surprise him; and Giustiniana seals her letter, preparing, perhaps, to throw it to him from the window: 'Love me; be everything to me always; come soon to see me. O God, what excess of joy! I run to the balcony.' (CX)

From a window of the Palazzo Tiepolo, Memmo observed the departure of the Wynnes, who were accompanied by a numerous suite, including the English governess, Toinon, the Abbé Marcellotto, and several domestics. The gondola departed, and Giustiniana felt her strength failing as she lost sight of her beloved. Would she have been capable of hiding her anguish from her mother, if Lady Wynne had noticed the impassioned glances which, that morning, her daughter bestowed in the direction of the Palazzo?

 CHAPTER IV

At Dolo : the sadness of separation—A severe mother but an astute daughter—Memmo at Dolo—Lady Wynne is determined—Giustiniana's imprudence and her sisters' reproaches—Andrea leaves for Venice—A café at Dolo—Smith departs a bachelor—Giustiniana's ardour—A surprise : the "happiest woman in the world"—An unsuccessful evening party.

As soon as Giustiniana arrived at Dolo, the correspondence was renewed. The lovers succeeded in obtaining their letters at various false addresses, often through the N——s, who came to stay at the Wynnes' villa. Giustiniana addressed her letters to Andrea under the name of "M. le Sombre."

Lady Wynne met many of her own friends at Dolo, but Giustiniana would have vastly preferred other neighbours. They were all 'idiots and dull' in comparison with her Memmo. Amongst them were the Réniers, mother and son, and the Chevalier Mocenigo and his wife.* They stayed in a house called the Villa delle Scalette or "of the little stairs," which Giustiniana describes in one of her letters :—

* Bastian Mocenigo, father of Alvise Mocenigo, who married Lucietta Memmo, Andrea's daughter, in 1787. Bastian Mocenigo spent seven years, 1773-1780, in the castle of Brescia, on account of his dissolute habits.

‘ Oh ! if only you were here, how charming this place, the “ *Scalette*,” would be ! How sweetly would we pass away the time, always occupied with one another ! God ! Of what joy am I dreaming ! But is not Rénier with us ? And why this honour ? He is going this evening, and will proceed to Padua on Tuesday, where we too shall go, I believe, on Monday. He will then return with us and enjoy all that one can enjoy ; while we, my soul, must we always remain thus ?

‘ Rénier will inform you of the situation of our room, which is quite a nice one. On one side is my mother’s and on the other a spare room for visitors, with the little drawing-room next to it. There is also a door quite close to our bed, which leads into the garden by a little concealed staircase. We are, therefore, free to come and go without being noticed.

‘ I will have a careful look over the whole place to-morrow and will give you an exact account, but who knows whether it will ever be of any use to us ? And our Palazzo Tiepolo ? I now realise how much we owe to Meneghetto.* Ah ! to judge the value of things, we must first of all lose them. I know this home-truth and I am at the moment, Memmo, feeling it acutely. If you knew how I am writing to you ! It would seem impossible. I am in a little room which gives on to the logetta, where my mother is sitting. I am singing in order not to arouse her suspicions, and I go to the window every second. What a life this is, Memmo ! It is growing late, and I am not even free to write to you as much as I should like ! But leave it to me, you will receive my letters every day.

* Domenico Tiepolo.

‘ Write to me when you think of coming this way ; even if it was at night, I wish to see you. Good-bye, my Memmo, my all ; love me to excess ; I am all yours, and I am far from you ; and I have nothing in the world but my Memmo, and we are free, and I am his soul, how can we live in such a situation ! Tonina greets you. Yes, yes, she may well greet you !

‘ Greet your Lodoli from me.

‘ Farewell, my Memmo, my soul, I cannot leave you. O God, love me very much. O God, what misery, Memmo ! ’ (CXI)

Did Andrea ever profit by the secret staircase which Giustiniana was at pains to describe for him ?

The friends of the Wynnes made much of them in the first days, but as the time passed, Giustiniana grew sadder and sadder in the absence of her Memmo. She heartily cursed the Chevalier Mocenigo for having found them this place in the country, and said hard words of Dolo, the Brenta, and her mother’s idea of going there. She would wander for hours through the garden with Memmo’s miniature in her hand, speaking to it as if he was there and imagining that the ‘ awful portrait ’ which he possessed of her would keep him company in the same way. Her letters grew longer, and were her only pleasure and distraction, but she made him promise to let no one else ever read them, as no one but herself would ever read his.

Lady Wynne had brought the Abbé Marcellotto with her in order that the education of her children might not be interrupted, and especially that of Giustiniana, who called him “ Father and master.” The girl and the Abbé

would go for long walks together, and the conversation would often fall, as if by chance, on Andrea's intelligence. The artful Abbé, who knew Giustiniana's weakness in that direction, was less alarmed than Lady Wynne, for all her greater experience of such matters.

Meanwhile, Andrea had again gone on a visit to Smith, at Mogliano, which allowed him little time for writing to Giustiniana. Smith's friendship for Memmo was beginning to become a nuisance. Giustiniana hoped to see Andrea again in Padua, but would Smith let him go? The trip to Padua was put off, however, on account of a slight indisposition of Lady Wynne. But Giustiniana suddenly heard from the Abbé Perotti that Alvise Tiepolo was expecting Memmo at his villa. This news gave birth to the rosiest hopes :—

‘ I paid court to N—— for almost three hours. I spoke to him about you all the time, and gave him some further commissions. Then I went to bed, but slept very badly, owing to the noise of carriages, to which I am not accustomed. I dreamt several times that I was with you ; once I seemed to see you from the window as I did before we came away, and in another dream I was in the boat again, gliding out of your sight.

‘ This morning I heard Jefferies asking for me, when I was scarcely awake, and I quickly got up lest he should enter my room. He stayed with me for half an hour, and promised to come and see me at Padua and also here, if he could. We flirted with one another in a most admirable manner. He spoke to me about you ; I spoke to him about his charming Lady, and we are the best friends in the world.

Your cousin, Pisani, was with him, who could not understand one word of our conversation, as we spoke in English. Then I went to Mass and afterwards dined.' (CXIV)

As he rose from this dinner, N—— slipped a letter from Andrea into Giustiniana's hand. She withdrew, in order to read it, into a somewhat unpoetical closet. In this same letter Giustiniana records her impressions in her own picturesque language, in which Italian, French and English expressions were sometimes mixed :—

'Oh! how pleased you would have been if you could have seen me! I was sprawling on a bed, holding the letter in one hand and your portrait in the other. I read and reread the one and occasionally abandoned this pleasure, in order to enjoy the other one of looking at you. I pressed first one and then the other to my breast, and this was succeeded by transports of emotion. Thus gradually I fell asleep, and an hour and a half later I awoke, and here I am writing to you.' (*Ibid.*).

But she was still bored, and the tyranny of stupid city 'convenances' was renewed. There were many visitors, and Giustiniana was forced to remain in the drawing-room, in order to fulfil her social duties as the eldest daughter, and also to allow Lady Wynne to keep an eagle eye on her movements.

But the cunning Giustiniana found a means of continuing her intrigue. Memmo, in his turn, feeling impatient to see her again, made a bolt to the villa belonging to his friend, Francesco Lorenzo Morosini, on the banks of the Brenta, to which Giustiniana was able to go during her mother's

temporary indisposition. There she had the joy of being united once more with her Andrea, although it was beneath the eyes of strangers. Giacomo Vanest, Giustiniana's uncle, was present at this meeting. As he had had a serious quarrel with Lady Wynne, he related the story of this meeting to another sister-in-law, Fiorina, and heartily enjoyed its comic side, when he thought of Lady Wynne's complete ignorance of the whole escapade. There was no lack of small talk on the banks of the Brenta.

But Memmo arranged to make a longer stay at the villa of his friends the Tiepolos. One can picture Giustiniana's agitation when, taking advantage of her mother's games at cards with the Abbé Marcelloto or some other friend, she would run to the garden-gates in the hope of seeing Andrea go by.

Owing to her mother's surveillance, Giustiniana had to be content with the mere sight of her beloved when she was out walking with Tonina or her English governess, or on rare occasions at the Villa Tiepolo, when Lady Wynne could not accompany her. With the assistance of her faithful follower, she sought to discover whether her mother's severity had not relaxed.

One day Tonina told Lady Wynne that Andrea Memmo had presented her with some bottles of wine. At the mention of his name Lady Wynne frowned darkly.

"What," said she, "Memmo? Where have you seen him? Was it in my house?"

"No, no," replied Tonina, "he was at the Palazzo Tiepolo, and, seeing me from the window, when I was eating something, he asked me if I had some good wine to drink afterwards, and if I would let him send to his house

for some champagne, which he had promised me some days before he stopped coming to the house. I did not know how to refuse, and when the gondoliers returned with several bottles of the most delicious wine, I had them brought in. And now, as I still have four bottles, I have the honour to offer them to you."

"Ah," answered Lady Wynne, "that man will bring sorrow on me yet."

"Oh! why? I assure you that Mademoiselle Giustiniana was not present."

This conversation, which Lady Wynne did not mention to Giustiniana, proved that her opposition to Memmo was as firm as ever.

At the café in Dolo, where the local gentry were in the habit of foregathering, it was customary to discuss what was then called "Philosophy for ladies," as applied to practical cases and tempered by the malice of the century. One day, when Giustiniana was present, someone propounded the theory that the English habitually run away from the passions, unlike the Italians, who welcome them with both hands. Miss Wynne was asked by a malicious member of the company for her opinion.

"Life is short," she replied, "and a well-founded passion, the object of which is worthy of one's love, may procure a thousand pleasures. When the case occurs, why flee from it?"

The other insisted:

"But if it was thwarted, or if it became a probable source of danger?"

"Once one has known such a passion," answered Giustiniana, "one should persevere with it."

When alluding to this dialogue, in a letter to Memmo, she added :—

‘How does the judgment of these few people, who hardly know me, concern me? When a thing continues to be of worth for me, why should I worry about the opinions of the fools surrounding me? I have too much pride in myself not to let my choice be believed. And thus it is, my precious, that I always speak. I think of you, and I gather the most general and even the most distant things together for ourselves, and appropriate them to myself.’ (CXV)

As opportunities for seeing each other became rarer, the correspondence became more intense. Andrea sent his letters to the kindly N——, or *poste restante* to the café in Dolo, “For the Comte de Supçon.” But Giustiniana disliked the sound of this address and asked to have the letters addressed to an equally imaginary “Madama Costanza di Pezzi.”

Whenever Giustiniana was certain that her mother could not see her, she would run to the garden-gate, for she knew that Andrea would often be passing it in his carriage.

But in her imprudence she determined to obtain more than that. She escaped from the house several times, and prolonged her absences, in order to accustom Lady Wynne to them. She succeeded in seeing Memmo several times in this manner. The “Father and master,” who knew what was afoot, trembled lest the matter should be discovered and tragedy result. He prayed to Heaven for the safety of the two young imbeciles. Giustiniana’s meetings with Andrea

became almost a daily occurrence, thanks to the steward of the villa, who acted as their go-between and became an involuntary accomplice, for, owing to his business with Lady Wynne, his visits to the villa facilitated Giustiniana's escapades.

Giustiniana wrote : ' . . . And Count B., who was here after dinner ? But imagine how attentive I could be, whether to him or any other man. I treated him politely, and he was kind enough not to mention his sorrows. He told me that he knew that you were with Tiepolo, and in saying so permitted himself to sigh once. Hasn't he become gallant ? . . . ' (CLII)

Her passion increased. Hardly had she sent Andrea one letter before she wrote him another note in English :—

' Smith is here to dinner, I can say no more. He will leave early, and you, my Heart, do as you like ; but imagine as I told you. Good-bye.' (CLII)

Four hours later, having hardly given herself time to enter her own room, she wrote him another note, telling him that Smith had left, and saying that she was free. Had a use already been found for the concealed staircase ? I do not think so ; for Memmo, in love though he might be, was as prudent as Giustiniana was passionately headstrong. On this same evening, he appeared neither at the villa, nor outside, and Giustiniana, who went into Dolo late, saw him not. Another evening had been wasted.

On the following morning, Giustiniana sent several messengers on to the Dolo-Fresso road at different times. She went to the café in person ; but she heard nothing

of her Memmo. She only calmed down on receipt of a letter from him.

But it was clear that Giustiniana's imprudence, when so many people knew of her relations with Memmo, could only lead to her mother and sisters learning of the whole affair. . . . For reasons of their common interest, Memmo gave Giustiniana a larger dose of good advice. But all to no purpose : Giustiniana was rebuked by her sisters one evening :—

‘ Last evening, my own, what a scene with my sisters ! I thought I should die. Your just reflections, consideration of our position, my excessive love, yours, all rushed into my mind. At that instant, I saw a thousand things to make me tremble.

‘ Where are you now, my soul ? Why can't I see you ? Listen. Ah ! no, my Memmo ; it is enough for me to be assured that you are mine for me to live and suffer every misfortune with constancy. Farewell.’ (CLIV)

We can see the scene. On one side, the mother immersed in a providential game at cards with the “ Father and master ” and another guest, whilst, on the other, Giustiniana's two younger sisters hurl abuse at her and tell her that they have known all along about her behaviour. Giustiniana, hurt in her love and wounded in her pride as an elder sister, replies to her sisters with disdain and declares that she despises all who cannot sympathise with her choice. But she must have experienced feelings of remorse. She had been incautious, and probably she vowed to be more careful in the future. These good resolutions promptly vanished when she heard of Memmo's approaching depar-

ture. Memmo disliked and feared scandal ; and besides, he had received bad news about his sister, and this hastened his return to Venice. Hearing this, Giustiniana forgot everything, her sisters' protests and the advice of her lover, and she wrote him an urgent letter :—

‘ You did well, Memmo, not to leave to-night. I will go to the Casino this evening at half past eight, and if Tonina cannot come, because she is gone to bed, I will be in other company. What does it mean, Memmo, that I am always so carried away, so little capable of reflection and prudence ? Do you know that I am really afraid of tiring you with such excesses. It seems inevitable for me to be tormented for some reason or another, and even in the sweetest moments, I feel a certain bitterness. Farewell, if I could not see you, I would certainly write to you ; but I hope that my mother will sleep to-day, because Giovanni was very ill last night and kept us up later than usual.

‘ Good-bye, Memmo, what can I do to make you calm, to calm myself, and not to weary you or make you scorn me ! O Memmo ! Memmo ! ’ (CXX)

Scarcely had Giustiniana returned to the house in the afternoon before she was bitterly rebuked by her aunt Fiorina.

‘ After leaving you yesterday, I was severely corrected by my aunt, who had noticed that we had been together, but did not know where. I will not repeat all she said : you can imagine it ; but just think of my position. I recognise my own ruin. I dread yours even more, and with all that I cannot regain my courage. In the name of charity do not despise me. I am ashamed to say it, but I feel that

I deserve your pity rather than anything else. And you told me to-night that I am too weak. What am I to do if I seem so to you? O God, Memmo, if I am beside myself, why won't you pity me? Most holy God, come to my assistance! What will become of us? What will become of me? I tremble, Memmo, lest my too impassioned love should weigh upon you! I have only you and I can do no more. But how have I become so insane? In the name of pity, Memmo, forgive your own fault in me.

'I had to go to Dolo afterwards because everybody else went there and, in this state, your Giustiniana was compelled at times to laugh. I no longer know what to desire, and I could almost wish that you loved me less. But no, for then I would be mad in another manner. Comfort me, my soul, and realise that I know not what to say or do.' (CXXI)

Giustiniana would have liked to have seen Memmo again before his departure; but as Tiepolo had gone away, Memmo was forced to act as host and could not leave the house. And so she awaited him at the café in vain. On the same evening, at the Villa delle Scalette, everybody fell fast asleep, for they had risen early that morning in order to welcome Smith, who came out to see them for the day. As the steward had gone to bed, Giustiniana was unable to send the letter which she had written immediately upon her return. Early the next morning, she begged the Abbé Marcellotto to take charge of this dangerous missive. She knew that the "Father master" would tremble and raise his eyes to heaven, but that he would not be able to refuse her anything, and that he would resign himself to her

wishes. He it was, therefore, who took the letter to Dolo, in order that Memmo might receive it before his departure. But he persuaded a friend to accompany him, as a pretext for the early morning walk.

Giustiniana's awakening, however, was of the sweetest. A certain woman, called Bertola, who had often given Memmo the letters entrusted to the steward, slipped a letter into Giustiniana's hand, as she lay dozing. The girl started up and recognised Andrea's handwriting. 'There could have been no sweeter surprise in the world, if your letter had not informed me of your departure.' (CXXII) A scene worthy of Fragonard's brush or Moreau's burin. . . .

Giustiniana was able to see Andrea again at the villa Morosini or in the "Casino," where all the neighbours, on their summer holidays, were wont to gather in the customary Venetian manner.

Andrea's sister, who was even more a friend to him than a sister, was at the moment lying very ill. Her health was always bad, and the illness dragged on. Giustiniana wrote long letters to her lover with expressions of hope for his sister's recovery, and to encourage him to hope himself, but mostly to insist upon her own immense and eternal passion for him and her ardent desire to see him again :—

'I love you, not as you deserve, but as much as I think you deserve. I yearn for little A(ndrea) to come and see me ; just now, that is a necessity for me. Where is he hiding ? If you know, tell me : I will write to him so that he may come. Farewell.' (CXXIII)

In the meantime, life at Dolo became less monotonous. But the world had little attraction for Giustiniana when she

was away from Andrea, and Smith's repeated visits even less. The old Englishman still cherished his illusions regarding the lovely girl, and became bolder :—

‘ I have never seen Smith so young as he was yesterday. After making me walk about the garden all day and jumping up and down all the steps, he wanted to give me another proof of his agility and strength. Udney, Nicoletto and Santonini were throwing stones in the garden and trying to see who could throw them furthest. Can you believe, Memmo, that Smith, who was watching them, said to me : “ Would you like to see me throw a ball further than any of them ? ” I thought that he was joking, but he made the boys fetch two balls and, in front of the whole family, threw them at the mark at which all were looking. As they did not reach it, he complained that the balls were too light, and threw others. I felt I should die of laughing and walked away biting my lips. He was full of attentions to me at table and several times ate half of what I had taken. He did many other things, and, to sum up, has been full of love the whole day. But enough of Smith ; let us talk of ourselves. . . . If I had sufficient of my own I would live free, and with others rather than with that old man. Farewell, Memmo, love me very much.’ (CXXII)

It seems, then, that the height of gallantry was to eat off the plate of the lady whom one was courting ! To the Wynnes and their circle, Giustiniana's marriage with Smith appeared a foregone conclusion.

But Giustiniana still hesitated. She allowed Smith to maintain his illusions, in order not to alarm her mother, and to second the secret plans of Andrea. But she feared

that to sacrifice herself would be useless and that Smith, once she had married him, would put every difficulty in the way of Memmo's visiting his house. Her friend Jefferies assured her, and he knew both their plans and the English character, that Memmo would be the very first person to whom Smith would forbid his house.

‘What is to be done?’ she asked. ‘Wait until he dies, for our liberty? And in the meantime? He might live with me for years, and I cannot live for one month without you. What will happen? It is true that any other husband will dispute me your company without procuring me the advantages of this one and without having his age. I might have all the inconveniences of a young, or unaccommodating, or jealous husband. But nothing is certain and I only see for us, dear Memmo, a future even blacker than the present. Our marriage is certainly difficult. And I do not desire your ruin, my dear, at the price of my lifelong happiness with you. No, my Memmo. I love you in the most disinterested and sincerest manner. I do not think that we can ever be completely happy; but I will always be yours, I shall depend upon you all my life.’ (CXXIV)

It would appear that, in the meantime, one of Andrea's friends, the Abbé Facciolati,* had tried to obtain Memmo's family's consent to the marriage. Sibiliato† conveyed this news to Andrea, who forwarded his letter to Giustiniana. She would naturally have yielded to anything, as the

* Jacopo Facciolati (1682-1764) became Professor of Logic at the University of Padua, in 1723.

† The Abbé Clementi Sibiliato was a Professor at the University, a Latin poet and an eloquent scholar, but without genius. He had numerous friends and protectors.

advantages to be gained by marrying Smith became less and less apparent. The latter, for his part, desired the ladies to return to Venice, which he hated leaving, despite the attractions of Mogliano.

Andrea's sister recovered ; but he, in his turn, fell ill. And at this point a fresh admirer appeared at Dolo, in the person of the young P——.*

‘ P—— makes love to me as best he can. He did not leave my side last evening, and followed me everywhere. He said a number of things which he imagined to be witty ; he also told me that he had walked up and down before the house with musicians until daybreak. Everybody sees his infatuation and laughs at it. I would laugh myself, if I was in a state to amuse myself at the expense of others, but I am too much occupied with my own troubles. Meanwhile, his suit has not prospered, and yesterday evening, as he was pestering me because he had heard me sigh, I told him outright that the cause of my sighing was in Venice. You see whether I have patience or not. . . . He understood that I was thinking of you and I made no attempt to disabuse him. Will you tell me now that I am not beautiful ? This would really be a conquest of which I might be proud. My soul, you know what is the object of my vanity. Since you are mine, I have become very insolent. For those who seem to be too pleased with themselves I have only scorn, and I treat them with ridicule ; and woe to them who make love to me . . . I would say to them : “ Imbeciles, look at my Memmo and be ashamed to open your mouth.” Come, my soul, show me my dear,

* Perhaps a member of the Pomer family.

only, adorable fool, and let me admire him to my heart's content. I thank you for the ointment. Farewell, my soul ; I await you soon. Farewell.' (CXXVI)

What a contrast was Giustiniana's ardour to the attitude of a lady whom Rénier, on his return to Dolo, began to court. God almighty ! how could one be so cold with one's lover !

' Poor fellow ! He takes her in his arms, and clasps her to his heart, and she remains as lifeless and as little moved as a statue ; or if she caresses him, it is with such lack of warmth that to see her is enough to enrage one. I cannot understand such a love, because if you, my soul, caress me however lightly, it fills me with fire. She, in her lover's very presence, is the worst-humoured thing in the world. I think that she feels the need of something, but knows not what.' (*Ibid.*).

Giustiniana reveals in these lines a warmth of temperament rather to be expected in an experienced mistress than in a girl of scarcely twenty, be she never so romantic. Her passion was so intense that Memmo could easily have taken advantage of it ; but up till then he had been restrained by scruples of which Giustiniana must certainly in her heart have disapproved. Be that as it may, Memmo shortly made an unexpected appearance on the scene. He left Venice unexpectedly and travelling post all night suddenly arrived in Dolo. His reappearance filled Giustiniana with joy :—

' My dear, darling Memmo, how grateful I feel ! Can there be a better heart than yours ? Anyone can pay a surprise visit to the woman that adores him, but, in the

circumstances, nobody could do so with the same manner and grace as you, when you came to find me last night. O God ! for a moment with me, to risk making yourself ill, for your health is not yet restored, and to leave mother, sister, everything for me ! My fond delight, you are indeed a mighty thing. . . .’ (CXXXVII)

I much fear that this time Memmo, with the assistance of the steward, made his way up the secret staircase. . . . Giustiniana’s last letter may possibly have contributed to Andrea’s decision. . . . And in view of the girl’s state of mind, one may be allowed to question whether this visit had not serious consequences for her virtue. It would appear that the interview only lasted ‘a moment.’ They met again in the presence of Alvise Tiepolo, and Giustiniana kept a strong hold on herself ‘so as not to appear in too much of a transport, and so as not to have it thought that we are perhaps too free when we are alone together.’ Giustiniana thought that Memmo had lost weight through his fever. She hoped for another furtive visit on the following evening. The ‘most contented woman in the world’ wrote to her lover :—

‘My inmost being, you are incomparable. It is a miracle that I have not gone mad with excess of pleasure and joy. I feel everything to an excess.’ (*Ibid.*).

She closes her letter as follows :—

‘Listen, my heart, after dinner, as I told you, we are going to the Pomers’ ; then I will make as if to go on to the café, but will come back home as early as possible. Giovanni, the steward, will be in Dolo in case you should

come with Tiepolo, and you will arrange with them so that we can see one another somehow or other. See how I dote ; I am writing you about these plans as if you could receive this letter before going out. I also write because it is not certain that you can come, and I do not want to leave you a single day without a letter, or to let a day go by without telling you that I adore you. Farewell, I am called to dinner. They think that I am asleep. How sweet a slumber ! Farewell, my all, farewell, my soul. Love me very much. Rénier and Tonina greet you.' (*Ibid.*).

But the delicious evening she had dreamed of never materialised. Giustiniana speaks of it immediately afterwards in the following letter, which is reproduced in its entirety.

'What suffering last night ! We stayed at the Pomers' until one o'clock and returned to Dolo with them and, despite all my efforts, the others would stop at the café on the bridge, until the Giustiniana* and Alcajni† arrived. We only reached home just before three ! You can picture my impatience during the whole of that time. I had told the steward to wait at the post to warn me in case you arrived ; but it was useless, because at first he did not know where I was, and when he found me, I could not come away. I was inwardly raging, and cursed these difficulties at every moment. I found, when I reached home, that you had not been seen ; and a little later I thought I saw Alvise go by alone, and that he gave me good day. It was un-

* Probably Caterina Pisani, who married Girolama Ascanio Giustinian in 1748.

† The famous lawyer, Giuseppe Alcajni.

gracious in him to mock me ; but this time I felt less regret than on the other occasion when you did not come, firstly on account of your illness and secondly because we might not perhaps have been able to see one another. If you are going to Padua on Sunday, don't stay too long, I implore you, with the old man, and remember that I am here. And then, in order not to make him suspicious, you will be forced to be gallant with the ladies, and that . . . It is not that I doubt you, I swear it isn't so ; the words escaped me without thinking. Just now, a certain person held forth to me at length about you, saying that your friendship is doing me very great harm and that it is ruination. I allowed everything to pass and then I protested that above all I wished to keep your friendship. The person then tried to persuade me that you have shown my letters to some one. My dear Memmo, I desire one thing of you, for the love of God. You have been carried away a little, and Martinelli, Sibillato, Meneghetto Tiepolo, perhaps Alvisè Priuli have read some of them. I love you too much to reproach you ; but I cannot do less, my precious, than to beg you to be prudent.

‘ We have been invited to the house of the Master of Ceremonies, where there will be dancing. P—— went to Venice to-night for the letters and will return to-morrow evening. He still behaves in the same way, are you not jealous ? I am writing to Santonini to-day about some business of my mother's, and also for news of the lodge. If we have it, I will also ask him to arrange for a little room for an unknown person.

‘ Write to me, dear Memmo, if you are really well, for that's my one anxiety. If you only knew ! A woman

brings me your letters every morning in bed. I read them and they delight me for an hour. I speak to you, I reply to you, I hear myself asking you questions. Oh! my dear, you are entirely mine and I feel you in my whole soul! And prudence, and patience, and behaviour? What things are these, my Memmo? We may think much of them, but how little we observe them! But in truth, it is all my fault, such is my folly, so much so that you yourself are sometimes forced to be mad in order to please me. But am I not to be pitied?

‘You tell me not to make so much of you. And why? Don’t you deserve the praise and admiration of all? I know you, and regard you as something extraordinary; if you are not so for others, what is that to us? Isn’t it enough if we, and we only, know it? I know not how to do anything, it is true; and if you, my precious, believe me to be something, I will certainly never undeceive you.’
(CXXVIII)

But, feeling discouraged, she wrote to him a few days later:—

‘It is known that I have written to Venice, but it is not known to whom. Everybody, my Memmo, everybody spies upon me, and Giovanni is the only person who is posting this present letter. Do not forsake me, Memmo, and do not risk writing to me. I will not lose you; but if something violent should occur, I am capable of anything. I would die if you abandoned me, my soul.’ (CXXXII)

 CHAPTER V

A storm at the Wynnes'—A difficult letter to write—'We are lost'—A delicate conversation—An eternal farewell—A break in the correspondence.

MEMMO's visit to Dolo had not passed unremarked, and a fresh quarrel resulted between Lady Wynne and her daughter. Lady Wynne went so far as to declare that Giustiniana was ruining herself for a man who would not deign to marry her. Giustiniana assumed an attitude of haughtiness and replied that she would brook no opposition from Memmo's family, and that it was a matter of indifference to her whether she married Andrea; his love was sufficient for her. On the following day matters became worse. Lady Wynne laid hands on a letter in which Giustiniana declared to Memmo that she adored him 'for life,' (which declaration she confirmed in a subsequent letter, adding 'with all her soul.') The letter revealed the nature of their understanding, and Giustiniana's existence became 'a hell.'

This time she adopted different methods to still the maternal fury; she asked to be forgiven on the score of her youth. And Lady Wynne was duly moved to tears, and said:—

"I will agree to forget everything, my child. Do likewise, and imagine that I know nothing. But do not

forget that my eyes are open, that I shall know all, and that I am in a position, if I would, to ruin this young man. I had resolved to take measures against him, and to denounce him as a menace to the peace of families ; for I have in my hands some letters which reveal him as such. And I swear before God that all was ready ! Your submission stops me, but this is the last time. You will be watched constantly.” ”

She then sent Giustiniana off to dress herself, and recommended her to make herself agreeable to P——, whom she began to regard as a suitable match for her daughter, in case she would have nothing to do with Smith.

Giustiniana, overwhelmed with grief, returned to her room ; all hopes of ever seeing her Memmo again were vanishing. It was better to die ! How could she communicate with him now ? New plans and ruses would have to be found. Giustiniana would still be able to write where and when she found an opportunity, but it was more difficult to find a means of sending letters, now that Lady Wynne had discovered the channel through which their correspondence had passed. Nevertheless, despite all these troubles, it was essential to put a good face on the matter in the presence of her mother, and to show her gratitude for her indulgence. And how, on his side, could Memmo correspond with her ? Their most devoted friends had been compromised by Lady Wynne's unfortunate discovery, and the lovers could no longer count on their assistance. Giustiniana was constrained to employ the most unexpected and unpoetical stratagems, and found means to send the following short note :—

‘ Things continue to be very calm ; but what is to be done, dear Memmo, when every eye is fixed on me ? We

no longer possess the liberty of seeing or even writing to one another. How, O God, can one live like this? At the moment I am in a peasant's cottage, to which I have retired on the pretext of a certain necessity. I feel the urgent need of writing a few lines to you. We can expect no assistance from Rénier. First of all, he was mentioned in my letter, although in an equivocal manner, and further he has sworn to me that he is determined to assist us no more. In this letter of mine which has been found, the fiction in yours was evident, as were all our arrangements. The priest is innocent of treachery, and the woman who was once with me, and other people whom I do not know, have betrayed me. Good-bye. Greet Jefferies from me, and tell him of my regret at having mentioned him in my letter. Give your sister my love, and assure her that her letter will not be seen. And you, my soul, how will you write to me? O God, I can do no more! Love me, Memmo, for our greater joy. Good-bye.' (CXXXIV)

Pricked by these fresh obstacles which separated him from his loved one, Memmo started to rival her in his stratagems. Thus, he was able to let her know that he had determined to ask Lady Wynne for her daughter's hand. Giustiniana, who sincerely loved Memmo, did not wish to ruin his future; she therefore only consented to Memmo's proposal as a stratagem for softening the maternal heart. Andrea wrote to Lady Wynne, informing her of the sincerity of his affection and intentions, and asking for an interview.

Andrea's letter to Giustiniana was conceived in such terms that it was possible to show it, and the girl determined that her Aunt Fiorina, and the Abbé ' who certainly

did not betray us,' should see it, and that she would ask their advice. By these means, she hoped to secure her aunt's interest and perhaps to win her over to their cause.

Aunt Fiorina and the Abbé listened attentively to the reading of the letter; then the aunt said to her niece: "One cannot deny, my dear Giustiniana, that Memmo loves you and that he is a fine fellow. But I greatly doubt whether your mother can be persuaded to hear him, although, if she does hear him, she cannot refuse what he asks, which is perfectly reasonable."

Giustiniana then asked her aunt whether she thought that it would be wise if she were to speak to her mother on the subject, employing her strongest allies, tears and entreaties. But Aunt Fiorina thought that it would be imprudent. She knew of Memmo's letter to her sister, and she knew that the latter had absolutely refused to see the young man, and that she had blamed a certain Careggiani for having brought her the epistle in question. Then Giustiniana and her aunt, with the ever timid Abbé, formed a fresh plan. Andrea was to write to Giustiniana and complain that she had not written to him, which he was to attribute to the harsh treatment meted out to her. He would declare his love for her, and offer to sign a document engaging himself to marry her in two years, in the case of Smith or 'some other more advantageous party' not presenting themselves. Then he would expatiate to Giustiniana upon the advantages which she would gain by becoming his wife, and would tell her how domestic and economic circumstances, which prevented their immediate marriage, would in two years' time become more favourable. And to conclude, he would formulate the wish that Lady Wynne might consider his

letter, and understand the advantage that would lie in this marriage for her daughter. He could add everything else possible which he thought capable of softening this hard maternal heart.

Giustiniana would make her mother read this letter, and perhaps the latter would agree to the interview with Memmo. On the other hand Giustiniana, despite the signed declaration, left Memmo free, for, as she repeated, she would never consent to the sacrifice of his career on her behalf. All she sought for, in thus deceiving her mother, was another meeting with the object of her affection. 'I shall always be yours, but, I repeat, never to your prejudice.' (CXXXV). If, in the meantime, Smith or another had married her, the end of the two lovers would have been equally attained.

This plan could not, however, be realised. There was 'too much in ardour' the first letter which Memmo wrote according to Giustiniana's suggestions; it was too likely to arouse Lady Wynne's unreasonable objections. Such was the aunt's opinion, who, in good faith, and with a far from perfect understanding of the young people's intentions, was interested in her niece's love affair. Another and more austere tone was therefore necessary. A new and revised version of the first letter was accordingly produced and safely deposited in Giustiniana's hands; who then, however, seemed uncertain what to do. She thought that it would be a good idea to win over Andrea's mother, the second great obstacle in their way. Memmo would show Giustiniana's letters in order to convince her that their friendship was not dangerous for her son, since Giustiniana would never accept Memmo as a husband in his own interests. Truth to tell, all this tissue of lies hardly pleased

her ; but there was no other hope for her, constantly ' beside herself ' as she was in the violence of her passion.

In the meantime, Lady Wynne had become reconciled to her sister and brother-in-law, and had declared to them that if Memmo married Giustiniana, he would be miserable because of the inevitable rupture with his family, that he had no means of supporting himself away from his family ; and that his affection would never last. At the same time, Lady Wynne seemed to admit the sincerity of Memmo's intentions, and this appeared to be a good augury to Giustiniana, and a first step towards the success of her plan. But Lady Wynne's obstinacy and Giustiniana's observations about the second edition of his letter, which she described as ' too mild,' finally roused Andrea from his state of quietude. If Giustiniana thought his letter mild, perhaps she suspected the extent of his affection. He wrote to her angrily and with threats : ' there will be trouble if your mother refuses to hear me ! ' Above all, one phrase especially alarmed Giustiniana : ' It is not the moment to say it, but, in no possible manner whatsoever will I risk your ruin in the eyes of the world.' And she asked him :—

' What is this about ruining me ? Of what are you thinking, my Memmo ? For the love of God, speak to me clearly. Such a manner of speaking greatly troubles me . . . but I cannot think that the thought of abandoning me has occurred to you. If I thought that ! . . . No, O God ! As for me, I will never leave you, and at the same time . . . I shall continue to make you uneasy, I shall be capable of anything.' (CXLI)

Meanwhile, to content Memmo, she went to work with the much-discussed letter.

How had Giustiniana been able to renew her correspondence with Andrea? The easiest way having been discovered by her mother, she was compelled to have recourse to new subterfuges every day. Sometimes a man carried her letters to Memmo at Venice and the answers reached her in the same way. Sometimes she sent her letters by post under a false name to a shop in S. Polo. Giustiniana wrote during the rare moments when she escaped from the domestic surveillance, sometimes in the room next to her mother's, whilst pretending to do something else. These letters were her sole consolation, despite the great danger which she ran in writing them. She poured out her soul into them, and gave expression to her passion, her uneasiness, and her despair at seeing her last hopes disappear; for Smith himself, who perhaps suspected Giustiniana's friendship with Andrea, was no longer showing his former enthusiasm and did not come to the house so frequently.

The only hope left was the letter advised by the aunt. These were days of anguish for Giustiniana, who, as she knew, was playing her last card, that was to decide her fate. Patience was the order of the day; and Giustiniana, who would rather have consigned patience, prudence 'and all the other sillinesses' to the devil, sighed. 'When shall we be able to play the fool as we want, without recourse to wisdom as an excuse for our folly, or the folly of arguments to lessen our wisdom?' (CXL)

The return of the Wynnes to Venice drew near. Giustiniana realised that all that would remain to her would be the tiny consolation of a swift exchange of glances through

the window. Since her discovery of the unfortunate letter, Lady Wynne knew that the chief danger lay from the side of the Palazzo Tiepolo.

The Abbé Marcellotto took part in the conversations between the aunt and the niece during these anxious days, always trembling, with his eyes raised to heaven and ever fearful of the worst for the anxious and disquieting girl. Yet it was on him and no other that her choice fell for the delivering of Memmo's letter to her mother.

Giustiniana had all too soon to inform Memmo of the disastrous result of their plot. Her letter begins : ' We are lost indeed.' Then she tells the story of what occurred :—

' She read it with amazement and at first tried to persuade herself that it was a forgery, or at least that I had received another. Assured that it was all true, she seemed ready to listen to you and appeared to be very satisfied with me. She then said to the priest that before deciding anything she wished to speak with me, and asked him to keep the letter. Strengthened by this answer, I remained during the whole of yesterday with her in order that she might speak to me. One o'clock arrived, we left Dolo and arrived here at seven o'clock. I did my best to sound her, but she insisted upon waiting until we had slept. When she rose at ten o'clock, I accompanied her to my aunt's room. " Giustiniana," she said, " I have read Memmo's letter and I understand his honest wish to marry you. Memmo pleases you. Memmo loves you ; and your union is certainly desirable. But, my dear Giustiniana (O God, my confessor, listen !) you cannot be his wife. I am revealing something which I hoped you need never have known.

But, dear girl, what is done is done. You can marry anyone save a Venetian gentleman. Think and decide. Do you want to be ostracised, to be barred from every noble house, and to be an object of hatred to Memmo's family, who will immediately marry one of his brothers? Would you do the poor man so great a harm? And your children? Come, my child, be brave. I understand your grief at losing the man whom you adore, at the very moment when you had hoped to possess him. But, if you love him, you will neither desire his ruin nor his children's. Marry, and then continue your friendship with him." (CXLII)

Lady Wynne, with tears and prayers, attempted to console her daughter, and Aunt Fiorina yielded to her sister's reasoning. They then composed a letter which Giustiniana was obliged to write in her own hand, in which she refused his offer for his own good and from fear of the harm which she might cause her own brothers by marrying a Catholic on the eve of their return to London.

Lady Wynne had not lost all hope in Smith, and as a last resort there was Giustiniana's other admirer, young P——. She thought that she was really looking after Giustiniana's future, and when she was married, well, she might do as she pleased as regarded her friends.

Autumn was approaching when the Wynnes returned to Venice. Giacomo Vanest was entrusted with the delicate mission of arranging an interview between Memmo and Lady Wynne. She had finally decided to see him in person, to give him back his letters to Giustiniana, and to demand the return of hers to him. They met at dusk. Andrea

greeted the lady politely with all the courtesy of his patrician training, which might, so he thought, diminish her anger. He read the letter, but, having already learnt from Giustiniana the conditions under which it had been written, declared that he would accept the girl's decision. He returned some of Giustiniana's letters to Lady Wynne, but retained the greater number. And thus it is that we are fortunate enough to possess to-day those which were 'the chief witnesses of her adoration.'

Memmo's mother and relatives had already clearly shown him the folly of such a marriage, and he, on his side, had already seen an opening in politics. The opposition of both parties had weakened his noble resolutions. Perhaps he still loved Giustiniana; but his financial position compelled him to remain on good terms with his own family and to live at home. To marry a Protestant would have been scandal enough, without taking into account the circumstance that the nobility of the Wynnes was obscurely veiled in the fogs of England, and that of the Gazzini in the mists of a lonely Grecian island. The former was certainly more real than the latter. It is clear, however, that the Memmo family had been well informed of Lady Wynne's equivocal start in life and knew all about the tardy legitimation of Giustiniana. In any case, Memmo begged her to break off their correspondence for the time being, in order to avoid suspicion. He counted on Giustiniana's speedy marriage with Smith, or someone else, for the realisation of their dreams.

The unhappy Giustiniana felt disillusioned and discouraged. She expressed her despair to Memmo. She seemed to discern behind the lover a weak, careful man,

incapable of fighting battles like herself, who had risked so much and who would still be ready to risk all for love of him.

Giustiniana was less than sincere when in after life, in her *Moral Essays*, she declared that her passion had begun to fade just when the obstacles in their way seemed on the point of yielding. She manifests, in those Essays, a coldness and scepticism regarding her lover, very different from the letters of her youth, which burned with a passion that would not be cooled, despite his repeated threats to break off the correspondence. In after years, no doubt, the Countess of Rosenberg, dreaming of the past, wished to give herself the pleasure of a little revenge. Her pride was hurt, and she let it appear that the end of the affair was her own doing, whereas on the contrary it was Memmo who, from policy or through fear of compromising himself, put an end to their relations.

Giustiniana went through a variety of phases at this stage, and actually, in the presence of her aunt and of the priest, went so far as to say that she no longer desired Memmo as a husband. Finally, she persuaded Andrea to send her a final farewell through her Aunt Fiorina, in order to make out to the latter that all was over between them, adding nevertheless: 'My heart would break to hear a last farewell from you, even in jest.' But she did in fact receive an eternal farewell, though disguised. With despair in her heart she could not make up her mind to return it. 'You shall be satisfied. I will write to you no more; but give me leave to open all my heart. I have been incapable of making the effort which you expected from my friendship. Receive this hateful letter from me, and

henceforth I will trouble you no more.' (CXLV) Thus the last link was broken, and the Abbé Marcellotto, who never knew how to say no, declared that he would see no more of Memmo. How was Giustiniana to live without news of her lover? How could she bear the thought of the theatres, salons and ridottos where he would be surrounded by women?

The letter, which was to have been the last from Memmo, threw her into the depths of despair. She felt that she was on the point of death, and cried so much that she had to hide, lest her swollen eyes should be noticed. 'If only I was Memmo with Giustiniana's passion, I know very well what I would do. I can say no. But in fact you are right. You ought not to waste your time on account of a girl whom you scarcely ever see, when you could employ your time. . . . Poor Giustiniana!' (*Ibid.*). She would have liked to hate him, but her adoration showed through all her invective.

Memmo was moved. He still wrote to her, but at rarer intervals, and he tried to convince her of the grave difficulties imposed on him by his family. Giustiniana was silent for two days, but her resistance succumbed on the third day and she must needs assure him again of her eternal devotion. Whenever the occasion offered, she would send him a letter :

'To write again? What a business! I have a mind to do so and I have the opportunity, therefore, why lose it? I expected a few lines from you to-day, and have had nothing. Accursed times! You should know how painful it is to see yourself deprived of something which you

regarded as certain. Our friend asked me whether I would let you go out to-morrow night, as you have ten or twelve invitations without having promised anybody. You will have a painful choice ; I advise you to draw lots. But enough, do as you like. I do not want to make scenes, the more so in that if I refused you this I should appear indiscreet, and should probably be so. Enough of jesting ; go where you please, but think of me in the midst of your pleasures. For myself, it would be impossible for me to take so much liberty. Permissions and prohibitions scarcely concern my own case. Good-bye, until better days.’
(CXLVIII)

Giustiniana appears to have become calmer and to have learnt how to control herself better. She scarcely revealed any signs of jealousy when Memmo went out again into society after receiving her superfluous consent. She knew how useless her consent was, but still regretted that she had given it. Andrea seemed unworthy of her love, and his advice irritated her. He was too prudent, and love made Giustiniana scornful of prudence, as the preceding chapters have shown. Therefore, after receiving a further letter from Memmo, in the middle of the same month, she returned it to him with the following lines, full of angry irony :—

‘I could not rely on the messenger to tell you what I would have you know. Keep your letter, rather than that I should throw it into the canal before reading it. I could wish my anger might pass into your heart for a moment. Your treatment of me will for ever leave a mark upon my heart. I pray God for power to make you feel

some day what I feel now. Leave me in peace; in the meantime you shall be left in peace by me. And thus you will run no further risk. From henceforth your prudence shall be my guide, and I shall have learnt from you how to support my disgrace. What a soul of iron! I hope that I shall be able to imitate it; at least I will try, and if I but seem to succeed the effect will be the same as if I really did so.' (CLI) *

And for the moment the correspondence between Giustiniana and Andrea was at an end.

* The letters towards the latter end of this first period of the correspondence were written in French and English, doubtless to render them less intelligible to any of the go-betweens who might happen to read them. They were translated into Italian by the anonymous transcriber of the series.

 CHAPTER VI

A letter of Lady Wortley Montagu—Visit of Andrea and Casanova to the courtesan Ancilla—Smith disappears—Memmo and Giustiniana are reconciled—Giustiniana's fall—The Wynnes leave Venice—Parting with Memmo in Milan.

THE correspondence had ceased ; but Giustiniana was still in love.

Reading became her principal occupation, and the five hundred volumes of her father's library were her chosen companions. They consoled her, for she saw her own reflection in the lives of the heroines of the most moving love-stories. Lady Wynne tried to cure her daughter's melancholy, to distract her with social pleasures, and it was in this manner that they met, at the house of Sir John Murray, the English Resident, that tireless and intelligent, but at times unamiable traveller, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who later wrote as follows to her daughter:—

To the Countess of Bute

‘ VENICE, October 3 [1758].

‘ MY DEAR CHILD,

‘ I am under a sort of necessity of troubling you with an impertinent letter. Three fine ladies (I should say four, including the Signora Madre) set out for London a few

days ago. As they have no acquaintance there, I think it very possible (knowing their assurance) that some of them may try to make some by visiting you, perhaps in my name. Upon my word I never saw them except in public and at the Resident's, who, being one of their numerous passionate admirers, obliged his wife to receive them. The father's name was Wynn. Some say that he had £1200 per annum, others £2000. He came several years since to Venice to dissipate his affliction for the loss of his lady. He was introduced by his Gondolier (who are as industrious as the drawers at London) to this Greek, who I believe was then remarkably handsome, having still great remains of beauty. He liked her well enough to take her into keeping, and had three daughters by her, before her artifices prevailed on him to marry her. Since that she produced two boys. Mr W. died here, leaving all his children infants. He left the girls £1500 each. The mother carried them all to England, I suppose being told it was necessary to prove her marriage. She stayed there one year, but being tired of the place, where she knew nobody, nor one word of the language, she returned hither, where she has flourished exceedingly, and receives the homage of all the young fellows in the town, strangers and natives. They kept a constant assembly, but no female visitors of any distinction. The eldest daughter speaks English. I have said enough of them to hinder your being deceived by them, but should have said much more, if you had been at Caenwood, in full leisure to read novels. The story deserves the pen of my dear Smollett. . . .'

Meanwhile what was Memmo doing? A young man of

his talents and rank did not lack opportunities for distraction, especially as his circle was a wide one, and included many of the fair sex who aspired to his friendship. Giacomo Casanova, who at times envied him his name and fortune, and declares in his *Icosameron* that Memmo was a youth adored by women, was safely away from temptation under the leads of the Dogal Palace ; but there were others to help Memmo along the primrose path.

There occurs an interesting passage in the Memoirs of Casanova in connection with Memmo and Murray. Murray, whom Casanova describes as a fine-looking man and no mean admirer of Bacchus and Venus, kept, just before the time of which we are writing, a celebrated courtesan named Ancilla. To the house of this lady, whom he knew well, Casanova had one day accompanied Memmo. When the conversation between Andrea and Ancilla had arrived at its most interesting stage, Casanova, who was, so to speak, on guard, suddenly observed a gondola from the window. It stopped at the house, and from it stepped the Austrian Ambassador, Count von Rosenberg. Memmo was terrified, for Venetians of noble birth were forbidden to be seen with foreign representatives, lest they should be suspected of treason. As he ran out of Ancilla's room and down the stairs, followed by his friend, he collided with the Count, who, on seeing his embarrassment, burst out laughing and proceeded on his upward way. Casanova and Memmo immediately made their way to Cavalli, the Secretary to the Inquisitors, who accepted their story, and, with his tongue in his cheek, said their account agreed completely with the one which he had already heard. This answer dumb-founded the pair, but they reasoned that he had only said

this in order to make out that he always knew of everything as soon as it had occurred.

A few months later Ancilla died of the "French disease." Murray consoled himself with making love to many ladies, and was conspicuously an admirer of Lady Wynne's mature charms.* Memmo was soon more deeply involved than ever in his *grande passion* with Giustiniana. Rosenberg, ever an admirer of pretty women, enjoyed himself in the company of de Bernis, the French Ambassador, with whom he indulged in a series of clandestine adventures, secrecy in their amours being insisted on by the strict laws of the Republic, much to the annoyance of the gallant diplomats of the eighteenth century. But little could Andrea Memmo have foreseen the important part which the Count von Rosenberg was later to play in the life of his Giustiniana.

And what had happened to Smith, now that Memmo's correspondence with Giustiniana had been temporarily suspended? The old Englishman did not return to the charge; his eyes had been opened to a number of things which he had not remarked at first. He decided that he would not be the last hope of the two lovers. As for Giustiniana's other admirer, he no longer came to the Wynnes'. That the marriage with Smith did not take place was not through Giustiniana's own agency, as she tried subsequently to make

* He left Venice two years later to take up the post of English Minister at the sublime Porte. "The British Minister here is such a scandalous fellow, in every sense of the word, he is not to be trusted to change a sequin, despised by this government for his smuggling, which was his original profession, and always surrounded with pimps and brokers, who are his privy councillors." Lady Wortley Montagu to the Countess of Bute, 30th May 1757. Murray died in Venice in 1778.

out. As long as she had any hopes in the direction of Memmo, she was careful not to give Smith a definite answer. When all hope was lost in this quarter, the Englishman had already retired, and Lady Wynne and her daughter completely failed to draw him back into the fold. He married a little later, probably out of spite.

Giustiniana continued to make tentative efforts to renew her correspondence with Memmo, who, offended by her last letter, showed some reluctance in complying. He forgave her, however, and even recognised the fact that she had had some reason for her anger. They repeated their vows and even saw one another again.

How did they succeed in evading Lady Wynne's vigilance? There is no doubt that Giustiniana, during the last two months in Venice before her departure, became, as she had already so frequently said she was, Memmo's indeed. The scene was, in all probability, one of the casinos, or little houses, which served Memmo, and so many of the Venetian nobles and foreign ministers, for orgies and meetings with the kind and fair. More than a year later Giustiniana recalled, in one of her letters from London, 'that unimaginable room, invented by Love and the Graces for the enjoyment of the choicest sweets of passion, hidden from all the world and dedicated to me alone.' (Letter of October 29, 1759.)*

If Lady Wynne had known of this, we may be certain that she would immediately have consented to the marriage. But the two lovers no longer spoke of marriage. Revenge upon their gaolers was sufficient, and they regarded it as a 'point of honour' to have triumphed over all obstacles.

These two months of love were not enough to induce

* In French in the original, like many of her other letters.

the satiety which too often follows satisfaction of the passions. But the departure of the Wynnes, so frequently postponed, was at last decided upon, on the pretext of financial interests and the expiration of their authorisation to remain abroad.

Regretfully, Giustiniana submitted to her mother's decision. Nevertheless, she was acquiring the spirit of adventure, and she was attracted by the idea of the two great capitals, of which she had retained fond memories. She writes in her *Moral Essays* : " My mind was fairly well formed, my face had acquired all its brilliance ; I was romantic as are all young people, when they seek self-instruction ; I dreamt willingly of adventure, and never was any one more of the coquette, with more of sensibility and frankness. To see France and England again ; the thought was enough to turn my head. The English companion promised me a magnificent match in London ; the French one assured me of the homage of the whole nation."

Thus, on October 1, 1758, the Wynne family left Venice under the happiest auspices. Lady Wortley Montagu's letter gives the precise date of their departure. Some time later, on December 5, she wrote again to her daughter :—

' The fine ladies of whom I have spoken to you are, so I am told, in Paris, and perhaps they will have their reasons for stopping there.'

Memmo knew that his financial resources would not admit of his following his mistress, and was forced to resign himself to their swift separation. He saw her for a last time before the Wynnes set off in their calash for Milan. Giustiniana affects an indifference which she was

far from feeling, when she describes this departure in her *Moral Essays*.

Lady Wynne and her children visited all the theatres and other public places in Milan. The young ladies attracted universal interest and admiration. Giustiniana herself draws a pleasant picture of her family. She modestly confesses to being the least beautiful of the three sisters, but the most graceful. Her brothers were two sympathetic boys. In the midst of the youthful galaxy, her mother, whose beauty was still undeniable, held sway. Giustiniana exaggerates, however, in stating that she was then only thirty-eight; she was in fact forty-five. Invitations to dinners and parties rained in upon them. Lady Wynne, now that the danger was distant, allowed a certain degree of liberty to her eldest daughter, who profited by it when, unknown to her mother, Memmo appeared in Milan.

For Memmo, unable to control his grief, had followed Giustiniana. In later years she was able to transform her youthful experiences into moral maxims. She always dissimulated her romance and fall from virtue with the greatest care, and endeavoured to hide everything which could point towards the truth. Her *Moral Essays* (*Reputations*) only reveal very slight traces of her Venetian adventure and its Milanese sequel :—

“ What difficulties there are in the way of repairing the false steps of our youth ! On the contrary, how many errors have not been forgiven, when solid and respectable friends have lent their aid in shielding them or causing them to be forgotten in a woman whom they have thought worthy of their esteem ? The vine has need of an elm,

above all in Italy, which can serve as a support and raise it from the reach of rash hands, and enable it to unfold the richness of its foliage and the beauty of its fruit ; otherwise, it creeps along the ground and is trodden underfoot by every passer by, who scarcely deigns to pluck its despised grapes.”

These are the regrets of a woman who feels the approach of old age. . . . But, at Milan, she was young, and so were her heart and her senses, which cared nought for the chill of cold reason. Later, perhaps, the prudent moralist included her Milanese escapade among those “uncommon accidents” which befell her during this second voyage.

Alas ! Happiness must end. Memmo declared that he could not follow her . . . for lack of means. He returned to Venice ; and the Wynnes renewed their journey towards Paris and London with short rests at Turin and Lyons.

 CHAPTER VII

Second stay in Paris—Giustiniana meets Casanova again—Le Riche de la Pouplinière—Madame de la Pouplinière's fireplace—Giustiniana's admirers—Farsetti's double game—Casanova visits "La petite Pologne"—A masked ball at the Opera—A kiss of gratitude—A painful confession—A supper with Casanova—A plot of De la Pouplinière's relatives—A grave accusation against Giustiniana and Casanova—The Marquise d'Urfé advises the Aroph of Paracelsus—A sacrifice which had its agreeable side—Threatening letters—Casanova, the Comtesse du Romain and a friendly Abbess—Giustiniana disappears.

THE Wynnes arrived in Paris at the end of November 1758. The charming spectacle which they presented aroused keen curiosity in the capital of grace and elegance, and the welcome they received was such that they remained in France for almost eight months. The Seven Years War served as an excuse for Lady Wynne to postpone their departure, as it rendered the passage between France and England difficult, so she affirmed to her English relatives.

Paris completed Giustiniana's worldly education. She learnt to apply rouge to her cheeks, and perfected her talents as a charmer of men. Magali, a singing-master, gave her musical instruction; a dancing-master taught her the art of moving gracefully, which invited—so she said later—the graces to hover about her :—

“I was charming. It is permissible to say so, now that

I have outlived my beauty [*written in 1780*], nor can it be held more ridiculous to praise oneself for what one has been than to compose one's own epitaph. Neither my sisters nor myself ever showed ourselves in the streets or in the theatres without attracting universal attention. We were followed, we were admired ; an agreeable murmur of exaggerated praise resounded in our ears. My good mother, seduced by all this herself, allowed us a degree of freedom of which she was incapable of foreseeing the danger. . . .”

Giustiniana thus became a woman of the world, worthy of the Paris of the eighteenth century. The artists whom she admired the most were the dressmakers and hairdressers ; she scarcely troubled, on the other hand, to criticise a painter whose portrait of her did her less than justice. But in the salons, and in the boxes at the theatre, she revealed all her wit, and in no measured terms expressed her opinion of the plays and books of the day. She was for ever writing letters to her friends of both sexes, with an unwise facility which she was later to regret. Deeds are soon forgotten, but the written word remains. The day was at hand, however, when she was to see that one's actions can be even more dangerous than one's writings.

“ I had not the least idea of the customs and people of Paris although I was in their midst ; I saw them at my feet, and my investigations went no further. I turned more heads than one ; and, being too diffuse in my passion to feel its value, I let slip the chance of a most advantageous marriage, while my mother, who adored me, only saw in my whims the dislike of a young person to be constrained.”

We will shortly examine the nature of this “ most

advantageous marriage." But first we are going to renew our acquaintance with our old friend, Giacomo Casanova, two years after his escape from the Leads. The story of that escape greatly amused his contemporaries, and procured him a certain notoriety which he exploited to the full. In January 1759 he was just back from his travels in Holland.

One night he was in a box at the Comedie Italienne, when, to his great surprise, he saw Lady Wynne appear, surrounded by her family. Giustiniana nodded to him from afar and pointed him out to her mother, who with a gesture of her fan invited him to approach. It had probably occurred to Lady Wynne that Casanova would be useful in introducing her to Parisian Society, to which she aspired. She forgot her former prejudices against him, greeted him warmly and invited him to visit them at the modest *Hôtel de Hollande* in the Rue Saint-André-des-Arcs, where they were staying.* Giustiniana's beauty had formerly moved Giacomo to admiration, as we have seen; now that he saw her in the full flower of her twenty-second year, with all the advantages of art and acquired elegance, a fiercer flame by far was lit within him. He could hardly dissimulate his feelings. Giustiniana, for her part, came under the influence of that fascination which the "Chevalier di Seingalt" exercised over all women, and was charmed by his vivacity and romantic freedom from prejudice. The marvellous adventure of the Leads, moreover, threw an added lustre round the adventurer. Giustiniana told him

* Casanova speaks of an *Hôtel de Bretagne*, in the same street, but Giustiniana, in her letters from Paris, always calls it the *Hôtel de Hollande*.

the Prince was sufficiently revenged a few years later. The Farmer-General had married, in 1737, Thérèse Boutinon des Hayes, twenty years younger than himself.* Eleven years after this marriage, La Pouplinière discovered in his wife's fireplace a secret door opening into a neighbouring residence, belonging to the Duc de Richelieu. And the door had been in use for nearly two years ! Moreover, it would appear that the fireplace had given material to the Duke for many a joke, and the secret had been known and enjoyed by the whole of French society ; and the song-writers, at that date the official chroniclers of the capital, made full use of so fair an opportunity. But the wrong was not all on Madame de la Pouplinière's side, for her husband had early neglected her, being at least as inconstant in his loves as he was in his friendships and artistic tastes.†

Giustiniana's graceful beauty could not fail to attract the attention of so impenitent an admirer of the fair sex. He had been a widower for three years, and his unfortunate experience of the yoke had evidently not cured him of matrimonial leanings, for he began to court Giustiniana "pour le bon motif." He was sixty-six at the time ; age, however, had but set the seal of dignity on his robust and aristocratic person, his smiling, ironical mouth, and his lively glance, whilst his wrinkles merely stressed the gentle melancholy of his expression, remarked on by his contemporaries, and which attracted feminine sympathy to him. Madame de Genlis has sufficiently commented on the fact.

* Her charms were at one time appreciated by Louis XV.

† Lord Castlerosse has recently alluded to the notoriously erotic "Fermier Général" edition of De la Pouplinière's *Amours Passionants, Different Stages in Life*, which belonged to Louis XV. This alone suffices to show the bent of De la Pouplinière's "artistic tastes."

To sum up, M. de la Pouplinière was a decorative and amusing man with a quick and still youthful mind.

He was not the sole pretender to Giustiniana's hand in Paris. Hardly had the lovely Wynnes arrived in the capital before Prince Dolgorouki became their faithful attendant, and another swain, the Baron de C——, emerged as his rival. The tongue of scandal wagged accordingly ; and for this reason, Lady Wynne decided to leave the rooms which they had temporarily engaged and to stay at the Hôtel de Hollande. Another suitor, Prince Demetrius Galitzine, spent long hours with the Wynnes, and offered his hand, his title and an exalted position in Russia to Giustiniana. ' Twenty-two years, a pleasing face, wit, and much vivacity, such were his merits.' * But she was too much Memmo's to marry the Prince for love, and too well-informed of La Pouplinière's fortune to marry him from interest.

A fresh admirer arrived on the scene, a certain Farsetti, who never gave up hope, although Giustiniana repeatedly informed him of her antipathy to him. Tomaso Giuseppe Farsetti, Knight of the Order of Malta, at that date thirty-five years of age, a skilled bibliophile, a writer of Latin verse, and on excellent terms with Madame du Boccage, lead a somewhat equivocal existence in Paris. He played a double game, courting Giustiniana and at the same time maintaining an active correspondence with Memmo, whose friend he professed to be, in order to gain his confidence.

But La Pouplinière outdistanced all these adorers. Lady

* Giustiniana's letter to Memmo, from London, 9th October 1759. I have extracted these details from the second series of letters which I have discovered, sent to Memmo by Giustiniana, Farsetti and others, from Paris, Brussels, London and Padua, 1759-1760.

Wynne at once considered the 'oldest, richest and wildest of the Farmer-Generals' to be a magnificent match, against whose brilliance the star of poor Consul Smith sadly paled. It seemed impossible to her that Giustiniana, however rebellious, should not understand the advantage of such a marriage, which would raise her to an un hoped-for social and financial position. But Giustiniana's thoughts were otherwise engaged.

Two days after their meeting in the theatre, Casanova repaired to the Hôtel de Hollande to offer homage to his compatriots. Lady Wynne received him politely, but he did not attach much importance to this; he knew that Lady Wynne did not at times neglect her own interests, and that until then he had been no favourite of hers. The three girls and their two brothers received him very cordially, especially Giustiniana and Riccardo, who was fourteen years old and already showed signs of following in the footsteps of the celebrated adventurer. Giustiniana fascinated Casanova by her native distinction of manner, made more charming by experience, the beauty of her person, and her wit and learning, which she knew how to carry without ostentation (a rare enough combination nowadays). He observed Giustiniana's strong character, and her way of being attentive only to those who did not displease her, without at the same time appearing to be lacking in manners to the others. Casanova, forgetting his flames of the moment, Esther, the Dutch girl, and Manon Baletti, the very youthful daughter of the dancers "Mario" and "Sylvia," declared his passion to Giustiniana. She showed her satisfaction and did not appear surprised; she was well accustomed by now to such declarations.

Farsetti appeared on the scene. He paid scant attention to Casanova, and smiled out of pure courtesy when Giustiniana praised the adventurer's courage and gave an eloquent description of his escape from the Leads. Farsetti observed this new rival with little pleasure. There was enough competition already, without mentioning De la Pouplinière, the most dangerous of them all. Farsetti was delighted when Casanova declined an offer to stay to dinner, on the pretext of a previous engagement with Madame d'Urfé.

Giacomo had just taken, at this time, a house situated in a faubourg, and called La Petite Pologne, which had a garden, stables and well-stocked cellar. He was about to instal himself therein, leaving his rooms in the Petit-Lion-Saint-Sauveur. He was then in process of furnishing and luxuriously decorating his future home, and had procured horses, carriages and servants in order to receive his guests, principally ladies, in a suitable manner. The lottery which he had organised had put him in a position to live for a time like a lord. And so, in the house called Little Poland, marquises and dancers, ladies of the world and of the half-world, lingered and passed on their way. What tales those walls could tell, what gallantries were enacted beneath the trees of that garden, both before and after Casanova's time !

Shortly after his visit to the rue Saint-André-des-Arcs, Giacomo went to a masked ball at the Opera with the beautiful Camilla Véronèse, of the Comédie-Italienne, and a number of her friends and their respective lovers. A movement of the crowd separated Casanova from his companions. He was not masked. A black domino

approached him, and excited his curiosity by telling him a number of things which he knew. Who could she be? Casanova led the unknown into a box. The domino unmasked, and Giacomo recognised Giustiniana. She, like himself, had been separated from her companions, namely her brother Riccardo, Farsetti and one of her sisters, and was determined to keep well away from them until the end of the ball.

Giacomo, naturally, made the most of so promising a situation. He renewed his most ardent declarations to the girl, and even risked a kiss or so, a tentative caress. He felt confident of triumphing over every resistance, but restrained himself; and Giustiniana let him see that she was grateful. Casanova may or may not exaggerate, when he shows himself so confident in his powers of seduction; but it is certain that Giustiniana had too warm a temperament, and was too free from prejudice, perhaps in reaction to the eternal sermons of her mother, to have been able to remain faithful very long to her absent lover. And may not Casanova's presence have reminded her of the accomplished gallants of her native Venice, to the disadvantage of the *petits-mâîtres* and *beaux-vieux* of Paris?

From thenceforward, Casanova became her confidant. He confessed to Giustiniana that he had heard her spoken of in Versailles as the future wife of M. de la Pouplinière. Giustiniana acknowledged that the rumour was not without foundation, and that the marriage would please her mother; but declared that she herself would not hear of it, though La Pouplinière might be as rich as Croesus and full of promises. He was too old.

“I have no wish to make myself miserable with a man

whom I do not love, and who does not please me, when my heart is elsewhere engaged."

"Elsewhere? And who is the happy mortal to whom you have entrusted that treasure?" asked Casanova.

"I know not if the lot of him who possesses my love is a happy one. My lover is in Venice, as my mother knows; but she maintains that I should not be happy, and that the master of my heart ought not to be my husband."

"What an extraordinary woman your mother is! She is always putting obstacles in the way of your affections."

"I cannot be angry with her; she is mistaken, perhaps, but only because of her love for me. She would prefer me to marry Farsetti, who would be delighted; but I detest him."

"Has he declared his suit?"

"Explicitly; nor is he discouraged by the contempt which I invariably show him."

"He is tenacious, and has certainly been fascinated by your charms."

"That may be; but I believe him to be incapable of any delicate or generous feelings. He is sly, jealous and envious. The other day at table, having heard me mention you in the manner in which you deserve to be mentioned, he had the impudence to say to my mother, in my presence, that she ought not to receive you."

"It would serve him right if I gave him a lesson in manners; but there are other means of chastising him. I offer my unconditional services to the best of my ability."

"Ah! I should be only too happy if I might count on your friendship."

These words inflamed Casanova more than ever, and he

offered both his life and fortune if they could be of use to her. Giustiniana gratefully embraced him and their mouths met . . . not only from reasons of gratitude. In this wise was the pact sealed between Giacomo and Giustiniana, according to which Giacomo promised to come to Giustiniana's aid in whatever straits she might be. A devoted friend, ready to dare all, was only too necessary ; and her tears, mingled with her kisses, were the measure of her need.

On the following day Casanova, invited to dinner by Giustiniana, repaired to the Hôtel de Hollande. Lady Wynne received him politely and, whilst waiting for dinner, allowed him to enter the room where Giustiniana, still in bed, was with one of her sisters. Let us leave the details to Casanova . . . His passions were even more inflamed when he saw his pretty friend in déshabille. On the appearance of Giacomo, Giustiniana stopped writing a letter—perhaps to Memmo?—and explained that she had stayed in bed partly from laziness and partly because she felt a little unwell. She took from an envelope the epistle which Casanova had addressed to her when Lady Wynne had turned him out of the house, and recited it to him from memory.* She shed a tear and declared that he had been a true prophet. And as the “Arabian Phoenix” was like to be the cause of her death, she revealed her love for Memmo and the obstacles in the way of their correspondence. The talk was interrupted by a summons to dinner and the guests did full honour to the excellent

* It was a poem entitled “Le Phénix,” which Casanova, perhaps adapted to various people and circumstances. Another copy is dedicated to Teresa Camproni. V. Cugitz : *G. Casanova und sein Lebensroman*, Vienna, 1921, p. 247.

variety of fish (it was Friday) which was served, a present from M. de la Pouplinière. After dinner, Casanova returned to Giustiniana's bedside and remained talking to her, but was constrained to master his desires. By great good fortune, Farsetti did not appear; he was very superstitious and had blind faith in a gipsy who had prophesied a violent death for him on a Friday. Wild horses would not drag him out on that day.

On the following morning, a young boy arrived at Little Poland. He had instructions to hand over in person a letter addressed to Giacomo, and to await a reply. Admitted by a valet, he fulfilled his mission. It was a letter from Giustiniana :—

‘It is two hours after midnight; I have need of rest, but a burden which is overpowering me prevents me from finding any sleep. The secret which I am going to confide to you, my friend, will cease to be a burden for me as soon as I have deposited it within your breast. I shall feel relieved as soon as you become its trustee. I have decided to write to you about it because I feel that it would be impossible to tell you about it by word of mouth. Let me have a word of reply. . . .’

Giacomo was amazed, and replied in one line: ‘I will be with you at eleven.’

The cause of Giustiniana's preoccupation and tears, and the reason for her pretended indisposition, was that she soon would be unable to conceal any longer from her mother and family the consequences of her fall. And how, too, was she to hide them from her friends, and from La Pouplinière? Giustiniana's pride and independence

would be sadly humiliated if she made a confession. But how was she to get out of so difficult a situation alone and unaided? If all should be discovered, how was she to face the fury of her mother, who would certainly never forgive her daughter for the very fault which she herself had committed in the days of her youth?

The girl hoped at first to rid herself of the menace of maternity without leaving any traces. In her perplexity and state of demoralisation, she could think of nothing better than to seek the aid and advice of Casanova, who was also Memmo's friend. She therefore entrusted her secret to him. . . . Casanova, in his *Memoirs*, carefully masks the name of the heroine of this episode under the initials X.C.V. But in another passage of those same *Memoirs* he imprudently left a clue to the real name of the mysterious lady.

The unexpected note from Giustiniana greatly troubled Casanova, although it gave him a feeling of satisfaction to have been chosen as the confidant of so attractive a girl. He foresaw that the realisation of his desires would thereby be facilitated, in the more or less immediate future. He knew that such a calculation was to be condemned on moral grounds, but justified himself in the name of love, which excused many things in his eyes. And he had surrendered to Giustiniana's grace and beauty with that lightning rapidity which only his inconstancy could equal.

Next morning at eleven o'clock Giacomo was at the Hôtel de Bretagne. Giustiniana was preparing to go out with her maid; at her mother's orders she went to hear Mass daily in the Church of the Augustines. Casanova accompanied the two women. On their arrival at the

church, Giustiniana and her friend left the obliging domestic, and went out into the cloisters, where there ensued a conversation dealing with a subject very far removed from the pious thoughts which the place should have inspired.

“Have you read my letter ?” asked Giustiniana.

“Yes, and here it is ; I return it so that you may burn it.”

“I do not wish to have it back. You will burn it yourself.”

“I see that you have great confidence in me. I shall not abuse it.”

“I am convinced of that. I have been pregnant for the last four months, I am certain ; and I am in despair.”

“Console yourself ; we will find a remedy.”

“I put myself completely in your hands ; try to procure me an abortion.”

“Never, my dear. That would be a crime.”

“Alas ! I know ; but it is no worse than suicide, and I have little choice left. Either the unlucky proof of my dishonour must be destroyed, or I must poison myself. I have the means of doing so at my disposal. You are my only friend here. You are the arbiter of my fate. Speak. Are you annoyed that I did not rather choose the Chevalier Farsetti to confide in ?”

Giustiniana's emotion was beginning to convince her friend. But he did not wish her to have recourse to violent means which might endanger her life. He said that he would further her desire as best he could, and he enjoined absolute secrecy upon her. Giustiniana reassured him on this point, and added that Memmo himself should be left in ignorance.

But she wished to make sure that her condition would

become normal again before the true state of affairs should be discovered. She made Giacomo promise to take her to a midwife for advice. Meanwhile, she began to take certain drugs, which her new friend obtained. They had not the least effect. On the night of the last ball at the Opera, on February 26th, under cover of their masks, they left the theatre together and repaired in a closed carriage to the house of a midwife of dubious reputation, recommended to Casanova by a girl from Madame Montigny's notorious establishment. The name of this midwife was Regina Demay; she was the separated wife of Jean-Baptiste Castès, and lived in the Rue des Cordeliers, and had, before the time of our story, seen the inside of the Salpêtrière, a house of correction for women of ill fame. When Giustiniana asked her how she might as long as possible conceal the effects of her approaching motherhood, the Castès, feeling certain that she was correctly interpreting the wishes of the girl, offered to procure her an abortion. She named the sum of fifty louis, half of which should be payable in advance for the purchase of drugs, and the remainder after the operation. She proceeded to make a local examination, while Giacomo, at Giustiniana's request, discreetly turned his back. With his back turned, reflecting upon the midwife's words, the adventurer began to have his doubts about the matter. Might not the suppression of the child be a very serious risk for the mother? Casanova decided that it would be best to reserve their decision. He gave two louis to the hag, and re-entered the carriage with his companion. The hour was not late, the night was cold, and the ball at the Opera would last until day-break. When could there ever be a fairer opportunity for

a visit to the new house, which Casanova had doubtless described to Giustiniana as the very nest of love? By way of precaution, they changed their carriage, and so came to the garden gate of the house, near the *Porte de la Madeleine*.

In two seconds *La Perle*, Casanova's excellent cook, had prepared a frugal supper, enlivened with champagne and the joyous blaze of a roaring fire. Her distressful condition, and the circumstances, had stirred Giustiniana's emotions. While they were waiting for supper, Giacomo made her sit on his knees, and covered her with kisses, which she returned. But Giustiniana was constrained to check the impetuosity of this *Don Juan*. He submitted, thinking that perhaps she wished to wait until after supper before giving him more positive proofs of her affection. But after the last drop of champagne had been sipped Casanova received no more from his beautiful visitor than a further succession of embraces, and she obstinately opposed his boldest attempts at further liberties. For once we do not have to throw a veil over one of Casanova's nocturnal parties.

They put on their masks again and returned to the Opera. A certain coolness had arisen; Giustiniana scorned a friendship to which humiliating conditions were attached; Casanova vowed that he would rather die than obtain more precise favours from one whom he would ever regard only as a friend. That is to say, he made the best of a losing hand.

Giacomo thought of leaving Giustiniana to her fate; but love proved stronger than resentment. He began to visit her daily, and Lady Wynne must have been alarmed, in the light of the hoped for marriage with *La Pouplinière*.

Farsetti also took umbrage, and the poet and the adventurer began to hate each other heartily.

Casanova, however, had become a sort of confidant to the whole of the Wynne family, and Riccardo even had recourse to him for a loan, to enable him to salve the effects of an amorous misadventure ; a somewhat precocious one, be it added, in view of the boy's age. Casanova was persuaded to speak of it to Lady Wynne in hopes that she might make some contribution to the wherewithal for the cure ; but she refused, because, as she said, it was the third time that her son had found himself in such a condition, and she foresaw that it would not be the last.

La Pouplinière had formally asked for Giustiniana's hand in marriage, and she recognised that if only she could rid herself of her awkward burden, the rich Farmer-General, despite his age, would be a very opportune support. La Pouplinière's matrimonial intentions were looked on with favour by Madame de Saint-Aubin, a scheming and determined woman, of whom he was tired, and who hoped that her relations with him would benefit by the presence of a youthful wife. But the numerous nephews of the old man preferred to see him a childless widower, with mistresses but no legal ties, and their suspicions were aroused when they saw him paying court to *la belle Wynne*. As for himself, he had never allowed the ideas of his relatives to disturb his peace of mind ; he was very much in love, and showed the door to all who presumed to discourage his project.

Giustiniana's birth certificate was sent for from Venice ; and for once Memmo was the recipient of Lady Wynne's gratitude, for he was of material assistance to her brother, Giulio Gazzini, in obtaining the legalisation of the papers

in question. But Lady Wynne was to regret their tardy arrival, for had they arrived sooner, Giustiniana's fortune would have been assured before the appearance of other difficulties. When the documents finally reached Paris, they had to be submitted to the Archbishop for his approval ; and his approval was unconscionably delayed, perhaps owing to the machinations of La Pouplinière's relatives. At the same time the Farmer-General requested, through the medium of the lawyer Brunet, Giustiniana's naturalisation as a French subject. Without this, the dossier for the marriage was incomplete.

But alas, the visit to the equivocal midwife was to have unpleasant consequences.

Casanova was walking one day in the Tuileries, at the beginning of March,* when he noticed a curious couple : a man, dressed in black, and a woman, who both looked at him with peculiar attention, whilst exchanging a few words. He finally recognised the woman as Madame Castès and the man as a Gascon pimp, the Marquis de Castel-Bajac, who dragged his marquisate, his long body, and his almost equally lengthy sword through the lowest circles, insulting women and fighting coachmen.

A few days later, Casanova was summoned before the Commissioner of Police, where he was interrogated concerning a denunciation which had been lodged against him by Castès. Castel-Bajac, who hoped to make something out of the affair, had lent his assistance to the accuser. The noble rogue went to De Courcelles and Saffray, who were principally interested in ruining the matrimonial pro-

* And not in July, as one would gather from Casanova's account in his *Mémoires*.

jects of La Pouplinière, their uncle and cousin, and told them the Castès' story. The rumour spread, and eventually reached the ears of the Farmer-General. He in turn informed his confidant, the Abbé La Coste, of Castel-Bajac's scandal-mongering, which Maisonneuve, the financier's man of affairs, attributed to De Courcelles and Saffray.

A well-chosen confidant, truly, was the Abbé La Coste. He had quitted the frock long before in order to enjoy the charms of a lady of ill fame, La Lambertini, who profited from her surname to the extent of calling herself a niece of Benedict XIV. Like Giacomo, he was a member of the Order of the Golden Spur. La Pouplinière had taken him under his protection; and he was suspected of having written anonymous letters against his protector, and of having had a libellous pamphlet printed. He was eventually sent to the Bastille for fraud connected with the lottery of Gemund, was exposed to public gaze, branded with a red-hot iron, and on August 28, 1760, condemned to the galleys for life.

Castel-Bajac, seeing that his plans were making no headway, repaired in person to M. de la Pouplinière, and informed him that the girl whom he was in the habit of visiting was pregnant. He gave him the secret, so he said, in his capacity as a friend of the mother, in order that he might inform her likewise.

La Pouplinière qualified this statement as an atrocious calumny. But he ordered the midwife to be fetched, and she confirmed the story related by Castel-Bajac. This visit gave the Farmer-General an extremely bad impression of the Gascon, and caused him to suspect the man of being the author of an anonymous letter by means of which an

attempt had recently been made to blackmail him. Nevertheless La Pouplinière's confidence was somewhat shaken by the complete assurance of the accusing parties, for it confirmed the rumours which had reached his ears from other quarters. He determined to clear the matter up, and entrusted Maisonneuve with the awkward mission of visiting Giustiniana.

Maisonneuve informed her of the calumny of which she was the subject, and then, 'with a good grace and almost in jest,' as Giustiniana herself recorded in a letter on the 24th June, 'he requested permission to place his hand on my stomach.' Giustiniana, having been forewarned, had undoubtedly dressed herself with a view to Maisonneuve's visit; and we shall see that on another and subsequent occasion she was successful in hiding her condition. 'I willingly allowed this, and he, anathematising the impostors, begged me a thousand pardons, and, by order of M. de la Pouplinière, had the originator of the libel watched. It transpired that that individual had had a number of secret conferences with one of his nearest relatives.' (Letter from Conflans, June 24, 1759.) Rejoicing over this proof of Giustiniana's innocence, the old man, in order to obtain forgiveness for his lack of faith, decided to hasten the marriage as soon as the necessary papers had arrived.

But Castel-Bajac, who had taken upon himself the task of spreading the story throughout Paris, was invited to tell it also to the Police. On March 7th, he confirmed the account which he had received from the Castès in the presence of Thiéron, the Commissioner. Namely, that on February 17th, at three o'clock in the morning, a man of about forty, accompanied by a girl of about seventeen, had

called at her house. They had a foreign accent and were very well dressed. The girl was very beautiful, of medium height, slim, with a white skin and brown hair and eye-brows. She was wrapped in a magnificent grey silk pelisse lined with marten. The girl was in an advanced state of pregnancy (despite her slimness)—seven months gone, the midwife had reckoned. In view of the violent character of the girl's mother, it was essential that means should be found to prevent any member of the household hearing of her confinement. The Castès, on being informed that the mother slept in a room adjoining that of her daughter, had declared the thing impossible. They had then retired, leaving her two louis. But on the following day, the stranger had returned and promised her fifty louis more when the operation should be completed, if she would give the girl a potion which should destroy the life within her womb. The Castès pointed out that it would mean the mother's death, and the stranger answered: "Do it, nevertheless!" underlining his words with a threatening gesture, and displaying a pistol with which he was armed.

Castel-Bajac added that he had recognised, from the description given by the Castès, a certain Signor "Cazenova," an Italian, who lodged on the second floor of a house in the Rue du Petit-Lion belonging to a wig-maker. He had then set out to identify the girl who had accompanied him to the midwife's, and had succeeded in discovering that it was one of the three Venetian sisters who lived with their mother in an hotel in the Rue Saint-André-des-Arcs, and who were friends of M. de la Pouplinière. Then he gave an account of his visit to the latter, and its lack of success, and of how, according to what M. de Maisonneuve had

said, it was a question of some young woman courted by Casanova, a "bad character" fully capable of seducing the daughter of someone known to La Pouplinière and to Maisonneuve himself.

But Castel-Bajac's deposition inspired doubts, especially when taken in conjunction with La Pouplinière's suspicions, who regarded him as the author of the anonymous blackmailing. The police, therefore, subjected the accusers to a rigorous inquiry. The inquiry proved highly unfavourable to them, and many of their allegations were at once found to be incorrect. Castel-Bajac, for example, declared that he had formulated his denunciation because he was being followed everywhere by a gang of cut-throats whom Casanova had put upon his track. It was found, however, that these were none other than police agents, entrusted with the task of watching him in order to clear up the matter of the attempted blackmailing of La Pouplinière. The words attributed to Maisonneuve proved even more false, for he neither knew Casanova nor any girl courted by him. But in the eyes of the authorities, this inquiry established Giustiniana's innocence; for La Pouplinière, interrogated on March 16th with other witnesses, declared himself able to say with certainty—we have seen how—that none of the three Venetian girls was pregnant. The police sent round an inspector on their own account, who confirmed Made-moiselle Wynne's innocence. We may safely assume that Giustiniana's ready wit and charming manners were chiefly responsible for the result of the inspection, and that if anyone felt awkward or shamefaced in the process, it was the minion of the law.

In the meantime, the opium mixtures and bleedings which

Casanova advised produced no effect. Giustiniana skilfully concealed her condition from the eye of Casanova himself, who was the more impressed in that he knew exactly how far gone she was, having verified—by his own account—the accusatory swelling. But it was evident that all the cleverness in the world would soon be useless, and Giustiniana was in agony. She often made pretexts of being indisposed in order not to be obliged to leave her bed, and, when she was in the most profound state of dejection, would speak of suicide. Then one day it seemed to Giacomo that he had found a means of calming her, or at any rate a way of satisfying his own secret longings.*

The rich and aged Marquise d'Urfé, Casanova's close friend and client, a dilettante in magic and the occult sciences, particularly alchemy, and well versed in the secrets of Paracelsus and Boerhaave, being consulted by Giacomo on the question of abortion in general, had told him of an infallible method of procuring one. All that was necessary was to mix and compound the *Aroph* of Paracelsus, an ointment whose principal ingredients were saffron, myrrh and honey, and to apply it in a certain manner five or six times daily for a week. Casanova laughed at this himself, but the treatment suited well with his plans. Giustiniana was at first incredulous, but her adviser's assurance finally convinced her.

One evening, after a dinner at the Wynnes', at which Farsetti and Giacomo were guests, the company proceeded

* As to the ensuing episode, all responsibility must be left with Casanova himself. The pages of his *Memoirs* which deal with external matters can be subjected to investigation ; but it is impossible to verify the exactitude of scenes and events which occurred *en tête-à-tête* and within four walls.

to Passy, to a concert at La Pouplinière's château. The concert was followed by a gay supper, where Casanova found himself among friends ; at least one of his former flames was present, and must have found much entertainment in the presence of two such impenitent lovers of the fair sex as the Venetian adventurer and the Parisian Mæcenæ. Another dinner a few days later united Giustiniana, Silvia Baletti and her daughter, and Magali, the Wynnes' singing-master, who was in love with one of Giustiniana's sisters. On the following morning, Giustiniana informed Casanova of fresh worries. La Pouplinière was urging on the marriage formalities, and had announced that she would shortly receive a visit from a tailor, in order to be measured for a sumptuous trousseau. This visit filled her with alarm, and not without reason. Giustiniana did not want to humiliate herself by confessing her fault to her mother, and she was determined to risk everything, even death, to avoid the birth of the child. She spoke to Casanova again about the *Aroph*. Casanova relates that he offered to obtain the means necessary for Memmo to come to Paris for the accomplishment of the operation according to Madame d'Urfé's instructions ; but we may be permitted to doubt the exactitude of this statement. Moreover, how could Giustiniana have escaped her mother's vigilance for so many hours in a single week ? It would have been no easier in Paris than it had been in Venice.

Then Giacomo, profiting by the girl's state of mind, exploited the situation with that diabolical and calculating art which is never absent even from his most amorous passages, so that we are forced to doubt whether his innumerable adventures were ever inspired by sincere feelings of passion. He

succeeded in obtaining Giustiniana's consent for him to act himself as principal agent in the operation.

It was, of course, impossible to accomplish it in Giustiniana's room, on account of Tonina, who slept there, and who would never have aided the conspirators to such an extent. But a convenient nook was found on the fourth floor of the hotel, which had served as a rendezvous for Maddalena, the Wynnes' chambermaid, and a young scullion. Casanova's enterprise was favoured by the complicity of the maid, who was necessarily informed of the circumstances, and of the scullion, who was bribed to silence.

As to the manner in which the operation was accomplished during these nocturnal interviews on the fourth floor of the Hôtel de Hollande, the curious reader will find the details in the *Memoirs* of Casanova. But we may be allowed to suspect the narrator of having coloured the adventure to his own advantage, as he does so frequently. Especially must this be the case when he tries to show Giustiniana offering herself up with the grave anxiety of the victim of a ritualistic sacrifice, and at the same time yielding freely to the secret satisfaction of a sensual woman to whom there is nothing in the least disagreeable in a sacrifice to love. Unless, indeed, in the actual course of the operation the sacrifice ceased to appear a sacrifice to Giustiniana—which, in view of her atavism, her tendency to excess in all things, and her age, is by no means improbable. Be that as it may, she appears to have made the remark that their interviews were of a nature rather to create than to destroy.

But she was soon convinced, as Casanova had always been, that the *Aroph* was nothing but a solemn imposture. There were therefore only two courses left for her to

pursue : either she must tell her mother and La Pouplinière of her condition, or sign her marriage-contract as she was. For other reasons, the latter solution terrified her even more than the first.

The clique of La Pouplinière's relatives, who saw that this marriage was becoming daily more probable, tried by every means to prevent it, and even went so far as intimidation. They did not lack opportunities for writing or delivering anonymous and threatening letters. There was always a Castel-Bajac or La Coste at hand. Giustiniana received a number of such letters, and they were not without effect on her already careworn mind. One especially troubled her, which was couched in these terms :—

‘ You are thinking of a step which will cost you your life. One, who is interested in your fate, warns you. All measures have been taken for your destruction. Place yourself in safety without an instant's delay : the matter is serious. It may be that you will only discover too late the worth of this advice. Speak to no one. Your indiscretion would merely precipitate the blow.’ (Letter of June 24, 1759.)

Giustiniana was not the only person to receive anonymous letters. The Ambassador Erizzo* advised her to take care “lest you should be poisoned by someone.” La Pouplinière also realised that there were people capable of such a deed.

One morning, in her usual church, Giustiniana perceived a man making signs to her. She fled, and returned home, cursing the hypothetical chance of her approaching marriage.

* Nicolo Erizzo had succeeded Mocenigo as Venetian Ambassador at the French Court in 1756.

She went to supper at La Pouplinière's the same night, but she was sad and preoccupied on account of the threats which she had received and the impossibility of ridding herself of her troublesome burden. La Pouplinière noticed the ill-humour of his beloved, and begged her to tell him sincerely whether she disliked him and was only accepting him under compulsion. He was not unaware of Giustiniana's passion for her friend in Venice; no one in Paris could help knowing of it, for she had spoken of it to everybody. He asked her, with a twinge of jealousy, whether she still loved Memmo 'to such a point that she would suffer too much in giving herself to another.' The old Farmer-General was more in love than ever, and this supper *à deux*, enhanced by choice wines, the intimacy of a cosy room, and the lovely girl, whose face, in which the anguish of the preceding days was reflected, wore a vague expression of sadness which could be attributed to the police investigations and to the libels of which she had been the victim, in the end made her ardent admirer lose his head. And this time he wished to put an end to his doubts. He asked her a number of point-blank questions about her affair with Memmo. She naturally told him all that she could, and related the story of their love—*ad usum delphini*—in such a manner as to satisfy M. de la Pouplinière. He was not entirely cured of his jealousy, however, as is shown in a note which Giustiniana received on the following day:—

'Wednesday.

'May I not be allowed to write to you, I, who love, cherish and respect you more than any man on earth, not excepting the tender and faithful M. Memmo ?

‘I am feeling pretty well. I invite you to come this evening to see *Le Sultan dans le Serail*, at the Comédie-Italienne. You have your coach, and can leave at four o’clock ; but you should start at once ; you will take the third box, here is the ticket. I shall be late, unavoidably. Will you keep me a place, please, Ladies ?

‘LE RICHE DE LA POUPLINIÈRE.’

(Letter of June 24, 1759).

Another week went by ; a week of great anxiety, during which Giustiniana received another threatening letter. And during this time the proof of her error increased visibly. In her desperation, Giustiniana decided upon flight. Casanova offered her the most expedient means for the execution of this plan.

Giustiniana’s sad situation had caused him to confide the story to another admirer of his charms and cabbalistic knowledge, the Comtesse du Romain. In his certainty that she would assist him, he did not conceal the name of the victim ; but he was silent on the subject of the *Aroph*. Madame du Romain promised to help the girl, and accordingly, two days after, on April 3rd, she informed Casanova that she had interviewed the Abbess of a certain convent, a Princess, and had confided the secret to her. The Abbess had agreed to receive the young lady, and promised to have her attended by a lay-sister at the time of her delivery who, so it appeared, had already shown her skill in similar circumstances. The young person could remain in the most absolute secrecy at the convent, receiving no visitors, and the Comtesse du Romain alone would receive and

forward her correspondence. After her delivery, she would be given a certificate which would enable her to appear before her mother without any fear. The marriage would naturally go up into smoke, for it would have served as a pretext for flight.*

Casanova was full of thanks; but time pressed, and Madame du Rumin immediately wrote out a letter of introduction to the Abbess:—

‘MY DEAR ABBESS,

‘The young lady who will give you this letter is the same of whom we have spoken. She desires to spend three or four months in your convent, under your protection, to recover her peace of mind, to perform her devotions, and to make sure that when she returns to her mother there will be no more question of a marriage to which she cannot agree, and which is the reason for her decision to depart for a space of time from her family.’†

Giustiniana was informed of this plan on the same evening, during her last talk with Casanova in the garret on the fourth floor of the Hôtel de Hollande. To prove to Casanova her gratitude and also, perhaps, to show the conventionalities of life what she thought of them, Giustiniana speedily put an end to their conversation and abandoned herself to the sweetest delights of love. Let us be indulgent; as we have said above, these were their last hours of intimacy together.

On the following day Giustiniana received the dress-

* These details, which are given by Casanova, are absolutely confirmed, as we shall see, by a letter from Giustiniana to Memmo.

† *Mémoires*, iii, 401-402.

makers sent by La Pouplinière to take her measurements ; which further strengthened the old man's incredulity when slander broke out afresh after Giustiniana's disappearance. The same evening Farsetti came as was his custom. Giustiniana provoked him into making a bet which she knew she must win, and in this manner became possessed of seventy sequins which, together with the money with which Casanova had provided her, were to be useful during the days which followed.

Next morning Lady Wynne waited in vain for Giustiniana to leave her room. Finally, she went in and found two letters there, one for herself and the other for La Pouplinière. Giustiniana wrote that she had been forced, owing to her fear of being poisoned, to retire from the world rather than live unhappily in the midst of wealth and luxury. She added that all attempts to find her would be useless until La Pouplinière and her mother had abandoned all ideas of the marriage. It is easy to imagine Lady Wynne's fury and the despair of the aged beau, deserted by Giustiniana as any of his so-called friends might have deserted him.

 CHAPTER VIII

In the Benedictine Convent—Casanova suspected as Giustiniana's accomplice—Legal complications—The Comtesse du Romain comes to her friend's assistance—Casanova wins the day—Madame de Pompadour hears the gossip—The happy event—Giustiniana informs her mother of her place of refuge—A certificate of good conduct—The marriage of the old and inconstant lover.

GIUSTINIANA left the house at half-past six on the morning of April 5th, according to the plan arranged with Casanova.* She entered a carriage and drove to the door of a church, where she paid off the coachman. She then passed through the church and left by another door. Another carriage set her down outside another church. Having 'somewhat changed her dress and appearance' she took a third carriage, which conveyed her through the Porte Sainte-Antoine to a place near Conflans, two leagues from Paris. Then, 'composing herself with propriety,' she knocked at the door of the Benedictine Convent and, introducing herself as Made-moiselle Marne, asked to see the Mother Superior, Madame Eustachia, of the illustrious family of Mérinville, allied to

* The date given by Casanova, who speaks of Saturday, 28th April, must be corrected in the light of Giustiniana's letters. All the following details have been extracted from Giustiniana's unpublished letters and those of Memmo's confidants.

the houses of Soubise and Rohan.* This Abbess, scarcely fifty years of age, and ‘a woman of very great merit and extremely agreeable,’ received the protégée of the Comtesse du Romain with every politeness. She lodged Giustiniana in her own apartments, in the room of one of her attendants, doubtless in order to allow her visitor the enjoyment of absolute secrecy. It was not the first time that Madame Eustachia had rendered such a service. And a year later, the hospitable walls of the convent of Conflans were to receive the eldest daughter of the Marquise d’Urfé, who had married the Marquis de Châtelet-Frénières. This noble couple separated after a mutually adventurous existence, on account of their debts and foolish speculations. We are not mistaken, perhaps, if we suppose that the Abbess, so indulgent to the frailties of her own sex, had reasons of her own for desiring equal indulgence from others.

Lady Wynne, after her first outbreak of anger against a daughter who had again ruined her plans, turned to the Venetian Ambassador Erizzo for assistance in tracing the fugitive. She told him of her suspicions. At first she thought that Giustiniana had rejoined Memmo, but further reflection made this appear highly improbable. She certainly thought that Giustiniana had left Paris, because of her statements in her farewell letter. Erizzo, who knew Casanova and did not nourish a very lively sympathy for this turbulent subject of the Most Serene

* These details confirm Casanova’s account of the episode ; and Cugitz’s hypothesis, that the convent was that of Traisnel and that the Abbess was the Princesse de Bourbon-Condé, falls to the ground. Naturally the dates hitherto indicated regarding Giustiniana’s stay at the convent must be corrected.

Republic,* suspected that the adventurer was not altogether unconnected with the event, and said as much to Lady Wynne.

Casanova hoped that the result of the counter-inquiry by the police would be the abandonment of all ulterior investigations. Did he foresee that Lady Wynne would suspect him, and that things might become more serious, or was it that, before facing the publicity of a lawsuit, he had waited for poor Giustiniana to be beyond the reach of calumny and scandal? The fact remains that on the very morning on which Giustiniana entered the convent at Conflans, Giacomo Casanova, on the advice of his lawyer, decided, in his turn, to bring an action against the denunciators of his nocturnal visit to the midwife, and with this intention he appeared before the Commissioner Guyot to testify to the falseness of their slander.

On the following day, as if nothing had occurred, he reappeared at Lady Wynne's during dinner with an open and smiling expression on his dark features. Giustiniana's absence surprised him, and he was curious to know the reason. . . . Lady Wynne's icy reply made Casanova realise that he was suspected of having taken a part in the matter. The chambermaid secretly confirmed this. Casanova showed great offence at the attitude adopted by Giustiniana's mother and determined not to appear again at the Hôtel de Hollande. But Giustiniana's inconsolable mother came to Little

* 'Signor Erizzo . . . at first suspected that Venetian Casanova, who sometimes used to go and play the fool with Miss Wynne, and who is detested by the Ambassador on account, so they say, of having escaped from prison when he was in Venice.' (Letter from Farsetti to Memmo, Paris, June 4, 1759.)

Poland two days later, accompanied by Farsetti. Convinced that Casanova knew where her daughter was to be found, and bitterly reproaching herself for having allowed them to meet so frequently and confidentially, she now begged him to take her to her child. Farsetti, who still vowed that he was madly in love with Giustiniana, and whose sensations at the moment can be well understood, made use of certain forceful expressions which were scarcely calculated to improve his strained relations with Casanova. The latter pretended not to notice anything and offered his services to the weeping parent. He skilfully insinuated that perhaps a horror of the projected marriage with La Pouplinière had something to do with Giustiniana's flight. And this confirmed the girl's own statements.

Lady Wynne, naturally, obtained nothing from this interview, and Casanova ceased to be a visitor at the Rue Saint-André-des-Arcs.

The lawsuit followed its course. Casanova was summoned before the Lieutenant-Criminel,* who interrogated him with courteous skill. The Lieutenant asked for a sincere, confidential, almost friendly declaration as to the question at issue, and protested that he would be delighted to prove that the rumours being circulated were absolutely without foundation ; he would rigorously punish Casanova's enemies and fully reveal his innocence. On the other hand, he would be inflexible if he discovered that the Venetian was guilty. Casanova did not reveal everything, but he was impressed by the interview. He feared lest things might take a turn for the worse and knew that his enemies

* According to Casanova, this was M. de Sartine, but Capon suggests that it was Bertin de Bellisle, which Farsetti confirms.

were accumulating proofs against him. He particularly suspected Farsetti.

In the meanwhile, Lady Wynne presented a memorandum to the Duke de Choiseul, Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, in which she accused Casanova of the rape of her daughter or, at the least, of complicity in the matter. But her petition was useless, as the chief protectress of Giustiniana and Casanova, the Comtesse du Romain, was on excellent terms with the Duke. (It was she who obtained a letter of recommendation from him a few months later on behalf of her friend, the Chevalier di Seingalt, then on the eve of his second visit to Holland.)

Casanova had recourse to her in his present anxiety. Madame du Romain immediately interviewed the Lieutenant-Criminel. She told him that Casanova was not the father of the child which Giustiniana was expecting. This revelation gave a colour of chivalrous generosity to Casanova's intervention and favourably impressed his judges.

The lawsuit dragged on. Casanova acknowledged that he had been at the Ball at the Opera on the night indicated, and in a black domino; but he denied the rest of the accusations and energetically scouted the suggestion that Miss Wynne had ever been pregnant. On the advice of the Comtesse du Romain, and in order to strengthen his hand in the event of any disagreeable surprise, he took the opportunity of slipping into the magistrate's hand, in the interval between two sessions, a roll of thirty louis towards eventual costs. The two conspirators, Castel-Bajac and the woman Castès, assisted by the latter's lawyer, chose the same moment for an attempt to obtain money from Casanova by promising to avow their error in court. Casanova pre-

tended to fall into the trap, but he denounced it to the Lieutenant-Criminel. The lawsuit finally ended in his favour. Castès was arrested, on April 20th, in her house in the Rue des Cordeliers, and imprisoned for a few days in the Grand Châtelet, whilst her worthy companion went to grace the prison of Bicêtre. The innocence of Giustiniana was thus confirmed by the authorities ; and if to some minds Casanova's rôle did not seem quite clear, his visit to the midwife and the attempted abortion was generally believed to concern some unknown *amie* of his own.

But if the lawsuit had officially cleared Giustiniana, it by no means prevented the scandal from spreading. At the Palais-Royal, in the clubs, in cafés and salons, the Seven Years War was no longer discussed, but only the adventures of the fair Italian, who had so completely vanished. A thousand songs and tales were invented, with allusions to La Pouplinière, Lady Wynne and her daughter. All Paris knew the story, and laughed loud and long over Giustiniana's official rehabilitation. Even Madame de Pompadour was amused, and, according to an anonymous correspondent of Memmo, if she had known Giustiniana, she would certainly have taken her under her wing. And it is easy enough to imagine the great adventuress sheltering the lesser one.

All this greatly annoyed La Pouplinière. He did everything possible, at first, to defend Giustiniana's reputation. Then he began to have his doubts. On 9th April, during a concert in his house, he requested the Abbé la Coste to draw up a digest of the whole affair, which he wished to bring to the notice of influential circles. He did his best to have the girl's name omitted from the lawsuit. Still in love, he attempted to discover where Giustiniana was hiding.

But it was in vain. Another of her adorers, Prince Galitzine, also joined in the search, but was compelled to return to the army before he could discover anything. Suspicion had rested on him for a time; whilst the police had even suspected Farsetti.

The Comtesse du Romain was, naturally enough, the first person to receive any news from Giustiniana, who wrote to her about the kindness of the Mother Superior, and of her reading, which was her only comfort in exile. The Mother Superior, on her side, wrote to the Comtesse in praise of Giustiniana's wit, manners and charm. The Comtesse hastened to inform Casanova of the course of events.

The Wynnes, too, at this time, began to receive news from Giustiniana. She had succeeded in bribing the uncle of the Abbess's chambermaid with a few louis. This man carried various letters to Paris, addressed to Lady Wynne, Tonina, Madame du Romain and Casanova respectively, and handed them over to a Savoyard, who placed them in different letter-boxes. In this manner, the secret of Giustiniana's hiding-place was kept. In her almost daily letters to her mother, Giustiniana repeated that she would keep the secret of her refuge until she was assured that there would be no more talk of her marriage with La Pouplinière.

She feared that the spread of the scandal would lead to her refuge being discovered. But, in the meantime, the crisis approached, and, finally, in the early part of May, she was delivered of a son. This proves that at the time of her visit to the midwife she had been pregnant for seven months, as the latter had declared in her evidence.* The

* Casanova speaks of four months if the transcription of the *Memoirs* is accurate, which is doubtful, and must remain so until the appearance of the much-to-be-desired definitive edition.

Abbess informed the Comtesse of the happy event, and stated that the child, a fine boy, had been sent to a place where it would be well cared for. On May 23rd, all compromising traces having disappeared, Giustiniana informed her mother where she was living.

On the following day, Lady Wynne, accompanied by M. de la Pouplinière, the Abbé la Coste, Maisonneuve and a lawyer, arrived at the convent. Lady Wynne's emotion was great at the sight of her child, but La Pouplinière's was by no means less. He shed floods of tears and renewed his vows of love. Giustiniana found the septuagenarian considerably changed physically, almost as if it was another man altogether. (But she probably exaggerated, in order to impress Memmo, for whom this remark was destined.) Giustiniana was heartily upbraided, and was compelled to listen to a recital of all the scandals which had spread on her account, as well as the story of the lawsuit. Then the drafting of the certificate was discussed, which, as arranged with the Abbess, was to be given to Giustiniana. This document, drawn up by the lawyer, according to the statements of the Abbess and of the worthy Father Confessor of the nuns, gave the date of Miss Wynne's entry into the convent, and stated that she had never left it nor received any visitors, and declared that she had entered the holy place from fear of the vengeance with which she had been menaced in case she were to marry M. de la Pouplinière. Finally, it was stated therein, that she had faithfully carried out all her pious duties, with confession and communion. This deed, endorsed by Bertin, Chief of the Police, completed Giustiniana's rehabilitation in the eyes of the law. It was an unimpeachable certificate of good conduct !

It was decided that Giustiniana should remain at the convent until the judicial complications arising from Casanova's lawsuit were ended. Giacomo had quite made up his mind to prove his innocence, and was by no means satisfied with the punishment dealt out to the midwife and her accomplice. Whereupon, in order to terminate the scandal, Farsetti, who was still in love with Giustiniana, and would have married her in spite of everything, had she given him the least encouragement, resolved to ask Casanova, in person, to stop further action. This step must have cost him much. Lady Wynne, however, furnished now with the precious certificate, called off her case against Casanova, and even wrote a letter of apology to him, to which he replied in glowing terms. This letter definitely ended the whole legal side of the matter ; but Casanova took good care not to reappear at the Wynnes'.

La Pouplinière's passion for Giustiniana had blazed out again at sight of her, and he paid frequent visits to the convent to renew his declarations.

Giustiniana left her retreat at the beginning of July. She realised, however, that if she consented to renew her plans of marrying La Pouplinière the truth would be revealed to the old man one fine day, owing to the "calumnies" of his detestable relatives and the insinuations of the clique surrounding him. At the same time, Lady Wynne realised that her best step was to leave Paris. Giustiniana wrote a carefully-studied letter to La Pouplinière. As soon as he had read it, the good man rushed round, in tears, to see her ; he was still not cured of his caprice.

Madame St Aubin and the cunning La Coste had, in the meanwhile, joined forces, and the fruits of this alliance were

soon revealed. (It was even whispered that they were united by more tender bonds.) They published an anonymous and defamatory letter, on June 12th, against their benefactor, of which La Coste was shortly afterwards recognised to be the author.

The Abbé and Madame St Aubin paid a visit to the Hôtel de Hollande. Lady Wynne received them very coldly and told them exactly what she thought of them. She declared that they were turning the "good old man's" head to serve their own interests, and treated them like scum. They withdrew, saying that "Madame did not understand reason and that there was no way of arriving at an understanding with her." They revenged themselves by fomenting the "calumnies" about Giustiniana. La Pouplinière went to the Wynnes for explanation. Lady Wynne, beside herself with fury, accused the favourites of the Fermier-Général and treated them as, indeed, they fully deserved. The old man, still cherishing his faith in Giustiniana, wished her to confront her accusers and take the matter before the Parlement. But the two conspirators, meanwhile, pursued their plans, and introduced another beautiful girl to La Pouplinière, whose charms were to make him forget those of Giustiniana.

Already, towards the end of June, they had tried to draw his attention to the talent of a certain Félicité du Crest on the harpsichord. On the 24th of this same month, Félicité and her mother had been invited to Passy. The conspirators counted on the inconstancy of the Fermier-Général, whose musical tastes were as variable as his amatory ones.

Let us at once say that Giustiniana had scarcely left Paris before envy, greed, and the desire for vengeance

joined forces against her. La Pouplinière—who had wept at her departure—wrote her a few more letters, which were doubtless intercepted by La Coste, for she never received them. There was much talk, in the old man's presence, of the wit, beauty, youth, and above all the enchanting voice and talent of Teresa de Mondran. La Pouplinière, who had a spite against his nephews on account of his failure to marry Giustiniana, requested the Abbé to arrange an interview for him with this paragon, and of transmitting an offer of marriage. The business was so efficiently conducted that La Pouplinière's marriage with Mademoiselle de Mondran took place on July 31st. Giustiniana wrote to Memmo a few months later :—

‘ . . . I then learnt, and I confess to my amazement, of the marriage into which he was forced at a moment's notice, principally by playing on his self-esteem. And this put me in mind of my other old courtier, Smith, who did the same. I have no luck with these old men ; and yet, if I do marry, it will only be with an old man, who will be able to offer me a position ; that or nothing. Can it be that they are all alike ? ’ (London, October 9, 1759.)

An ‘ officious person,’ who had always shown great interest in Giustiniana, and—let it be said in parenthesis—had been in love with her for a time, had informed her of the marriage a short time before it actually occurred. La Pouplinière had said to this person, to justify his unexpected resolution, that as three months had still to elapse before Giustiniana's legal rehabilitation, the general conviction that she had refused him would be fortified and his reputation might suffer. No doubt he had had his fill of

gossip and jokes in connection with the earlier "affair of the concealed staircase."

Giustiniana, on this person's recommendation, wrote a last letter to La Pouplinière, and Farsetti was entrusted with it. One need hardly ask whether it reached its destination !

La Pouplinière probably found out the truth later. In any case, he later used to laugh over the whole affair. He showed his wit by writing lampoons about it himself, and even turned it into a one-act comedy, which he staged in his private theatre at Passy.

And thus he had his revenge on Giustiniana, while by marrying again he avenged himself on his tiresome relatives.

 CHAPTER IX

Memmo, "my brother"—Renewal of the correspondence—Giustiniana keeps her secret—Suspensions reach Memmo's ears—A devoted informer—A letter of Giustiniana's—Slander—Giustiniana defends herself—An anonymous letter—Departure from Paris—Giustiniana is pursued by admirers—Farsetti's anger—Magali and a calumny of one of his colleagues—Fresh suspicions of Memmo—Farsetti justifies Giustiniana—Two letters from Memmo to Casanova—Brussels—"We are the belles of the country"—The Comte de Lanoy—Departure for London.

WHAT had happened to Memmo while all this was going forward?

Giustiniana had never ceased to repeat to her Parisian adorers that her heart belonged entirely to her Venetian friend. She had recommenced active correspondence with him immediately following her arrival in the capital. She confided all her affairs, including her conquests, to him, and often asked his advice, for she knew that she needed support more than ever, "as the vine needs the elm." She naturally informed him that La Pouplinière had asked for her hand in marriage.

But Lady Wynne had again intervened. She did not wish to ruin her hopes as far as the old Farmer-General was concerned, and strictly forbade Giustiniana to correspond with Memmo, and kept her eye on all letters coming from Venice. Giustiniana, however, was tormented with fears

lest false rumours would reach Andrea's ears through the numerous Venetians who then lived in Paris, and amongst whom were many of his friends, for example, Casanova and Farsetti. The former, it is true, had the best of reasons for silence. The other, however, was more dangerous on account of his disappointment in love; and he was an ambiguous character at the best of times. Moreover, echoes had actually reached Memmo's ears; he had written to Farsetti about it, at the same time maintaining that Giustiniana must be innocent.

Farsetti showed Giustiniana this letter, and she could not refrain from writing to Memmo, whom from now on she called "My dear brother." She entrusted her letter to Farsetti and he promised to have it safely delivered.

It may appear astonishing that Giustiniana, in her letters to Memmo, makes not the slightest allusion to the fruit of their passion. She may have been afraid lest her letters should fall into other hands, and lest her dishonour should thus be made public in Paris, where the nephews of La Pouplinière would lose no time in denouncing her to the Venetian Ambassador, Erizzo, and others of her friends. But Giustiniana's procedure with Memmo is primarily to be explained by the hope, which she long cherished, that the proof of their intimacy might be caused to disappear for ever. Such an idea would have resulted in reproaches and perhaps contempt from Memmo if he had known of it. In reference to this, there is a passage in Casanova's *Memoirs* which is singularly confirmed by Giustiniana's letters to Memmo. She told Casanova that she had informed no one of her pregnant condition, not even its author (III, 374).

As soon as Memmo heard of the legal complications in

which Giustiniana was involved, he tried to obtain some kind of explanation from her. But this was at the beginning of April, and his innamorata had already taken refuge at Conflans. His letters reached the Hôtel de Hollande through the medium of Farsetti or Tonina; but they were opened by Lady Wynne, and read by her and Erizzo, who had at first thought that Giustiniana's flight was due to the young Venetian. These letters from Memmo were given to Giustiniana when she saw her mother and Farsetti after her return, and she entrusted her reply to them.

Andrea, receiving no answer from Giustiniana, wrote in the interval to several of his friends in order to obtain some news. Finally, on June 4th, after a long wait, he received through his usual medium (the merchant Astruc of Genoa) the first portion of the information which he was so anxiously awaiting. The unknown correspondent, who certainly appears to me to have been Farsetti, offered his services as a confidential agent in a most servile and exaggerated manner, and boasted that he spoke sincerely, in the manner of a "true philosopher." He blamed Memmo for not having accepted his offers of money to enable him to travel to Paris, which would perhaps have spared Giustiniana from her unhappy adventures. He gave the version of the whole story which Giustiniana, as we shall soon see, repeated herself, and added that M. de la Pouplinière's visits to the convent had given rise to fresh talk about their marriage. As for himself, he had accompanied Lady Wynne to the convent and had found means of speaking to Giustiniana about Andrea and of offering his services as intermediary for the renewal of the amatory correspondence.

But Memmo had no intention of moving from Venice,

for he had neither the means which would enable him to travel, nor the wherewithal for a sojourn in the luxurious capital; and he disdained the financial assistance of a stranger. He only wished to be assured that his lady was worthy of his love, which still flourished beneath the cloak of friendship.

In the light of this letter Memmo was able to refute the slanders then current in Venice concerning the fair Anglo-Venetian. He became, indeed, his mistress's knight-errant, and declared, in one of his letters to Farsetti, that he had always believed in Giustiniana's innocence, all slanderers notwithstanding. Giustiniana read this letter and was much comforted, for she might well have thought that her silence might have convinced Memmo of her guilt. She renewed her correspondence with him, on June 24th, from Conflans. It is interesting to observe with what skill she avoids any details which might have strengthened Memmo's doubts or made clear the real reason for her flight and stay in the convent, and how, on the other hand, she dwells on everything that would convince him that her abhorrence of a marriage with La Pouplinière, and the fear caused to her by the threats of his relatives, were the sole motives for her retirement. There is no allusion to Casanova; she alone had planned the flight. She left the house 'beside herself, whether justifiably or from weakness.' After giving Memmo all the details which we already know, she seeks to make him believe that she had great difficulty in obtaining leave from the Abbess to enter the convent. According to her, the revelation of her identity was due to an evidently imaginary circumstance, but the passage deserves to be quoted:—

‘ . . . Thus I lived from April the 5th until May the 23rd without knowing what to do, and I should doubtless have remained even longer in this state, if, on the latter date, in the Abbess’s private parlour, where I chanced to be keeping her company, the confessor had not told the whole story to her and me, that is to say, the story of my flight, on the eve of being married to a wealthy financier, together with the equivocal rumours that were being spread about my condition and my morals, and that every one was saying that I had run away to lie-in, and that M. de la Pouplinière was sure of it. You can imagine my surprise and confusion. I could not help exclaiming : “ It is not true. Miss Wynne belongs to one of the most ancient and noble families. Miss Wynne is a girl without a stain on her character, and I am she ; and you have manifest proof of this, madame, if you remember the day and hour when I arrived here to implore your protection, when only two hours before I had been with my family in Paris.” You can imagine their amazement. Then the two of them, according to their way of thinking, made me realise my imprudence in not revealing my identity in the first place and finally they persuaded me to write to my mother. Which I did. . . .” (Conflans, June 24, 1759.)

Then, in a style full of gallicisms, the result of her stay in Paris, she describes her mother’s visit with La Pouplinière and its consequences ; she tells Andrea how his letters were handed to her after being opened, and expresses her pain at the reproaches contained in them (Memmo had probably reproached her for her silence, which left the field open to the worst conjectures). She ends her letter by renewing

her assurances of her love, and justifies her silence by her fear lest her letters might have been read by someone else and her refuge revealed.

But the gossip in Venice about Giustiniana reached the ears of her maternal uncles, who demanded an explanation from Lady Wynne. Giustiniana herself then wrote to one of them, and gave a résumé of the facts which the ‘infamous slanderers’ had grossly travestied.

‘To the Most Illustrious Sigr, Signor B. Giulio Gazzini.
—VENICE.

‘MY DEAREST UNCLE,

‘What infamies, dear Uncle! I have been at Conflans from April 5th until to-day, a place only two little leagues from Paris, in a Benedictine convent. The Abbess, who is a Lady of the highest quality, has kept me concealed here for a long time, and has treated me very kindly, for several reasons which compelled me to find a refuge from the violence which I feared from my mother, on account of this great marriage of which you have been informed and which I feared would cause me great unhappiness. I have not written, because I did not want to be discovered. My entry into the convent has been affirmed by a deed drawn up before a public notary and duly signed by the Abbess and the confessor. Horrible things have been invented against me. But my enemies, perhaps, will not laugh much longer. Console yourself. M. de la Pouplinière comes to see me, and loves me, and does me justice. But I have not the courage to marry him yet. I will be better able to talk to you of this at another time. In the meantime, show the present letter, and laugh at those who, little knowing me,

speak about me without understanding what they say.
 Greet Mesdames my aunts, Maria and Fiorina. I will
 shortly write to them; and in also greeting Vanest, and
 Marietta and Todera, tell them that I do not forget them,
 and that I embrace them all.

‘Your most obedient, affectionate Niece,

‘GIUSTINIANA WYNNE.’

In the last days of June * Giustiniana left the convent
 and returned to the bosom of her family. Lady Wynne’s
 hope that the whole matter would quietly blow over proved
 illusive. We have seen how all Paris had been talking of
 it, to such a point that the Casanova-Wynne-Castès case
 had completely eclipsed the war which, moreover, was
 going badly for France, especially at sea, where England
 was triumphant everywhere. Tongues also wagged freely
 in the drawing-rooms of Venice. The somewhat obscure
 details of the affair amused the very ladies who a year
 earlier had called themselves friends of the Wynnes. One
 may safely wager that the news was not regarded as calumny
 pure and simple in the Tiepolo Palace. Memmo must have
 felt more ill at ease than ever in the midst of whisperings
 which in part concerned himself. Certain of these ladies
 began to look with admiring eyes upon one who was
 suspected of having played an important part in an affair
 which had excited all classes of society in Paris. And
 Memmo, though he was ever ready to swear by Giustiniana’s

* Giustiniana’s letters imply a date between June 25th and July 9th.
 I suggest the end of June, in view of the fact that someone, as we will
 hereafter see, tries to make out she had been out of the convent for a
 month before her departure from Paris. This is not correct.

innocence, must have let her know about this chit-chat, and perhaps revealed a trace of suspicion, which she read between the lines. Hence it was that Giustiniana considered it essential for him to believe her fictitious story that La Pouplinière was still courting and still adored her. She wished to prove to Memmo that she was worthy of him. . . . Whereas, on the contrary, we know that La Pouplinière had turned his eyes towards another quarter.

After Giustiniana's return from the convent, Lady Wynne kept her at home and allowed her to see nobody. Giustiniana sighed, but it suited her present purposes to submit. Her mother was trying, for her daughter's good, to keep things quiet. But it was too late; though the principals were silent, the authorities were not, still less was society, where the scandal flourished exceedingly. Giustiniana realised that these rumours originated in La Pouplinière's house. She was disgusted, and began to have a horror of Paris, and especially of the old man's "menagerie."

Lady Wynne, who had been kept informed by her relatives of what was being said in Venice, and who knew that Memmo had done all that he could to defend Giustiniana's honour, began to speak sympathetically about him to her daughter. She even went so far as to say that she would write and thank him for his assistance at the time when he had arranged to dispatch the famous but now useless papers, and for his loyalty in the present circumstances. It is superfluous to ask whether Giustiniana felt grateful to her Memmo for his defence of her, although she was annoyed that he had read her letters to other people when they had been destined for him alone. But her love had no longer the transparent sincerity of former days; it

was becoming rather a friendship which affected the accents of love. Her letters are eloquent of regret for his absence and, perhaps, had her Memmo been at hand, her future might have been different. Thus she writes to him as follows :—

‘ Ah ! why are you not here to advise me ? Dear Memmo, what agonies have I suffered ! What terrors ! What slanders ! How contrary is my story to my true nature ! Patience, and you will learn everything ; you have always been and will always be my best friend. I still love you, Memmo, you know, and I am for ever telling myself that I shall find my Memmo again. . . . Say no more, for one day we shall find each other again, and then I shall do the maddest things in all the world.’

She did not forget the good Abbé, who had been so helpful in their amours, and who had bitterly regretted his share of the business, as may be gathered from Giustiniana’s words. Her letter finishes as follows :—

‘ Farewell, my Memmo, love me and write me a long letter. Greet the Abbé and tell him that one day perhaps he will be satisfied with me. In the name of charity, don’t tell him that I still write to you ! And I beg you to tell me of your conquests. Do you think, perchance, that I am indifferent to them ? Believe me, if you wish me to be happy about you and not to be utterly undone, I must needs abandon hope gradually. But begin, unless you would have me lose my peace in the certainty of no longer finding what I desire above all, God be my witness ! namely, the freedom of your heart. Farewell.’ (Paris, June 9, 1759.)

Giustiniana left the house, at this time, to visit the convent and the Abbess to whom she owed so much. She went there, on July 9th, to dine; a week later she went again with her mother and sisters and Farsetti, to give the nuns, and especially Madame Eustachia, 'a party.'

But meanwhile the Duc de Choiseul had recommended the Wynnes to leave Paris. Giustiniana tried to convince Memmo that this order was due to the intrigues of the relatives of La Pouplinière, because it was thought that 'it was not just that such a fortune should fall to an English-woman, particularly at such a time.' But the fact was that these relatives were no longer interested in Miss Wynne; their attention was engaged elsewhere.

In addition to this, Giustiniana wished to convince Memmo that La Pouplinière, during her absence, had spent his time in attempting to clear away the obstacles that hindered their marriage. At the same time, in order to prepare Andrea for news of the abandonment of the matrimonial plan, she told him that she was as fearful of 'the contradictions of Fortune as much as of *her own*,' and doubted both her own temperament and that of the 'old man.'

But, on July 17th, a confidential report reached Memmo that all ideas of the marriage had definitely been abandoned.

' . . . There is certainly no more question of a marriage. Be not distressed by these news, M. de la Pouplinière was ever a brutish character, and God knows what he would have been with his new wife, after what has been said by all Paris, and after the sad experiences that he had of his former marriage.' (Paris, July 17, 1759.)

These lines seem to have been inspired by Giustiniana, who felt the need of justifying her sudden departure from Paris in some way or another.

It is unlikely that an order for Giustiniana's arrest had been made out, for she could easily have been arrested before her departure. The Wynne family, on the pretext that their authorisation to stay had expired, left Paris on July 18th and travelled directly to Brussels.*

Memmo's anonymous correspondent added the following eulogy of Giustiniana, in order to rehabilitate her still further against the voice of slander :—

‘ For my part I could only pity, more than does M. de la Pouplinière, the unhappy lot of so charming a girl, and one whose qualities, at her age, are truly of a most superior order. She will shine in another country, and will at all times be mistress of her fate, when she so desires. . . . ’

Memmo was still not reassured. The persistence of the rumours, and certain details concerning the lawsuit in Paris, still disturbed his peace of mind. He continued to defend Giustiniana, but at the same time maintained an active correspondence with his Parisian informants in order to arrive at a certainty which in his heart of hearts he could not feel. A few days before the departure of the Wynnes, another friend wrote to him from Paris and gave him a summary account of the whole matter, according to Gius-

* This corrects the passage in Casanova's *Memoirs* (iii, p. 436), which states that Giustiniana left with Farsetti and one of her sisters and was later joined by Lady Wynne. ‘ The whole family will leave to-morrow for Brussels. ’ (Anonymous letter to Memmo, July 17, 1759.)

tiniana's version. She was anxious to dispel Memmo's doubts by every possible means. Here is the letter :—

‘ Paris, this 10th July, 1759.

‘ SIR,

‘ I wrote you a hasty letter last week ; thus I am now almost to answer that which you honoured me with on the 16th of last month. I will gladly inform you of what I know of Miss Wynne's story. I was not able to frequent the rest of her family after her departure [for the convent]. In order to learn more, and to be of service to you, I effected a meeting with Toinon, who is remaining at Paris and who, ugly as she is, has found a lover to marry her, provided she has a maidenhead to lose. She professes to be intact in that quarter, and the happy marriage is to be celebrated a few days hence.*

‘ Miss Wynne will depart from hence on the 14th of this month with all her family.† You would never believe, sir, the stir which her story is the occasion of in Paris. She has been for four months, and still is, the topic of the day in a country where they must always have novelty, and where foreigners are not easily talked of, being little known, although they may spend extravagantly. If it had been poor Miss Wynne's particular wish to make her presence in Paris known, I declare to you, she would have been more than satisfied, for I never have heard anyone more

* The malicious tone of this letter would suggest that its author was Farsetti. Tonina had doubtless refused him favours which she granted to others. We know that the charms of Giustiniana's faithful companion were by no means negligible.

† A mistake. The actual date, as given in the letter quoted in a note on p. 129, was the 18th.

talked about, and sure, it is a miracle that some poor devil or some printer, for the sake of money, has not published his own account of the story. The English bombard Le Havre ; this is a little talked of, and then, since gaiety ever reigns here, one must have a new diversion, and the news gives way to some other. Judge then for yourself what they would say of a girl, whom they knew so little of, they knew not whether to call her English or Venetian. You yourself are too closely connected with this charming creature to preserve your incognito in her story. Amongst other things, it has been whispered that she set out from Italy with the third of your children at her breast ; and I do assure you, sir, if all this is false, as I believe, that she furnished ample matter for the imposture, having talked of you to all the world, as of a man always adored by her, and the lord of all her actions.

‘ I have been informed that she is grown still more beautiful, since she came away from the convent. As soon as she had proved, by the confidential declaration of the Abbess, and of certain of the nuns, that she entered the convent on the very day of her flight from Paris, her marriage was again the subject of talk. The lawsuit was pursued, but I am in despair of its ever being concluded. The relatives of M. de la Pouplinière, who doubtless enjoy protection in exalted quarters, above all in these circumstances, and perhaps, too, some person of quality who may have cherished a notion of marrying his own daughter to the said M. de la Pouplinière, will hinder its being brought to an issue, in hopes that he will shrink from marrying a person who, failing the most unequivocal declaration of the law, must ever be suspect. They count even more,

perhaps, upon the inconstant character of our Cræsus, or believe that advantage may be taken of her absence. As I have said, sir, I am in despair of this cursed lawsuit ever being made an end of, and, by consequence, I much fear this excellent marriage may come to nought.

‘The Wynne family have been requested to leave by the Minister under pretext that the term of their permission to reside here has expired. This but increases my suspicions. M. de la Pouplinière believes, as soon as she has left the kingdom, that the rumours will cease, and he will be able to effect his purpose the more easily. I hope he may not be put off, or cunningly persuaded to break off his attachment to Miss Wynne.

‘I have been assured, in such a manner that I cannot doubt it, by one of my friends, who perfectly knows the household of La Pouplinière, that a certain Abbé de la Coste, who has lived some time in Venice, and pretends to having left some friends behind him, showed M. de la Pouplinière a letter from Venice, true or false, in which it was affirmed that Miss Wynne had had two children, and that perhaps the third belonged to M. Memmo. Judge how my heart is filled with pity for so excellent and well-conducted a young lady, traduced by such dogs. Be sure, sir, if ever there was a dog in the world, it is this same Abbé de la Coste. He still enjoys, however, the protection of his master ; which, put in comparison with Castel-Bajac, who played the indiscreet spy and liar, and invented a child within the body of the bride-to-be, and is sent to the Bissetre [*sic*] through the instances of La Pouplinière, makes me willing to believe there is something plaguy in the air even in the mind of M. de la Pouplinière himself.

‘Neither must I leave you uninformed in what relates to the affair of Casanova, which you must certainly understand, in so far as it gave rise to the construction which has been put upon Miss Wynne’s flight. Give me leave to assure you that my informer is thoroughly to be relied on.

‘About the end of January, your Italian, at midnight, accompanied a young person, who was with child, to the house of La Castez, a midwife of no enviable fame. He asked advice of her, and sought means of hiding the girl’s bigness. The Castez proposed a miscarriage, demanding for the same a fee of fifty louis. He laughed at her, and went away. The Castez, displeased at this treatment of her, and knowing who this Casanova was, and that he sometimes was a visitor at the Wynnes’, bethought her of him when Miss Wynne left her home. All the world was talking of her; La Castez talked too, and told her tale of Casanova. Certain of the relatives of La Pouplinière, or persons having an interest against his marriage, sought out this cursed woman, who in the sequel deposed against Casanova before the King’s Procurator, and bore witness to the proposals which he had made to her. Such a crime, reputed heinous everywhere, as you know, but especially in France, brought a lawsuit on Casanova. After examining the movements of this man, whose reputation among us is none of the best, no more than in his own country, they came to believe the big young lady, whom he escorted to the midwife, could be none other than the unfortunate Miss Wynne. An inspector of police thereupon went to the Hôtel de Hollande, and had free leave to examine the form of the accused. News was first conveyed to M. de la Pouplinière, who was on the point of marrying her. He sent his man of affairs,

M. de Maisonneuve, to the young Lady, to inform her of what his master had been asked to believe. She bade him lay his hands upon her belly, which he found very flat ; the which obliged good M. de Maisonneuve to go down upon his knees and beg her pardon, for that the explanation had been asked of her in pure friendship, and to thank her heartily for the disproof she had given him, promising in return to calm the trembling apprehensions of his master, and to answer with his own head for the blackness of the slander.

‘Casanova is defending himself, the midwife has but just now come out of prison, but the case is not yet done with, and will not soon be done with, by what I have told you above.

‘With all my heart I pity this admirable young Lady. She has a great and generous soul, and is beyond reproach. I tried to see her after her return from the convent, but Madame her mother, who is of all mothers the most foolish (your pardon, sir, if you think differently), hindered me from doing so. I will try to see her, however, before her departure, in order to offer my services.

‘I will finish this long letter with assuring you, Sir, that Madame de Pompadour has had no part in the chatter about this marriage. It may have diverted her somewhat, who well knows M. de la Pouplinière, in particular through his first wife, who was her friend. That great Stateswoman has not troubled her head over the folly of an old Farmer-General, who in all his life has done nothing but foolishness. She is not acquainted with the family of Wynnes. Had she known Mademoiselle Justinienne, I am very sure she would have protected her. But indeed I am still at a loss to under-

stand how M. Erizzo, who admired Mademoiselle so much, did not give himself the pleasure of presenting her. If only he had not failed to do so, Miss Wynne need never have left the Kingdom. I have the honour to be, Sir,

‘ Your . . . ’

Giustiniana knew what was being said of her in Venice, and the stories that La Coste had sown broadcast in Paris during Casanova’s lengthy lawsuit. She is therefore less than sincere in her *Moral Essays*, when she makes the attractions of London responsible for her lack of regret at leaving Paris. The truth is that she was weary of the scandal-mongering in Paris, weary of disappointment in love and matrimony. She had other adventures in Paris besides that with La Pouplinière. During the few days which elapsed between her emergence from the convent and her departure for Brussels she attracted the attention of a married man, who was ‘extremely handsome,’ and ‘a man of quality.’ She later declared to Memmo that he had not pleased her, but that she pretended to be ‘sensible’ of his advances from reasons of policy, hoping that he might be of use in re-establishing her relations with La Pouplinière, and in silencing the tongues set wagging by Casanova’s lawsuit. She accepted the portrait of her new adorer, and informed Memmo of this, in the hope of rousing him: a little jealousy on her Andrea’s part would not have displeased her. And she added: ‘I did not love him, nor shall I ever love any other than Memmo, my lover for a time, at present my friend, and always my Philosopher and Counsellor.’ (London, October 9, 1759.)

The Wynnes, then, set out for Brussels on July 18th.

The journey was far from agreeable; their coach was uncomfortable. Giustiniana was still in a delicate state and suffered tortures, which she periodically experienced afterwards as a result of travelling so soon after her confinement. Farsetti joined them a few days after their arrival. Giustiniana had always considered him more in the light of a convenience than of a lover. He had resigned himself to this rôle, but was confidently awaiting his hour. A cruel disillusionment awaited him. He became increasingly passionate, exacting, and jealous. Giustiniana was not unmindful of what he had done in her behalf; he had transmitted her letters to Memmo, been full of attentions for her, and exerted himself freely to defend her good name, both in Paris and in his letters to their friends in Venice. But she could not forgive him the obstinacy of his love. And, not wishing to prolong his pain, she told him so quite frankly. When he refused to be put off by a first repulse, she then gently but firmly insisted upon his returning to Paris.

He left Brussels an angry man; but, so as not to appear in the part of a disappointed lover, he was careful not to speak ill of Giustiniana, particularly to the Ambassador Erizzo. He showed his disdain by breaking off their correspondence, and merely forwarded Memmo's letters to Giustiniana without adding a line of his own. Giustiniana did not know, therefore, whether he had carried out the mission with which she had entrusted him, of retrieving her portrait by some unknown Raphael and conveying it to Memmo in Venice. This was certainly not the portrait about which she speaks in her *Moral Essays* and which she criticised for its lack of resemblance. On the contrary,

it was, she declared, very like her and 'done to perfection.'

Another admirer followed her later to Brussels, 'for no other reason than to set eyes on her.' It was the 'handsome man of quality,' who had fallen a victim to her charms at the end of her stay in Paris. He arrived in Brussels too late: the Wynnes had left for London two days before. We do not know whether this unknown enthusiast continued his journey beyond the Channel.

All these adorers had a sad effect on Andrea Memmo's nerves. He was apprehensive of the future. Knowing the ardour of Giustiniana's temperament, he foresaw that she would grow discontented during the prolonged absence of her lover. The only remedy would have been for him to rejoin her himself. But how was he to do so with an empty purse? Giustiniana wrote to him: 'What would I not give to see you! Why should you not come to Brussels? I know that you have no money; patience; the day will come when between us two, believe me, we shall have some.' (Brussels, September 7, 1759.)

But the scandal-mongers who were tormenting Memmo with tales of Giustiniana's adventures, real or imaginary, had inoculated him with suspicions concerning the singer Magali, who was often seen at the Wynnes' house in Paris, and who followed his fair pupils to Brussels and London. The scandal originated in some words of the singer Anna de Amicis, who "belonged" to La Pouplinière, but was in love with Magali. He had returned to Paris from Passy one evening without waiting for her; and she indemnified herself by declaring that he had hurried back in order to sleep with one of the sisters Wynne. (It is to be noted,

by the way, that this occurred during Giustiniana's sojourn in the convent.) The story spread rapidly, and La Poupinière and Lady Wynne tried in vain to suppress it. At Brussels, whither he betook himself in advance of the Wynnes, Magali stayed in another hotel, and never showed himself in public places with them. When they crossed the Channel, he travelled alone, for reasons of economy, by way of Flushing. In London, however, as in Paris, he frequented their apartments, where his presence, if it meant little to Giustiniana, was at least appreciated, as we know, by one of her sisters.

Giustiniana suspected that the mischievous whispering which surrounded Memmo emanated from the abhorred Farsetti, who had made her 'rave,' and spied upon her from every side, but without obtaining any results by his insistence and jealousy.

' . . . Poor fools, if they think that they can force my heart ! I love nothing, and, by God, I never have loved anything since my Memmo ; and what is more, and worse for them, I say as much to all my supplicants. No, never will I love another, after my Memmo. One can only really love once in this life. We are more impressionable in early youth. A thousand things that move us then disappear with the experience that forms in us, and we can only love a second time to the degree in which we find a resemblance to the first object of our affections, and reminders of our early impressions. I have made a little system, and live by it well enough.' (Brussels, September 7, 1759.)

Andrea eventually came to the conclusion that his

mistress's letters did not contain the whole truth about the scandal in Paris. He expressed a desire to read the famous certificate with which Giustiniana had been furnished when she left the convent. She sent him a copy through Farsetti, whose love was still unextinguished, and who, despite his resentment of her treatment of him, defended her still among his friends in Venice.

Very curious was the situation of these two adorers. Each had his suspicions ; each thought in his heart that he had been fooled, but each in the other's presence, and both before the world, defended their inamorata strenuously. By a chain of falsehoods and deceptions, our fair heroine attached her knights to the chariot which had received so many violent shocks. At all costs, she defended her fair name—alas, not unblemished—above all at the cost of deceiving Memmo, who was thus the first cause of her endless dissimulations, though he remained at all times dear to her, as the happy days of their love, which she never regretted, were dear to her.

Here is a letter from Farsetti to Andrea Memmo, written to refute certain fresh slanders in Venice and to prove the authenticity of the certificate :—

‘ Paris, September 3, 1759.

‘ This time, my dear Memmo, I write a little more fully. First of all, I am sending you the Abbess's certificate and that of the Confessor, duly certified before a lawyer, and which seem to me enough to discountenance the enemies of Signorina Giustiniana. Add, moreover, that these attestations have not been contradicted, and have been approved by M. Bertin, Police Lieutenant. I took the mother to see

him (at M. de la Pouplinière's request) and showed him the papers, and asked him whether he had anything to say against them. After reading them carefully over, he answered : " Sir, I find them clear and reliable. You can say as much to everybody." It is certain that if anyone ought to have known the movements of Signorina Giustiniana, it was he. He is the only man who can have full information. The others can imagine, and make conjectures, but know nothing. Let those who have sent their own versions of the affair to Venice say if their information comes from the Police, or let them contradict what M. Bertin said to Signora Anna and myself. He also added that, during the period when they were looking for Signorina Giustiniana, more than four hundred spies were watching me myself, without, perhaps, my being aware of it, for that I was suspected, as well as a certain Prince Galitzine, a young man who is now with the army. I replied, in jest, that these suspicions had made me so careful of my conduct that I felt myself turning into a saint. But enough of that. I now come to the lawsuit.

' I assure you that she never was the object of a warrant of arrest ; and I say this with certainty, because I had a finger in the pie myself. It was said to be the case some time ago in Paris, but the rumour was the work of ill-wishers and of those opposed to the marriage. It was because this was being said, and because I had several times maintained the contrary, that I advised her mother to bring her home, where she remained for more than a month. You see, therefore, that if a warrant for her arrest had been issued, they would have come to take her ; for they use no ceremony here in a matter of justice. But if such a step

had been taken, she would have been accused and forced to defend herself, and then her innocence would speedily have come to light. The truth is, that she is mixed up in a lawsuit of Casanova's, and that, if she had only sent him packing, as I advised her, she would now—please God—be married. And I hope shortly to be able to inform you that she has been completely cleared of all suspicion. In the meantime, and embracing you, I am, with a true esteem,

‘ Your most obedient, loving servant and friend,

‘ FARSETTI.’

Farsetti himself, despite his cordial dislike of Casanova, of which mention is made in the above letter, did not suspect the adventurer of having a great part in Giustiniana's affairs. Casanova's story was, for him, an independent one. Memmo, less scrupulous than Erizzo, always remembered his “master” with friendly feelings, and was awaiting direct news from him. Naturally, Casanova told him as much as he thought fit, and no more. . . . Their correspondence, during a period of such delicacy for Casanova and Miss Wynne, would be of the greatest interest, for it is still difficult for us to pierce the veils which Giustiniana's friends were so careful to draw over their own secret suspicions. But I am happy to be able to give here two letters addressed by Memmo to Casanova during this September.*

* I owe the text of these two letters to the courtesy of Dr Gustav Gugitz, who discovered them at Dux. The existence of them was unknown even to Molmenti.

‘ To Monsieur, M. Jacques de Casanova, Chez M. Baletti,
Rue Petit Lion S. Sauveur, à Paris.

‘ MY DEAR FRIEND,

‘ Your letter gave me more pleasure than I can ever tell you, and I wish you to accept as proof of this the fact, as you see, that I am dictating the reply from my bed, being much enfeebled by a painful attack of dysentery. The news of the situation of the French Army was no less pleasant to my ears, and the thanks which I now proffer you for having sent them to me are an invitation to continue when you have any more of importance. If you did not write to me when you had nothing to tell me, you did well. I am filled with astonishment by what you tell me about M. de la Pouplinière, and even more by all that you say about the lawsuit. In truth, if you wish me to be eternally obliged to you for the past, the present, and the future, you must clear up this business for me and let me know, once and for all, precisely what has occurred. As regards the warrant for arrest with which Giustiniana was threatened, I was soon reassured when I remembered that she had been free for more than a month at home after she came out of the convent.* But why do you still keep it a mystery for me? I shall never be satisfied unless I receive from you a sincere and frank explanation of all the affair. I have had great pleasure in receiving and reading Mademoiselle Sanvito’s letter; I do not at present reply to it, bearing in mind that to present oneself to a lady it is necessary to be

* Memmo repeats the information received from Farsetti, which does not correspond to the truth. Giustiniana spent about three weeks in Paris before she left for Brussels.

in good condition ; but I think, on the other hand, that if I were beside her, my condition would become quite different from what it is now. I will write to her later ; meanwhile, see her again and make my excuses. The *Book of Gold* will reach you at the first opportunity, so that you may not have to pay on the post, and it will be sent as promptly as possible. Let me remind you again to post me that life of Giustiniana. Unless I have it, I shall say you have invented it.

‘ You see that I am joking, but, nevertheless, I am in a hurry for it ! Since you are disposed to be kind to me, instead of the six pairs of ruffles, I beg you to send me one pair of Alençon lace, or if you find them at a reasonable price, two pairs, together with a lace collar worth twenty-four or twenty-six sequins. If you think that these things can safely come by post, without looking for someone to bring them, have them addressed to M. Astruc, who will forward them to M. Imberto, our Resident at Milan, who will safely convey them to me. I have been inquiring after the gentlemen you mention, but without success. I have your letter in my pocket, to give them at our first meeting. Be assured of my affection, as I am of yours, who am and always will be . . . ’ *

‘ Venice, September 22, 1759.

‘ A C.

‘ When your letters reach me on Saturday at dinner-time, my pleasure is the less, for immediately after dinner we must go out. It is now striking ten, and I am being called away. Clearly, then, I cannot write at length. I am

* The letter is unsigned and undated, but was certainly sent a short time before the letter which follows.

infinitely obliged to you for not having sent the ruffles. It was my impression that I had let you know I was unwilling to pay more than fifty sequins for six pairs; and as I have had some of Valenciennes lace, not the finest, but cheap, I thought that I could get some more at eight or ten sequins a pair. I was doubtless wrong. Meanwhile, stop; I will get what I can here. I have written to Geltrude, whom I beg you to greet in my name. I wished to send you the *Book of Gold* through Clari,* but he left for Paris without my knowledge. We will find another opportunity, and your wishes shall be attended to immediately, in this as in all other matters. As for myself, I beg you to send me Miss W.'s story immediately at all costs; and if you will make a few notes in it, justifying it or otherwise, without your name, you will give me the greatest pleasure. I will do what you bid me with your friends. I am well, and grow fatter than I could wish. There is no news to send you, because you will receive earlier tidings from Germany than I can send. I only know the Catrolli† by sight, but will find her and do what you ask. Be my friend. Good-bye.—M.'

In these two letters, Memmo alludes to a history of Giustiniana Wynne which appears to have been in Casanova's hands. But, as we shall see later, this pamphlet was merely one of the numerous slanders circulated by Gius-

* Count Francisco Carlo Clary, one of Casanova's protectors, as was his wife, born Frederica Carlotta von den Osten, whom he married in 1748.

† Elisabetta Catrolli, a talented comedienne, who played soubrette parts. She was a great friend of Casanova. See Bartolli, *Notizie istoriche de' comici ital.*, Padua, 1781, I. 162.

tiniana's enemies in Paris. She herself, to avoid being made the butt of scurrilous pens, wished to write her own story *ad usum delphini*. She speaks of this plan to Memmo on September 7th: 'I am strongly tempted to write the story of my dealings with the old La Pouplinière. What do you advise?' But Memmo, by reason of his secret suspicions, thought that Casanova could add more precise details, and rectify others, in this existing history of Giustiniana. He certainly did not suspect Giacomo's direct interest in accepting Giustiniana's own version.

Naturally, the news of La Pouplinière's marriage was not calculated to dispel Andrea's suspicions. Why had the old man suddenly abandoned a project to which he had clung with such obstinacy, and a love which, according to what Giustiniana wrote, was still eager and unaltered? Giustiniana strove to convince Memmo of the changeable humour of the old man, and of her happiness at the abandonment of the marriage. Andrea suspected that La Pouplinière had received proofs of Giustiniana's guilt, and that this accounted for his sudden change of mind. She, for her part, affected an indifference to the march of events which she was far from feeling.

' . . . It seems you are distressed on account of the old man's marriage ; but I hope you will have seen, from the reasons which I have given, that I could do no less than refuse him at the moment of our departure ; it rested then with him to carry the thing further if he loved me as dearly as he said. I looked upon the whole adventure with indifference and now, I assure you, I no longer give a thought to it, as if it had never been. All that I wanted

was the judgment establishing my innocence. Then, without marrying the old man, I could not think of obtaining a settlement from him, which certainly would not have been lacking, but my honour could not allow of it. If I would be married, the conquest of an English duke would be, so to speak, easier for me than that of a Farmer-General of France. Meanwhile, I am resolved to amuse myself, and to obey my temperament ; because, with you so far away, and after all that befell me in Paris, my spirits sank very low, and I would have died had I not followed this plan. Accordingly, I spend my time as best I can. I laugh at everything, and often at myself. But you, naturally curious as to all that concerns me, and still I hope, interested in me, will wish to know what my life is. . . .

‘ Brussels, September 7, 1759.’

But the stay in Brussels, which was prolonged for almost two months, was to become the cause of new suspicions in the breast of Memmo. The appearance of the Wynnes in Flemish society had its customary effect. It pleased Giustiniana to excite admiration. ‘ Ordinarily I am modish, and attract the attention of the local youth more than my sisters do.’ Her face, refined by moral and physical suffering, had acquired fresh charm. She had regained all her vivacity, that air of a ‘ *petite-mâîtresse* ’ which had always charmed the men of her acquaintance. She spoke in French, which she now had perfectly at her command ; and her words were lively and at times frivolous. She confessed that she had become ‘ one of the great talkers,’ to the point of being, perhaps, a bore upon occasion. But she had not lost her common sense, and laughed at ‘ all

the extravagance which she had acquired for the sake of good tone.' She regretted at times that she was losing her Italian: 'Are we not really ridiculous? I can no longer write Italian, *per Dio!*'

At Brussels, also, they received shoals of invitations. 'We are the belles of the country,' declared Giustiniana without false modesty. They went to the theatre, to masquerades, to dinner-parties. Their guardian, Lord Holderness, had recommended them from London to the English Minister at The Hague. He, in his turn, had written to introduce them to a lady in Brussels, who presented the Wynnes to the chief Minister, the Count Cobentzl, and to his wife. But Lady Wynne refused an invitation to his palace. Perhaps she scented new dangers for her lovely daughter among the minister's entourage.

They were joined in Brussels, on the instructions of Lord Holderness, by a certain Mr Verdun, a man of culture and spirit, who had lived some years in France, to act as tutor to Giustiniana's brothers. But he arrived a little late in the day. Riccardo could already hold his own in society, and frequented the English colony in Brussels. Guglielmo was 'full of fire and usually in trouble.' Lord Holderness wrote promising to take out his wards into society and to find them suitable husbands. But his projects were received without enthusiasm, for Bettina loved a certain C——, and wept bitterly on separation from him, whilst the other sister still adored Magali. It was easier for Giustiniana to fall in with Holderness's wishes. As far as she was concerned, her dear Memmo might well be in America, such was the distance which separated them.

Meanwhile, Giustiniana enjoyed herself vastly in Brussels.

It was only in the nature of things that, among so many admirers, she should find one to her taste. She openly confessed the fact to Memmo, and gave him to understand that if she had stayed in Brussels any longer the thing would have become more dangerous. This new conquest, the Comte de Lanoy, a member of the staff of Prince Charles de Lorraine,* resembled Andrea in looks, manners, and even character. Their first meeting is described in a charming letter of Giustiniana's, in which she describes an episode at a masquerade with considerable spirit :—

‘ But Prince Charles has singled me out above all the rest ; he looks at me, smiles when I smile, pays me a thousand compliments, and bows to me most gracefully. The nearest to His Highness is the Comte de Lanoy, a tall, good-looking, spirited young man. He always chooses a box next to mine, and his eyes never leave me, as long as I am in the theatre. Not only is he so attentive, but he has a thousand gestures very like your own and, if I dare say so, he inwardly resembles you too. He is always with the Prince, but tries to see me as often as possible ; and I confess that I find him most attractive. My infinite vivaciousness, my way of moving, and the *petite-maitresse* air that I have adopted for my own amusement, attract him to me. I found something in him to remind me of my Memmo, and he pleased me. A masquerade made us acquainted. I went to it and, keeping to my mask, pretended not to recognise him when we neared each other.

* Charles de Lorraine, General of the Empire, was a brother-in-law of Maria Theresa. He had a fancy for Teresa Imer, one of Casanova's best-known friends, whom he appointed Directress of the theatres in the Austrian Netherlands.

I took him by the hand, and calling him by an English name, asked him to unmask. He laughed at what he thought was my mistake, continued to follow me, and made a thousand pleasantries. Still pretending to be English, he told me that he loved me, until the Prince approached. Then our conversation *en trio* became very gay, because, having the appearance of thinking that the Prince was an ordinary mask, I said a thousand silly things to him and his favourite. The Count was in a black domino, and wore a hat with a white feather and a Venetian mask. He is, Memmo, of your height, and has the same way of turning his head. O God ! I am trying to create illusions for myself. But I never thought of allowing him to visit me at home. His Highness assured me that he found me charming and asked me to unmask, which I thought I ought not to do ; but I did so later for the Count. You will ask me where were my mother and sisters all this time ? Either seated near me or walking about. I had a poor Englishman with me, who, in the end, tired of never being spoken to, left me in a box and went off to dance . . . without me. Since that evening, the Count has never failed to come into our box at the Comedy, and he is as gallant to me as can be. He spends the whole day with the Prince in the country, but comes with him to the theatre in the evening. The Prince is one of the best men to be found anywhere, free and easy and without ceremony. He is witty, and they adore him here. . . .

‘ Brussels, September 7, 1759.’

One day, Giustiniana went out to Terreneuve with some English ladies to see the Prince’s country house. Lanoy

accompanied them, as the Prince was hunting. He spoke Italian correctly, having been long in Venice and having studied for two years in Turin. But he had little success. Giustiniana well understood the art of enchanting those who approached her, and then disappointing them with her regrets for a distant lover, and at the same time of retaining her hold over the distant lover by rousing his jealousy and dwelling on their past happiness, which, she always averred, transcended all her later caprices.

‘Ah! dear Memmo, where are you? Truly, I am but little indebted to you! You have taken from me every possibility of loving others, and the illusion of being loved with that blindness which made our life so happy. I know now that all my efforts would be in vain. Ah! At this moment other women interest you already, and you tell me so without naming them, with an air of indifference, as if you would really have me either forget you, or make an end of loving you. But you are right. You keep your promises by inviting me, perhaps, to do the same to you, and you are unwilling to deceive me. You do well, and I esteem you the more for it, and am the more grateful. . . . Write, then, and tell me of your loves, your follies, your needs. . . . If you can, love me, but tell me who now occupies your time. I wish to be told all, with surname and Christian name, as I tell you, and I swear to you, by the sincerity of my friendship, not to abuse your confidence. . . .’ (*Ibid.*)

But she who would have aroused jealousy was now jealous herself, and could not hide her anxiety when she

thought of her Andrea, surrounded by ladies in the brilliant salons of Venice.

If only Memmo had gone to London ! Then ‘farewell lovers, farewell friendships, farewell all the world but you ; do you not believe me ? Wait till I can send you a thousand guineas, and put me to the test !’ But Memmo could not go to London, and only grew the more apprehensive of the perils that would attend Giustiniana in the capital, the diversions she would fling herself into to fill her mind and forget the vicissitudes of her stay in Paris. But the Giustiniana of London had recourse, to calm his fears, to a personal philosophy all her own, which in truth was hardly fitted to dispel the jealousy of a tender lover. ‘Be easy ; you well know that I can be all things in turn, whatever pleases me. It is enough that it should please me ; that is the main point.’

Andrea employed Giustiniana’s own arms against her ; he let her hear of his ‘good fortunes’ and ‘chance gallantries,’ and told her that he was on excellent terms with a certain lady. . . . Then Giustiniana’s passion returned ; she promised not to neglect him, and to renew their correspondence as of old, by every mail ; she repeated her declarations of love, recalled the past that united them for ever, and dwelt on the resignation with which she endured the present :—

‘. . . I left Venice more in love with you than I ever was before my chagrin or your recognition of the inevitable. The obligations that I owed to you, the new admiration I felt for you in the depths of my soul, your resistance, your open nature, your truthfulness, your forgiveness, the

justice you rendered my heart, to sum up, all that occurred in those last two months, had determined me, as I swear I am resolved to-day, to love no other man but you all my life. In my renewed ardour I went so far as to fancy and to flatter myself, without even desiring to do so, that you would have loved me still as in the past. Your letters, and your way of life, have proved your solid friendship, but little by little undeceived me as to the rest. You know, already, the painful situations into which this has led me. I had need of a motive force. I chose that of the freedom natural to my temperament ; in which pride helped me admirably. You will have perceived this by my inconsequence at Brussels, if you have received my last letters. But I am still uncertain, and do you know why ? Because I still love you horribly, and it seems to me that you disapprove of me, and may almost lose the esteem you have for me.

‘ Your little Philosopher, spoilt though she is, knows her weaknesses and often despises them, but whether for lack of being used to it, or through a nonchalance in her character, her theory only brings her sorrow and repentance. Incapable of hatred, and often even of scorn for those who have outraged me most, yet am I unable to put myself under any constraint. All effort is insupportable to me. Will you not pity me ? Let us turn to what you wish to know about the past as regards me. . . . ’

(London, October 9, 1759.)

She had not yet reached the point of wishing him luck with his new conquests, but her “ philosophy ” counselled her to exact the one condition, that she should be loved more than the others,

As the Wynnes were expected in London, they could delay no longer in Brussels. Prince Charles de Lorraine informed Giustiniana, through the medium of the faithful Lanoy, of his sorrow at losing such an 'ornament for the country,' and for his part Lanoy vowed to rejoin her in four months, which promise he was unable to fulfil, however, owing to his duties. Nor did Giustiniana promise to write. Lanoy was a dangerously attractive person, and she seems to have felt somewhat weak in his presence. . . .

On September 9th, the Wynnes and their retinue left for London.

 CHAPTER X

Lord Holderness welcomes his wards—London bores them—Social occupations—Their presentation indefinitely postponed—Short stay in the country—Giustiniana and Bettina in a London drawing-room—Another old man—The conquests of Giustiniana—Her dislike for marriage—News of Casanova—He is imprisoned—He escapes—Giustiniana still jealous—A new love—Isolation of the Wynnes—The London climate—Lady Wynne's ruses—Departure is decided upon.

AFTER a rough crossing from Calais to Dover, the Wynnes were met at Canterbury by a courier sent by Lord Holderness, their guardian, and on the following morning in London by his secretary. On the same day, Lord Holderness came to greet them in person.

He was agreeably surprised at the sight of his graceful wards, grown women now, and all three most seductive. Giustiniana was again able to enjoy the impression which her charms produced. She always tried to make herself noticeable, and on the occasion of her guardian's visit she had put on her prettiest dress. The three sisters presented a "varied and interesting" effect (*Moral Essays*). In one of her letters from London, Giustiniana praises the appearance even of their maid, who had her place in the picture. But, by general consent, she, Giustiniana, was the "belle of the belles."

That being granted, she avers that Bettina pleased greatly

by her intelligence and lack of affectation, and particularly by her rather full figure, which would not be very much admired in France or Italy, but which, in England, was 'esteemed to excess.' On the subject of Bettina, the following remarks occur in a letter from Lady Wortley Montagu to her daughter, Lady Bute, about this time :—

To the Countess of Bute.

'November 9, 1759.

'I am very much diverted with the adventures of the three graces lately arrived in London and am heartily sorry their mother has not learning enough to write memoirs. The youngest girl (called here Bettina) is taller than the Duchess of Montagu, and as red and white as any German alive. If she has sense enough to follow good instructions, she will be irresistible, and may produce very glorious novelties. [I know nothing of her except her figure!] Our great minister (Murray) has her picture amongst his collection of ladies—*Basta!*'

The noble lord's first impression of his wards was therefore excellent. He proposed to have them received into society as soon as his wife returned to London, and to have suitable husbands found for them. Meanwhile, he decided to send the two young brothers up to Cambridge. But Lady Wynne again fell under the influence of the Irish priest, her faithful friend during her first stay in England, and who assisted her in those devotional exercises by which she hoped to allay her remorse for having surrendered her children to Protestantism. With the support of this priest she obstinately opposed the plan of Lord Holderness and

felt ready, if it were necessary, to abandon her daughters and to follow her sons. But the guardian had his way. He disapproved of the excessive liberty which the two brothers had hitherto enjoyed. From henceforth Lady Wynne detested Holderness.

The Wynnes were at first lodged in an excellent house placed at their disposal by their guardian until they could find suitable accommodation. Whilst awaiting the return of Lady Holderness, who was to present them at Court, Lord Holderness, with no mean skill, aroused the curiosity of society in his wards, whom he advised not to show themselves in public, as it was not 'decent' to be seen about before they had been presented. But Lady Holderness was in no hurry to return to town, and the long delay proved vastly boring to the three fair sisters. To walk in Hyde Park was forbidden them; they had perforce to be content with the frequent visits they exchanged with Colombo, the Venetian Minister in London, and his wife, who was of noble birth, and a charming woman, but almost always ill. They also, but more rarely, saw Lady Kilmorey,* whom they had known during their former visit to England. The delay, meanwhile, increased the curiosity of the world of fashion in Lord Holderness's wards, and even the royal princesses asked about them. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's unamiable officiousness was thus made fruitless.†

Lord Holderness, however, introduced them to one of his sisters; but she did not venture to present them at

* Anne Hurleston, widow of Geoffrey Shakerley, married, in 1738, John Needham, 10th Viscount Kilmorey. She died in 1786.

† See p. 68.

Court. Had their guardian met with any difficulty in securing their admission? Had some echo of Giustiniana's Parisian adventures reached as far as London? They hoped—as Holderness had promised them—that a successful début at Court would open a number of useful doors to them. Giustiniana, in particular, could think of nothing else. At first she had not dared to think that such a dream could be realised, in her fear of a disappointment which might bring ridicule in its train. But gradually she familiarised herself with the idea, and was now convinced that she would be received. She asked Memmo for his opinion as to the most suitable colour for her dress on the occasion. She would have preferred it of red or yellow satin, which colours the French, past-masters in elegance, regard as particularly suitable for brunettes, and with trimmings of marten (of which 'I have some fine pieces.'—London, October 28, 1759). In the matter of coiffure, she had perfect confidence in her servant, who had learnt to dress her hair in the Parisian fashion. And in the matter of elegance, she felt confident of outshining the English ladies with their mediocre taste.

Two months after their arrival in London the Wynnes were still awaiting the famous presentation. How bored they were! A few dinners at the Colombos', 'the worthiest, happiest couple in the world,' and a few visits to Lord Holderness or Lady Kilmorey, made up the sum of their pleasures. It seemed to them as if they were in mourning. Giustiniana took up her reading again in order to complete her knowledge of the English authors, with a view to shining in polite circles when the time came.

One of the female relatives of the late Sir Richard Wynne,

however, got into touch with them, and welcomed them kindly; and so, by little and little, despite their retired existence, they increased their circle of friends. They went out at night to Lady Kilmorey's, where they met such ladies as they knew, and others who were desirous of making their acquaintance; and by all they were regarded as a 'spectacle' and 'as if they were the prettiest women in the Kingdom.' But Giustiniana had no illusions; the stir they made was due to novelty. And when the men neglected authentic English beauties in their favour, Giustiniana said: 'Meanwhile let us profit by this prejudice, as it favours us.' (London, November 3, 1759.)

The curiosity of the London public was variously distributed at this time. Kitty Fisher was attracting attention by her prodigality and elegance. She was the mistress of Lord Coventry,* who had the bad taste to neglect his lovely wife† for her:—

'There is much talk here of a somewhat common beauty, Kitty Fischer [*sic*] by name, who is nineteen or twenty years of age. 'Tis a girl that lives in the finest magnificence possible. She spends 12,000 lire a year, and is the first of her kind to possess a livery, and dresses up even her chair-porters in it. Her picture is to be seen everywhere. She is small, and I do not find her beautiful, but the English think so, therefore beautiful she is. This girl has had a famous dispute with Lady Coventry. They are incessantly compared with each other, and the Coventry is not above being very jealous of her rival. One day, when they met

* George William, Earl of Coventry (1722-1809).

† Maria Gunning, sister of the Duchess of Hamilton. Casanova also met Kitty Fisher, vi, 35 (Edition Garnier).

in the Park, on horseback, Milady asked Kitty who the tailor was that had made her habit; to which the other replied, that since the habit was a present from Lord Coventry, she could ask the Earl himself. Milady called her impertinent. Kitty replied that the only difference between them was that she had found a lord foolish enough to marry her, and that, for her own part, she intended to marry another lord if only to get level.' (London, November 9, 1759.)

Giustiniana, then, was in touch with the events which occupied the fashionable world of London. Thus, on the same day, she related to Memmo another event, the marriage of "Beau Compton," Lord Northampton,* formerly the lover of the Prié, to the beautiful Anne Somerset. The wedding display cost fifty thousand lire.

Meanwhile, 'to divert mamma, and to relieve the boredom of us three, so well do we agree in our sentiments,' they accepted an invitation to pass six days in the country at the house of a young and wealthy English advocate. Everything was perfectly correct; he was married, and his wife was older than he by some years. They were courteous people, and did all that they could to make the stay of the Wynnes agreeable. They received numerous visits, but Giustiniana was unimpressed by magisterial witticisms and the airs and graces of her host's professional acquaintances. She also suffered from indigestion during the stay, and caught a cold in the garden whilst trying to escape from the noisy conversation in the house. She returned to London with

* Charles Compton, 7th Earl of Northampton (1736-1763), who married, on 13th September 1759, Anne, daughter of Charles Somerset, Duke of Beaufort.

only one pleasant recollection, that of having made the acquaintance of a charming young girl :—

‘ She is of a good family, eighteen years of age, pretty, and very lively. Being heiress to £200,000, she has just been cut off from this fortune by her father, who seemed to adore her, and had no other child but this. Those to whom he has left his money were never known to him. She is a ward in Chancery, and it is hoped that she will have this barbarous will annulled by Parliament. Her humour is gay, and despite the loss of her suitors, who all deserted her after this reverse, she shows a wondrous brave face to the world. Her name (for I always tell you the names of those I speak of to you) is Miss Escot. I love her, and she overwhelms me with kind attentions. What a country ! She has a strict mother. Without that, what an acquisition for a certain friend of mine, above all if he had need of foreign money to further his ends. . . .’
(London, November 13, 1759.)

At last, on November 10th, Lady Holderness arrived in London. She invited the Wynnes to dinner and afterwards held a reception for them. She was still a beautiful woman, and by nature kind. Giustiniana openly declared her sympathy for her ; for Lady Holderness not to please, a man needed to be either very fickle . . . or married to her. Perhaps the ward knew of her guardian’s distractions. . . .

Thus, whilst awaiting their presentation at Court, Giustiniana and Bettina, the two stars of the family, were introduced to London society in Lady Holderness’s drawing-room. As she had foreseen, Giustiniana was admired for her elegance, which was so different from that of the

English ladies. According to Giustiniana, the English dress was very illogical ; ordinary indoor gowns had trains two fathoms long, while Court dress was curtailed and came half-way up the leg.

Their entrance into Society immediately enlarged the Wynnes' circle of acquaintance, and the three sisters were thus able to resume the life of pleasure they had so much missed. In one day London became a most sympathetic city. But, for the moment, there was no further talk of their being presented, for the Lord Chamberlain's lists were full. Nevertheless, Giustiniana was able to attend the ceremonies in connection with the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

Amongst Giustiniana's new acquaintances figured a real beauty, who, despite her red hair, was the loveliest person whom Giustiniana had yet seen in London. This was Lady Selina Hastings,* sister of Lord Huntingdon, one of the Prince of Wales's intimates, which was doubtless the reason for her new friend's appearance at the marriage mentioned above.

Giustiniana also found an admirer, of the school of Smith and La Pouplinière. Sir William Stanhope,† then in his fifty-eighth year, was smitten with her charms. Being swiftly disillusioned, the elderly beau thereupon married a girl of twenty, Miss Delaval, whose face was pretty, but her nature cold. And no doubt a girl of twenty needed a certain coldness to marry an old man of nearly three times her age. This hasty marriage with a rival was

* Daughter of Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon. She died young in 1763.

† (1702-1772) Second son of Philip Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield. He married Ann Delaval, sister of John Lord Delaval.

the common fate of all the old men who sighed in vain for Giustiniana.

The opera remained the principal pastime of the Wynnes. On November 14th, the *Clemenza di Tito* was first performed, with music by Gioachino Corchi, in which Magali, Bettina's beloved, had a part. The Wynnes at first frequented the pit or the circle, where they perished with cold; but Lady Wynne's family was numerous, and the cost was high. Later, however, Vanneschi,* one of the minor adventurers of the time and a director of the theatre, presented them with a box almost every evening, which was very welcome. Thanks to this attention, Lady Wynne had only to pay the ordinary entrance fee.

London did not lack other spectacles, but Giustiniana only went to the Italian opera, because she was afraid that she would not properly understand the actors in the ordinary theatres. She went, however, at the invitation of a very wealthy lady, to hear a celebrated Portuguese guitarist, called Rodriguez, who had obtained considerable success in Paris. There would perhaps have been one or two balls in the theatres, but they lacked the attraction of mystery, for the English bishops had forbidden the use of masks in consequence of the earthquake at Lisbon. 'What a reason!' exclaimed Giustiniana, thinking with regret of her frolics in Venice. But the Wynnes were by now on closer terms with their new friends. Giustiniana went out with them to the opera, or to various parties, when her

* The Abbé Vanneschi wrote several operatic libretti, and was protected by Lord Middlesex in London. He was perhaps a freemason, but most certainly a swindler, as several English people living in Florence later noticed, from whom he stole a number of objects. He died, not in 1743, as has been stated, but after 1760.

mother was too tired to accompany her. And in the houses they visited, there were always 'a hundred women or more and about three men, either old, blind, or grumbling,' to carry on the conversation.

On 19th November, the Wynnes had left the house lent them by Lord Holderness and installed themselves in another, which they rented, and which was small but elegantly furnished. Nor was this surprising: it had been inhabited before them by the mistress of one of the richest members of the English Peerage. But the Wynnes, never unduly delicate, made themselves at home without wasting a thought over the origin of so much luxury, and preferred to adapt it suitably to their own tastes and requirements. In this house they continued to receive the ladies and artistes of their acquaintance. Besides Magali, another singer, Mattei, frequently visited them, with a party from the company which was then enchanting the banks of the Thames with Italian music.

The correspondence with Memmo had been renewed with difficulty, for Giustiniana had no obliging admirer in London to assist, as Farsetti had done in Paris, in the exchange of letters. It would have been dangerous to employ Lord Holderness, who might have harboured suspicions. Giustiniana preferred to have recourse to Colombo, who was discreet and who had inspired her with a sudden confidence. But, as we shall see, she was under some illusions about the Minister. She openly told him that Memmo was more to her than all the world besides, and, with Colombo's assent, she gave her distant lover the Minister's address.

Their little game of jealousy was thus renewed, and their

passion stimulated by memories of what had been and by regrets for what could never be. Giustiniana had been severe on Andrea for his allusion to the beautiful Venetian lady, which he had intended, perhaps, as a *quid pro quo* for her adventures in Brussels. Memmo related all that concerned him with more sincerity than Giustiniana employed towards him. He told her, amongst other things, that he had altered the arrangement of the apartment which had formerly been the scene of their love. Thus Giustiniana's portrait, which for so long had occupied the place of honour, now hung amongst the portraits of his 'beautiful sultanas,' the ornaments of this sanctuary of love and the graces. Giustiniana suffered when she heard of this change, which seemed to her a symbol of the end of her reign over Andrea's heart. From henceforth she was to be mingled in the crowd of his cast-off mistresses. But what made her suffer still more was that she understood this act of Andrea's to be by way of gratifying the rival who—as she supposed—now reigned over Memmo's heart; and Giustiniana shows her vexation by prophesying a speedy disillusionment, for, assuming that this new flame was M. C.,* she declares that beauty alone will not suffice to nourish love. Giustiniana is too conscious of the power of her mind . . . but anger makes her forget her dignity :—

‘My glory is at last destroyed, and behold me relegated to the crowded Chaos of your former mistresses ! There's an end of friendship, too, for one does not misuse one's friends, as you do, since you tell me things to justify this humiliating change, which do not even preserve the little esteem, which I flattered myself that I deserved. Poor

* Probably Marietta Corner.

portrait ! Your reign at last is over. What does it profit you to have represented victorious features, if now they but serve to increase the glory of that new Mistress who, perhaps, holds it a thing of more merit to have torn you from your throne, than all the conquests she has made or will ever make in her life ? And so, you must be dragged at last, in the wake of the triumphal car of a rival ; but let that rival tremble too, remembering the example of all those great Romans, who often paled before those very Kings whose images but a few months before had followed in the train of their Triumphs, in the midst of splendour and the shouts of a whole nation. You perceive, dear Memmo, by my eloquence on the theme of my poor portrait's exile, that I have taken its miserable fate to heart. Indeed yes, the consequences of this shameful change do make me tremble, and by the quality of the sacrifice (forgive my vanity !) I judge the power of the person who occupies you now. But my opinion as to her wit is by no means so favourable, for truly she's a fool. Is she really afraid of the mere sight of an ill-drawn face, that's lifeless now that it no longer holds a place in your imagination ? But it was ever so. Ah, I excuse her freely. The poor child thinks herself lost, if it was said that Memmo loves it, and that there's a portrait of Justinienne with her hand on his. But do you now admit the profane within that sacred place ? Once you were more prudent, and none but women were allowed to enter. I say again, my dear Memmo, that I pity you ; for assuredly you have to do with one who, having only beauty, will very soon weary you. I know you. With women who are beautiful, but foolish, you can only (forgive the crudeness) find a short relief

from boredom. I am ready to wager she will stir up further little scenes, by means of a real or false anxiety to see my letters. Well, if that be so, I am going to be very naughty, for I am going to tell you now that I love you passionately, and swear to you that I do not lie. And I'll tell you, too, with an even greater freedom, that I am sure I shall never be forgotten by my dear Memmo. . . .' (London, October 29, 1759.)

Giustiniana wished at all costs to learn the name of her rival, in order to know whether she had drawn a true picture. She shrugs her shoulders, but too freely voices her anger against the 'jade,' and shows her jealousy by imagining the other's triumphant smile.

Memmo, on his side, made frequent allusion to some new rumour that was circulating in Venice about Giustiniana. She lost no time in contradicting it in her letters to Andrea or others of her Venetian friends. Andrea was by now convinced that providence had served him well by raising obstacles in the way of his marriage with Giustiniana ; but he had not yet abandoned his plans, which were those of a typical *petit-mâitre* of his century. He had received a severe set-back when the project for the marriage of his innamorata with the old La Pouplinière evaporated into smoke ; and his efforts were now directed towards persuading her to marry some wealthy English nobleman.

But Giustiniana affected other intentions. Dukes and lords were nothing to her : 'a husband is a wretched thing.' She had no desire to marry a man whom she would esteem, lest she should have to betray him, nor to marry an old man, whose slave she would become. Her recent

painful experiences had disillusioned her, and she even thought of independently investing her dowry in such a way as to obtain a larger income. It was the eternal story of the fox and the grapes. Nevertheless, she still followed the train of events in Venice with a certain nostalgia: one of Andrea's relatives had been made a cardinal, and she pictured the festivities to which the appointment would give rise, despite the slender fortunes of the Memmo family. She wished to know the names of the ladies of the day in Venice, and of the men who were most in the public eye. She wept when she heard of the tragic death of the lovely and accomplished Elenetta Soranzo, one of the most charming Venetian ladies she had known. And she always remembered the Abbé Marcellotto, and her friend Marcello, and did not forget to send greetings to Madame Cecilia. . . .

Meanwhile, what had been the relations between Giustiniana and Casanova since the Wynnes left Paris? Since the critical time when she had seen in Casanova a sheet-anchor, and when, in desperation, and influenced by her ardent temperament, she had lost the mastery of her senses to the profit of that professional seducer, Giustiniana had avoided her accomplice. She had realised, on leaving the convent, that Giacomo, owing to his troubles with the police and the rumours current about him in Paris, was a compromising person with whom to be associated, and she mistrusted him. She alludes to him, however, in a letter to Memmo, with studied indifference, as if speaking of nobody in particular: 'Casanova (but you will have already heard) has been arrested for fraud and, when on the point of being hung, has escaped from prison.' (London, November 3, 1759.)

The complicated affair of the bills of exchange with Oberti and Petitain had in fact brought about the arrest of the Chevalier di Seingalt, on August 23rd, 1759, and his imprisonment at Fort-l'Evêque. The double prosecution, criminal and civil, was accumulating so many proofs against him that he judged it expedient to bail himself out by paying the amount of money which justice considered due to Oberti. Liberty was too precious to one who knew that his conscience was none of the clearest, despite his blustering. He left prison at the end of a few days, but not by escaping, as Giustiniana believed. The verdict of guilty of fraud was pronounced against him on 22nd December, and the order for his re-arrest followed. He was to be imprisoned at the Conciergerie. But it was too late by three months, and Giacomo was far from France, where the cases of Castel-Bajac, Giustiniana and Oberti and Petitain were not his only quarrels with justice. Giustiniana was not in a position to defend him ; but the Comtesse du Romain and the Marquise d'Urfé swore to the innocence of their genial friend and wept his absence.

Giustiniana grew bitter. The thought racked her that Memmo had a new mistress, who had usurped in his heart the position which she had hoped would be hers for eternity. She could not be certain that her rival was really Marietta Corner but, whoever it might be, she hated her ; and this hatred, compounded of anger and love, included the faithless Memmo, whom she now began to address with the formal "*voi*" instead of the old familiar "*tu*." During her short country visit at the lawyer's house, as we have previously noted, she had not failed to write to him, but she received hardly more than four short lines in reply :—

‘ . . . It is better than nothing, I suppose, but if your new Mistress (for it is agreed you have one) forbids you to write to me, let her also be assured that, if she liked to rouse me to such a pitch, I am a woman capable of returning to Venice forthwith, either married or single, simply to infuriate her. Do you think I could do it, my friend? I believe you will admit I could. As for myself, I assure you, I am grievously humiliated. You will observe that I no longer call you “thou,” and you must know that is on account of your idol, and my respect for her, and that after the adventure of my Portrait, being in a condition to fear anything, I am infinitely troubled until I have your reply. All unjust as you are, my heart more than my reason, that is always too weak, sees you and loves you still, and the inaction in which at present I am living makes me feel all the time, that my dear Memmo is still kind, and that I shall desire him all my life. . . .’ (London, November 13, 1759.)

One sees that love was still her master. This is made clear by her fear of having herself been the first cause of the unfaithfulness that so distressed her.

For she could not help asking herself whether the shifting of her portrait, in the little house that had been their love-nest, might not mean that Andrea was beginning to suspect the truth . . . might he not think that Giustiniana had really been compromised in a disgraceful lawsuit, and that she had only cleared her name thanks to influence in high places? And would not this new, unknown mistress, jealous of her lover’s past, encourage his suspicions?

One day came a letter from Memmo, saying that he

knew of a certain pamphlet which gave an account of her adventures in Paris ; and that his doubts were such that he believed he should never write to her again. Giustiniana was indignant at the ‘ horrors ’ which he was being asked to believe :—

‘ London, November 20, 1759.

‘ MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘ What, my dear Memmo ? You scarcely know whether you can write to me again ? I vow this is a little strong. Friendship should be productive of advice ; but your friendship is so blunt, and you give in so easily to all the horrors that a few persons, who perhaps are interested against me, and doubtless ill-informed, tell you about me, that I have a right to be surprised. This time, I will merely content myself with saying, that you have been deceived, and that there is no pamphlet in existence against me, believe your Jiustinienne, who has never degraded herself so far as to hide the truth from you. She answers that she is innocent of all the accusations with which she has been honoured. High spirits, a little freedom of thought, much contempt for fools, and now and then the gift of pleasing—such are her crimes. I say no more, but I wish to compel you to be my friend, even in spite of yourself and your mistresses. Make shift accordingly and do not suppose your coldness will rebuff me. I have ever esteemed you no less than loved you. I have lost your heart, alas ! but I have not deserved to lose the rest besides. You will undeceive yourself, I am sure. . . .

‘ I’ll write no more at present, for I am a little piqued with you, and know not how to constrain myself. Only

think that I have written to you by every mail since my arrival. I hope by this time you will have my letters.

‘J.’

Giustiniana employed every ruse at her command, and all her arts of deceit, to regain the spotless reputation which the unpleasant consequences of her adventures with Memmo had so widely compromised.

Memmo had tried in vain to procure a copy of the pamphlet, and his lack of success convinced him once more that the rumours about Giustiniana were really for the most part slanderous inventions. After a long silence, one post brought Giustiniana three letters from Andrea, who denied that a new mistress had usurped the place that belonged to her; and Giustiniana was ensnared again. She seemed once more to have found her friend, “and perhaps something more,” and to be able to call him *hers*. They had made each other suffer reciprocally, under pretext of sincerity, with the result that for him there was no longer any ‘complete pleasure,’ and for her no real satisfaction, only the certainty of never again meeting a man who could please her as much as Memmo:—

‘A thousand sentiments combined to form the passion that I felt for you, and were enough to keep my soul and fancy in perpetual agitation. Ah! how much I loved you! But God is my witness that my heart is not yet void of passion for you, and I vow that, if you approached me again, I still would love you madly, as much as you could let me.’ (London, December 17, 1759.)

Memmo proved the interest which he still had in her by

looking after the affairs of the Wynne family in Venice and by making use of the authority, which the favour of the Government had already procured him, in their service. Giustiniana's letters do not clearly reveal the nature of these affairs. They were certainly of some importance for the Wynnes, since Lady Wynne, having learnt of Memmo's active interest, forgot her hostility and thanked him through the medium of her daughter for his friendly attentions. At the same time she wrote to her brother, Giulio Gazzini, recommending him to conform to Memmo's advice and orders. Whereat Giustiniana exclaims : ' How different to the past ! If Mother had been willing to know you then, as perforce she knows you now, what sorrows she would have saved both herself and us ! But so my evil star would have it ! ' (*Ibid.*). It was not easy for the Wynnes to obtain what they wanted, because it was feared that they would soon return to Venice, although Giustiniana only admitted this to Memmo. She went so far as to refuse to write herself to the one of the three *Avogadori* * whom she knew personally, in order not to risk revealing her hand. Farsetti, from Paris, would have been in a position to help her in this matter ; but Giustiniana, who had been forced to be beholden to him for his support in Paris, detested him since Brussels, and regarded him as the author of the slanders about her, and, amongst others, of that which credited her with Magali for her lover. She would not ask help from ' the one man whom she could with justice hate in this world.'

* The three district *Avogadori* assisted the Ministry for Public Affairs in civil and criminal lawsuits and kept the *Golden Book*, which registered births and marriages of the nobility.

Memmo had advanced the costs of this mysterious business, but the Wynnes declared themselves ready to reimburse him without regard to the figure. Lady Wynne was left to collect the necessary funds herself, for Giustiniana, in her affairs of the heart, was never a 'gold-digger.' Whilst in London, one of her friends would have given her a ring worth at least six hundred pounds; she refused it with disdain. Her mother, however, was more calculating, though she would not, of course, have turned her daughters to account, unless under the strictest matrimonial guarantee. Her plans, hitherto, had been sadly baulked by Giustiniana, who declared herself more and more opposed to any suggestion of marriage, even if it were a question of Memmo. She confirmed in this manner her 'way of thinking,' or, as we should call it, her consciousness of her inconstancy, and lack of faith in her own virtue, despite the scornful refusal of a valuable ring.

It is possible to deduce, from several passages in Giustiniana's letters, the real reason for Memmo's proceedings in Venice on behalf of the Wynnes: they appear to have been trying to prove the nobility of the Gazzini, in order to facilitate Giustiniana's admission to the entertainments held in honour of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The certificates obtained by Memmo for the projected marriage with La Pouplinière were not sufficient to obtain a presentation at Court. Other guarantees of Giustiniana's legitimacy and noble origin were essential, and the matter was close to her heart, and to her mother's also, as a means of enhancing the family prestige, tarnished as it was by too many adventures and too much gossip. The idea of being presented had become the one ray of hope in their

otherwise monotonous days in the depth of a London winter. Giustiniana was less than sincere when she wrote :—

‘ I am careless whether or no I please, and indeed have no wish to exert myself to bend a man to my will. I am tired of caprices ; and I feel that I no longer possess that sensibility which would render me capable of a grand passion. Everything has become wearisome. . . . I shall soon be twenty-three ; most of my youth is passed ; I have little fortune and little merit to support me in another rank ; I hate the middling way of life ; I am almost disenchanted with the great. What little attraction I had is perhaps vanishing, and that’s another reason why I hope it may be granted me to live unnoticed among the crowd.’
(London, December 17, 1759.)

And she preferred to give way before her sisters.

What, then, had become of that Giustiniana who had boasted of her wit and vivacity, and her privilege of charming all who approached her in the gilded assemblies of Venice and Paris, where, if not always in love herself, she had at least been so glad to be loved and admired ? In the retired life which she and her family lived on the advice of their guardian, she had grown bored. She was a prey to painful memories ; to the sorrow of knowing all that was being said of her in Paris, Venice, and even a little in London ; to the discomfort of not being able to write freely, because she believed that some of her letters had been opened, that the secret of those to Memmo had been violated, and that others had been thrown into the fire. Colombo would not accept her offers to defray the postal expenses ; but Giustiniana suspected him of some-

times refusing to have Andrea's letters forwarded from Venice, and of having read some of her own in London. She therefore determined to find a new poste restante. In January 1760, she instructs Andrea to write in future: 'To Miss J. Wynne, in Dean Street, Soho, opposite to the Concert Room.'* Giustiniana was correct in suspecting the Venetian Minister. He actually confided the minutest details of one of Giustiniana's letters to Lord Grantham's heir, Lord Thomas Robinson, to whom we shall shortly refer again.

But it was inevitable that Giustiniana, once she appeared in the salons of London, should inspire and perhaps be inspired in her turn with a new passion. From that time the days seemed less long to her, her thoughts became less black and her plans for the future less gloomy. She met, at Lady Holderness's, the above-mentioned Lord Thomas Robinson,† who was well known in London and was attached to the Household of the Prince of Wales. This time, again, Giustiniana attempted to justify her 'flirting' to Andrea by finding a physical and moral resemblance between Memmo and Robinson. Giustiniana tells her

* It was close by, in Soho Square, at the house of Thérèse Imer (Mrs Cornelys) that Casanova stayed when he came to London a few months later (*Memoirs* v, 426). The Venetian Embassy was opposite. And round a few corners, in Denmark Street, which, says Mr Arthur Machen, "good Casanovists can never pass without a tear," lived Miss Charpillon, who ruined Giacomo.

† The English names in Giustiniana's letters are spelt in many curious ways, probably owing to the fault of the transcriber. In this particular case Robinson is spelt "Kingpausen" and "Ribenpausen", but there is no doubt that the person referred to is Lord Thomas Robinson, afterwards the 2nd Lord Grantham (1738-1786).

‘ dear brother ’ all about it, from the opening stages to the point when her sympathy for Lord Thomas became such that she knew not whether to call it love or esteem. Lady Wynne and her daughter saw in the young man an easier road to Court than they had as yet found ; but it was undoubtedly a new romance for Giustiniana. She went so far as to call the noble Lord her ‘ new Memmo,’ always hoping to justify her adventure in the eyes of Memmo himself :—

‘ London, February 8, 1760.

‘ MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘ It is true that I did not write you by the last mail, but I know that my Memmo will forgive me an involuntary fault. The day of the mail was taken up with my new Memmo, who seems to love me sincerely, and gives me no occasion either to complain or to desire more. In the name of charity be indulgent and compassionate for a weakness which, in principle, be God my witness, is only derived from you. If what concerns me now is a caprice, I would to heaven all my past caprices had had so worthy a cause ! Every day I find this man, I do not wish to name him,* more worthy of my esteem, and I feel for him a kind of respect that I never have felt in my life but for you. I tremble lest I should abandon myself to a passion that frightens me. I strive to persuade myself I must ever remain mistress of my reason, and I think already of the future, and am restrained, and uneasy. Nobody knows of my interest, although, as I have already written to you, all the women want him, for he is the only modish man in

* She had already named him in previous letters.

England, and even at home they have scarcely a notion of the affair. Whether he be truly at my feet or no, he comes every evening to our house at the hour of conversation. His attitude is gracious, but he does not reveal too marked a preference for me. We then see each other two or three times a week in secret. He has a thousand regards and attentions for me, but I see that he has not that perfect confidence that I could wish to inspire in him. He takes the affair of M.* very much to heart, and there's no offer of money nor support that he has not made to me on his behalf, to induce me to follow his advice. What say you, Memmo? Does such a man displease you? Ah! believe me, I shall love you all the more if I love him; and meanwhile I mingle you and him together in my heart, with an infinite tenderness. A man that resembles you, dear Memmo! A thousand other things, besides what I have indicated, compel me to find more and more resemblance in your two characters.

'The other Wednesday I pretended to go to dine two miles from town with Miss Nancy's sisters; then, sending word to them alleging another engagement, I went to his house, and sent up word to him. He was closeted with a Minister, from whom he escaped, and putting on an ordinary coat, he left the house on foot. I followed him at a distance, in order not to be observed by his numerous servants, until we entered a little house of which he has the key. There we dined, and a bottle of champagne put us in so intimate an humour, we unbosomed ourselves to each other of all our affairs, and were moved to the point of shedding tears

* Does this refer to Magali's theatrical enterprises?

for one another. How happy a state, if this confidence and reciprocal security had lasted longer ! But he has doubts of me, and I of him.

‘ The greatest ladies of the country are mad about this man. They are young, they are beautiful, and very weak, for lack of nerves, and are vanquished at the first shock. He himself is gracious, magnificent, of high rank, and admirably placed, thanks to the confidence of the King his master, who is adored, and of the great. He is 28 years old, loved by the Court, esteemed by the Ministers. He never speaks of his successful affairs, but all the jealous women who have been unable to conquer him speak of them. I must tell you of a characteristic action of his.

‘ When scarcely of age, he loved a beautiful girl, of good birth, but discredited by a thousand notorious indiscretions. Their connection lasted a long time, and was perhaps the most secret that this woman ever had, although she no longer stood in need of secrecy. A young baronet, however, became enamoured of her, and the woman led him into marrying her, but had many things to hide from him. My friend paid her debts, became a friend of the husband, and lent him the necessary money for the marriage, because he was under age. My friend wept and was in despair, but has never seen the woman again.

‘ How does this seem to you ? Ah ! forgive me if I only speak to you of him. ’Tis your compassion I want and that’s why I present this man under his true colours. Advise me ; help me to be distrustful ; tell me that perhaps his heart is not as true as it seems. You are my one friend, and ever will be as long as you live. Tell me of your affairs. Oh, if only I could see you !

‘ My brothers, a week from Monday, go to the University. All, all of us greet you. Farewell.’

There could no longer be any doubt; here was not esteem, but love. Would Andrea be sympathetic, in virtue of the alleged resemblance to himself? London and the social round acquired new charms for Giustiniana, who now lost sight of her former longing to be presented at Court. The days passed swiftly, between conversations that were not invariably amusing, and numerous shows and concerts.

‘ . . . Two conversations and two concerts. Of the former I have already said enough that’s bad; of the others enough cannot be said. The other evening there was a benefit for the Portuguese Rodriguez, the guitarist, I have already told you of him, unless I am mistaken. I have never heard anything to equal the performance of this man. He has often been to see us with La Mattei, and each time was an enchantment. Almost all the nobility were at his benefit, and tickets cost a guinea each. There were certainly more than 400 people, and all paid double. Some of the tickets were worth 20 guineas to him. Besides this, he goes to play privately to the ladies in many houses, and will not be paid. Everybody sat as quietly as if it had been a concert, and a dance, that was to have followed, finished by everybody looking at one another, because no Lady would be the first to take the floor.

‘ Last night I went to another benefit, where there were only 40 people. We perished with cold, and never in my life have I been so impatient, although Magali and Tenducci sang, with two others. There was a cantata composed by

the King of Prussia. To-night I have another cursed concert, from which I cannot escape, because the tickets were given me by a Lady, but paid for with my own money, you know the way ! It is the custom. You cannot imagine how we are tormented, and how we torment others, to take tickets. There is endless patronage and canvassing. . . .' (London, February 15, 1760.)

But now Bettina began to be a dangerous rival for Giustiniana, who in Paris had boasted that she far outshone her sisters. Bettina had become a beauty, and interested a number of men. Meanwhile, Lady Wynne was again at daggers drawn with Lord Holderness on the subject of her sons. Holderness had sent them up to Cambridge, where their mother bitterly resented the inevitable influence of a Protestant tutor. But Giustiniana was little concerned with all this ; between her love for Lord Thomas near at hand, and her friendship with Memmo in Venice, she was fully occupied :—

'I am still enchanted with my Man. He is the most charming there is here, and the best. We see each other, we tell each other every kind of affectionate thing. Alas ! Are we perfectly sure of ourselves ?

'But as for me, I am sure of being your friend. Farewell.'
(*Ibid.*)

But, despite local distractions, Memmo was not convinced that resemblance to himself would justify relations considerably more serious than the Brussels caprice. When he understood, from Giustiniana's letters, that he was passing into the category of friends, whilst the other was

entering that of lovers, he stopped writing. Two mails went by without news from him. Giustiniana understood and tried to remedy the consequences of her excess of sincerity. She wrote :—

‘ London, March 21, 1760.

‘ MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘ I had two letters from you by the post, and since then there have been two mails with no word from you. Behold the consequence of your friendship. With such a bond masked by deceit, one believes one can allow oneself a certain negligence. Had we chosen another, sweeter and more exact, perhaps we should have made an error in words, but at least our subjection would have been stronger, and in consequence we should have given each other our news more often ; and perhaps we should have had greater pleasure in giving than receiving. In short : I am a little put out by your silence, and it enrages me that the fair name of friend should save you from my ill-humour. I have yet another reason to be annoyed with you, and that is the injustice you do me by believing that, if you had come here, I would not have received you with all the affection I profess. Ah, my God, how unjust you are ! Come, and make trial of my sentiments, and you shall judge of them afterwards. Having become firm from necessity, your friend from sentiment, faithful from choice, you have the right to expect my tenderest transports. I should at once have made you acquainted with the man whom, after you, I esteem above all others, and who is dearest to me. I should no longer have distinguished the

lover, and you would both have been my friends.* What happiness! what pleasure would be mine, to see myself between those two dear beings! There would have been no preference, because I should have omitted all that could give rise to it. Oh! God, why are you not here, to let me enjoy such pure and perfect bliss? Yes, Memmo, I am sure you would esteem one another, because I esteem you both, and know what to promise myself from either. I would be happy with this man, dear Memmo, if my mind, bored with all and always unsettled, left me free to enjoy without agitation. Mutual esteem and compassion are the foundations of our friendship; sincerity and security, too. He believes me; I almost believe in him. He is sorry for me; I respect him. What a noble soul! Ah, yes, let me say it, he is like you. As to his face, I declare there is a close resemblance, and I only say what is true, although you are handsomer. I go out almost every evening, and when I stay at home I am never alone. Thanks to this liberty, I can steal away from compliments for a few hours. . . .’

Giustiniana continues her letter by giving Memmo an account of all her social occupations. She preferred the elegant life of Paris, where at least corruption showed itself without hypocrisy, while the British aristocracy affected

* Such pseudo-Platonic ideas were very current in the eighteenth century and, of course, were as impracticable then as they are now. These philosophical ideals of a good-looking girl of 23 forcibly remind one of Rousseau’s literary extravagances in his *Confessions*, and Goethe’s novel *Die Wahlverwandschaften*. Casanova frequently resorts to this type of language and sentiment between the caresses. (*Translator’s Note.*)

an austerity which numerous indiscretions and slanders sadly refuted.

‘I could tell you of certain noisy meals and innumerable and insupportable parties, but I fear to communicate my disgust to you. I was at one rout, where my whole pleasure consisted in criticism and mockery, and in amusing myself with a little lady who was with me, and with the baron, happy when one of us first discovered a caricature amongst the company, at whom we had to laugh.

‘The other evening I was at Lady Northumberland’s,* where there were more than a thousand people. The house is large, magnificent and very well lit,† and there are the finest pictures one can see. Among others, there is a famous picture by Titian, of a family called Cornaro, and in the great hall are copies of the finest pictures in Rome. Some of the guests played as in duty bound, others walked about in search of distraction, and in the end all were bored. I was of this number, and unfortunately could not have my carriage before midnight. What use was it for me to hear that I was beautiful, and to admire a bow less awkward than is generally seen here, if you only speak to those whom you know already and if they play at cards like every one else, and you remain isolated in all the vast crowd? What a life! You cannot conceive how slanderous these women are amongst themselves. They know nothing

* The Duchess of Northumberland was a keen gambler. Casanova met her at a whist party of Lady Harrington’s; he had known her son, Earl Percy, in Turin, from whom he obtained a jewel-studded portrait of the Duchess as a letter of introduction.

† It was demolished some fifty years ago when the present thoroughfare of Northumberland Avenue was made.

of friendship ; the most intimate friends are called by the vilest of all names. You understand me. I cannot tell you what I have heard in this respect. Never, certainly, will I form a friendship with any one of them, and I treat them all with ceremony.

‘The other evening I was at the Opera with a certain old lady of quality. The next day another woman said to me : “Be careful, Miss Wynne, not to show yourself in public with that woman. She is a Lesbian. At home, treat her as you like, there’s no harm in it.” Such is the etiquette of the country. You receive some dishonoured woman, and you go to her house : there’s no harm in it : all that matters, is that you must not visit public places with her. All the women are Lesbians, and the vice is necessary to them because of the neglect with which the men treat them.* What think you of this ? A new book has appeared at The Hague, *Les Œuvres du Philosophe de Sans-Souci*, that is to say, the King of Prussia. They are odes, with, at the end, a poem on the art of war. It is read here like a relic. I have had one of the first copies ; but it is very new, and I should like to lend it you. Ah, how many things I should like !

‘Send me news. We have been dull here for a month. Give me the pleasure of your letters. I have heard no more of Gream. Greet Madame Cecilia from me and ask her orders. I dare not write to her myself. Adieu.’

After fresh allusions by Memmo to her love-affairs,

* This vice was probably quite as prevalent in France. (See the *Espion Anglais*.) Ironically enough, Casanova states that the Venetians were particularly addicted to it. (*Memoirs*, Edition Garnier, vi, 175, etc, and elsewhere.) (*Translator’s Note*.)

Giustiniana hastens to declare that her love for Lord Thomas is very different from that which had bound her to Andrea. She awaited with impatience the arrival of General Gream,* who was coming from Venice, and who, she hoped, would give her news of her friend and his amours. She proposed sending Memmo a new portrait of herself, in place of that which she had sent from Paris, which had not pleased him.

Her love for the noble Lord, however, had nowise altered Giustiniana's theory of marriage. She even tried to marry off Lord Thomas, following the example of Madame de Saint-Aubin, who had had the same idea when she assisted La Pouplinière in his intentions. A married man was a safer lover than one who was free, and who could change his mistresses as often as he wished without being accountable to anyone :—

‘ . . . My love-affair continues ; and it seems that we really love one another ; but I have nothing to tell you of but quarrels, reconciliations, jealousies and whims, ordinary things and of no importance. I have taken it into my head to marry him off, and I have made my choice. But the thing seems difficult, because the little person is excessively sly despite his vast wealth. If she does not fall in love with him, it will certainly be my fault ; and it is the most ridiculous thing in the world to see the pains I am at to make him agreeable to her. ’Tis a girl that esteems me ; she is well-read, and has enjoyed a most careful education, but is unused to the way of the world. And this is the only satisfaction I can hope to have. What do you think

* Probably Graeme or Graham : both Giustiniana's and the transcriber's orthography were bad.

of my notion ? Does it seem to you that I love the Baron ? I firmly believe so ; but not as I loved you, you, once upon a time. Ah, what a difference ! Ah, happy rapture ! How many times have I wept for you !' (London, March 28, 1760.)

Finally General Graham arrived :—

' London, April 7, 1760.

' MY DEAR BROTHER,

' Scarcely had I heard of Gream's arrival, and I had sent out emissaries in order to be immediately informed, before I became so impatient to see him, that I was preparing to call upon him immediately, if he had not quickly come himself. On Saturday evening, the Baron brought him, and I have never had such a present from him. I spoke of you. Truly, I seemed to see something of my own in seeing him, who came from a place where you are. I ran to embrace him, then I embraced him for you, and could not have enough of him. How many questions and demands did I not ply him with in a moment ! And so, my Memmo has not forgotten me, and I have heard it said by one who has seen him, who was with him almost daily. He showed me your letter, and then, as we could not speak freely that evening, he came to see me on the following morning, which, being Easter-day, made me miss Mass, and he stayed with me from 11 o'clock to past 2. What a good man ! At present he's my only love, although he is 60. I should be glad, indeed, if I could have him with me this evening at the Comedy ; all this happiness is because he has spoken to me of you, because you alone occupy my thoughts. I would I could send you something

that should please you. I am beside myself, and, by God, I love you still too much. I am afraid of growing bored, even with the B. I love him, he loves me, we see one another in peace ; peaceful are our pleasures, and although I invent vexations, little squabbles, disputes, and doubts, to keep us from dullness, I much fear it may all be an illusion. But I am very satisfied with him and in this country I see no man who could have pleased me more. I must ask Gream whether he thinks him a little like you. . . .

‘ Gream makes me laugh, by assuring me you are still a lover of all the ladies ; it follows, then, you are not the lover of any one. Giustiniana can still be dear to you. I seem to see you as you were before you really were mine. How fine and free a life was yours, and ever will be ! But take care of your health, I beseech you, because, being so universal, and so smiled on, you might meet with some disgrace. Adieu. I am wordy, and you always send me but two lines, which seem written in haste, and are enough to distract the most patient soul in the world, the more so when one guesses the true reason for your hastiness. . . .’

It certainly appears as if Giustiniana’s love for Lord Thomas was on the wane. . . . And by consequence, she went back to her first impressions, that England was the land of ennui. At a dinner at which she was present, the guests were kept at table for three long hours ; wherefore, when invited again by the same host, she preferred to spend two hours ‘ in a more private company’. . . . The Italian Opera no longer flourished, Vaneschi, the impresario, having bolted with the cash-box, leaving the unfortunate company destitute. Performances continued to be given

at the expense of certain creditors, but with small prospect of success. The English nation did not follow the events of the Seven Years War with much interest, and showed little inclination to celebrate the new Anglo-Prussian victories. More interest was displayed in trials of Lord George Sackville* and Lord Ferrers,† the latter of whom was condemned to death for homicide.

‘ . . . The Earl of Ferrers, a member of one of the oldest noble families in the Kingdom, was condemned to death on Friday. His case was tried before all the Peers, with the utmost solemnity and magnificence. Some would have it my Lord was mad ; but he is barbarous and frantic by nature. He killed his steward with a pistol, and the crime had been premeditated a fortnight past, nor was ever murder committed in circumstances so barbarous. All London flocked to the trial. The ladies were in their best clothes, and the House was draped in fine red cloth, and was crowded. I never saw a finer spectacle. My Lord’s situation was horrible ; but the magnificence of the thing, and the diversity of matters, were such, that the death of the poor man was the last thing to which one gave a thought. . . . My Lord Ferrars must be either hot-

* Lord George Sackville (1716-1785) was the third son of the Duke of Dorset. He was court-martialed for not having pursued the enemy with the English cavalry after the battle of Minden. He was created Viscount in 1782.

† The 4th Earl Ferrers (1720-1760) killed one of his servants in an outburst of fury. He was hanged at Tyburn by a silken rope—a questionable privilege of the House of Lords—by order of his fellow-peers.

tempered to the point of madness, or stupid beyond belief. He seemed perfectly unmoved by the proceedings. . . . He will complete his destiny on 5th May. . . ' (London, April 22; 1760.)

Giustiniana, in the meantime, had made up her mind to write no more to Memmo if he persisted in his silence. She declared so to Graham at the Duchess of Northumberland's. But she must have heard from him at last, for ten days after this statement, on May 3rd, having just returned from an outing in the country, she wrote again, although briefly, to her friend. Then followed long interruptions in the correspondence: someone, beyond a doubt, was making it his business to destroy or lose their letters; Memmo sent his to Lord Thomas, and if the envelope was double, it is probable that the lover sometimes sought to assure himself that his Venetian friend was no longer a rival. Certain it is that, if at first he had not the hardihood to read Memmo's letters, the opportunity was eventually afforded him to do so without too much scruple. One June afternoon, Giustiniana, clad in the flimsiest of garments, a short camisole, on account of the tropical heat then being experienced in London, was writing to Memmo. She was tracing the last lines of her letter, when Lord Thomas was announced. Despite her intimacy with him, she was unwilling to receive him in so free a *négligé*, and fled into the next room to slip on a dress and perhaps give a touch to her hair. Lord Thomas waited in the drawing-room, where his eyes suddenly alighted on the letter, which Giustiniana, in her hasty flight, had left lying on the writing-table. To profit by so fair an opportunity seemed

but a mild indiscretion to the visitor ; and he read what follows :—

‘ London, June 3, 1760.

‘ MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘ I promised to write you a long letter, but know not whether I shall be able to keep my promise. I have much to do to-day. Take what comes. What would you, dear Memmo ? Gream will perhaps have arrived, he has been away a long time, and that makes it impossible for me to attend immediately to Signora Marietta. But do me the pleasure of telling her, that if she persists in her idea of having the cloak, I will seek a sure opportunity of sending it to her, and will not let it go by. But I must warn her that the cloaks here are nothing marvellous, nay more, Italian cloaks are held here in high esteem. The best stuffs, to my thinking, that are made here are called Venice moires, unless I am mistaken, and are flowered and wavy, in general very fine, but especially good for autumn and winter. Only yesterday I heard of certain cloaks that came from India, and cost 5 guineas and a half apiece. The price shows they are nothing much ; but I’ll look at them, for I need one myself, and if they are worth a thought, I’ll send you a specimen.

‘ Yesterday evening I went to Vauxhall, as I often do, and I went by water. Would you believe it ? I was very much frightened. Whether for want of being used to it, or some preconceived notion, the Thames, which at that place is no broader than our canal of the Giudecca, terrified me. A boat of the smallest kind, and a one-armed boatman, helped by his son, a child of ten, perhaps aggravated my

fears. Whatever the reason, I was the laughing-stock of the company.

‘I was yesterday morning at a noisy boxing-match, at which there were enormous wagers laid. It took place in a theatre, between an Englishman and an Irishman, who had never been to London, and had come in reply to a formal challenge which the other had sent him in Ireland. The Englishman was cruelly beaten in less than 5 minutes, although there were odds in his favour, as much as 60 to 20. The Irishman has a name for extraordinary strength, and so indeed it proved! The other had innumerable victories to his credit. Ladies do not go to this kind of show; but as for men, all the most eminent were present, beginning with the Royal Family. It is said the Duke of Cumberland has given a place worth 50 pounds a year to the victor.

‘I hear to-day that Voltaire is not dead, at which I rejoice exceedingly, even on my own personal account. I shall tell you no news of the war, because, I swear it, it is scarcely mentioned, and with the exception of men in office and such as have something at stake, others scarcely allude to it. I believe I have never spoken of it with the Baron; but I’ll try to hear something, and will let you know. But be well assured there’s more curiosity in Venice about these matters than here, where they are really of importance. It may be that the English speak of it among themselves. It may be, too, that they are tired of it.

‘It is not at all true that we are returning; at least not so soon. Riccardo is ill. Mother is not well, nor is Tonina; they are in the country, and do not think of such a thing.

I am there myself, but I often come to Town and lose no opportunity of diversion when I am there.

‘I have learnt with great regret of the death of good Procurator Emo ;* and I find that in the majority of minds there is always a feeling of regret for the loss of great men.

‘Greet little Car—— for me if he is still in Venice ; divert him ; tell him that Dolgorouki was here for a few days ; that he is still loved and that we all mention him frequently. Your apprehensions, in case I should go to Venice, please me enormously. All preach matrimony to me if I should stay here ; but I know not yet how I shall decide. As to husbands, I rule them all out without exception, everywhere ; I only think of choosing some spot to live in to my taste, where I may be free. If I come to possess six or eight hundred pounds sterling a year, as I am led to hope, I can live well anywhere. That article assured, I’ll let you into all my plans, and will ask your advice. You know that I love you, and you know I have ever esteemed you.

‘Greet Marcellotto and Martinelli,† if they remember me. Farewell.’

When he had read this letter through, Lord Thomas replaced it on the writing-table. Giustiniana appeared, and had to face the infuriated jealousy of her friend, who hotly accused her of deceit, lightness and treachery. This violent and furious man no longer resembled him whom she had known hitherto. He had taken particular offence

* Giovanni Emo, Ambassador at Constantinople, elected Procurator in 1724.

† A satirical poet, relative of Calzabigi. Casanova met him in Paris three years later.

at the words ' You know that I love you ' and the indication of her approaching departure. Giustiniana defended herself, declaring that Memmo was a true friend and nothing more, that the Baron already knew it, and had even agreed to it. The quarrel lasted for more than two hours, through a storm of noisy words and tears. Peace was finally concluded on the understanding that from that day forwards Giustiniana should allow her English friend to read all that she wrote to Memmo and all the letters which she might receive from him. Giustiniana's ' obligations ' to Lord Thomas made her deem it wiser to bow her head and agree to this pact. But she immediately sent Andrea the letter, creased and torn by the noble Lord, and warned him to be careful in future not to reveal his real sentiments, and above all not to seem aware of her relations with the Englishman :—

' Should you wish to say you have heard tell of it, you may do so ; but he would never forgive me if he knew that I myself had been able to reveal the secret.'

But Memmo was weary of writing to one so fully taken up with other loves. He went to Padua for the Saint's Day festival, he went to the Opera, where Buranello's *Soliman* was being presented, and he spent his time parading his graces for the benefit of the ladies. He wrote no more to Giustiniana. She bids him note that ' there is a post in Padua too, and one can write from there ' ; and to revenge herself, she only sends him a few lines, when she could have written him a long letter : ' I punish you in the only way I can.'

To chastise her in his turn, in the only way he could,

for her amorous diversions in London, he sent her a detailed account of his more recent successes. To make his revenge complete, he declared that he was tired of easy gallantries, and wished to choose a lady for his mistress; and he asked Giustiniana herself to judge between three beauties of the Venetian aristocracy, whose conquest, thanks to his physical and intellectual qualities, he considered easy.

To this audacious proposal Giustiniana responded as follows :—

‘London, July 20, 1760.

‘MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘Sure, the world cannot hold a more brazen man than you. Did I not know you well, were I less intimately acquainted with the details of many of your successes, had I not had experience of your incomparable skill, your master-strokes and, if you will too, of the merits that distinguished you in person, manners and mind; if, finally, I had not known that, although there may be other agreeable men in Venice, you surpass them all, because you are free from their fatuity, follies, and insipidity, I should say that never in my life have I seen a man *plus ridiculement Gascon que toi*. What! You tell me you are tired of easy, everyday gallantries, and almost that your innumerable successes incommode you, and then you gravely assure me you must needs find a mistress to love who lives in an agreeable circle, so that you may not be bored in the intervals; and you are unable to decide, forsooth, which to pick of the three most charming and difficult women in your country. And finally, the better to show me your irresolution on the subject, and the confidence you have in your prowess, you invite me to fix your choice myself, and by the turn

you give to this remarkable request, I ought truly to be obliged to you for it, as if it were the greatest proof of your friendship, and you promise yourself a certain victory by virtue of the courage you'll derive from my choice. I do not understand you yet. Is it your wish to revenge yourself on me? Or would you put me to the test? Are you perhaps trying? . . . Oh! no . . . But what can I say? What must I resolve to do? Is it possible you still are willing to stir me so from afar, and at the very moment when I am ready to love another? And for my misfortune, I have only you in my heart, and now I feel that you would have me for ever abandon all my claims on you, and would wring from me, with consummate, hateful skill, the sentence of my own eternal fall. It is true, that for some time past I have claimed no tenderness from you; but it is no less true, that if I returned one day to Venice, which is not impossible, changed in appearance, altered even in my very features, offering myself to you as a new woman, I could then claim you again. Who knows? In such a case I could be sure finally that you had not found another Giustiniana, while pursuing all women as was ever formerly your way; but that, your heart being still free, the traces which I have imprinted there had not been effaced by any woman of equal worth. And yet I must decide, since in the circumstances in which I am, either I should do you an injustice by refusing my advice, or I should run the risk, by leaving you to choose, of your choice being one that would displease me, and of losing, on account of my vanity, that you take so strange a way of flattering, the satisfaction which, in a certain measure, might compensate for the rest.

‘I confess this thought has filled my mind for several hours, because I must think how not to fail you, you who have placed so much confidence in me, if you speak the truth. And why should you not? I am certain you do not tell me in mere idle jest, that you intend seducing these three ladies that most please you and on whom, you say, you have not yet delivered an assault in form solely because you were wholly occupied with me. I never could believe, although you do not freely open your mind, that you would not wish to taste the pleasure of triumphing over resistances of such importance. They are necessary to your glory, and since I must needs advise you, it seems to me you should decide to attack all the three one after the other, or all the three together, for you are fully capable of doing so, rather than content yourself with one alone. You tell me that you failed with one of them after my departure, through your want of address, and with another for lack of opportunity. Try first, then, with the latter, and next with the former; and if you be not moved to decide in favour of either of the two, then prepare to triumph with the third. You desire to live publicly, to frequent their house and circle, because you grow weary of the inconvenience entailed by secret gallantries, and you would have your mind at rest though your heart be occupied. I much fear C—— will not fulfil your desires. She is well-looking, the best made of the three, but, if I remember aright, you were by no means certain of her intellect. She has an intolerable husband, who lives with her, and her circle seems not to me to be of a kind most suited to you. B——, who cannot be called beautiful, but who is worth a dozen beauties put together, and, perhaps, would engage your

vanity and mind better than the other, lives too secretly to conform to your new system ; nor do I know that she has a formed circle of acquaintance, or lives at ease with her family, or is free to come and go as she likes. I only know that all her relatives would be openly your enemies, and that she has the least complaisant of husbands, who, like the other, would never leave you in peace.

‘ You therefore see that I incline to believe C—— as well as B—— would be more adapted to your usual system than to the new system you propose embracing. As for M——, I have other objections to offer. It seems to me to be your wish to love and be loved somewhat coolly ; and I assure you, that if one day you fell in love with her, you would be faced with the most violent, burdensome passion imaginable. She is too beautiful, has too much life in her, too much charm, too much inconsequence, too much devilry, not to possess you utterly by degrees. The hidden confidence which she has long blindly had in you ; her friendship with C—— ; the ardent passion she has had and perhaps still cherishes for a single man, are further obstacles. I should want courage to attack her ; but my taste would incline towards her.

‘ Of the three advices that I give you, choose that which most pleases you. If you decide for the two first, I can flatter myself, as it seems to me, that I shall not lose you for ever ; if you adopt the last, I am willing still to hope, by reason of the strong opposition you will encounter. The bitter jest you told me of, which she made to you, compels me to believe her opinion of you is not of the highest. But your valour redoubles when you are piqued, and, if you succeed in vanquishing her, you will enjoy a

double triumph ; and I think, from the picture you draw me of her and her present situation, you are disposed to try your fortune in that quarter, without waiting for my advice. But do as you wish, for I vow I have no strength left to tell you anything further. I know I am lost ; I feel the grief of it, yet perforce I yield. What more do you desire ? To triumph over me ? I must add, of necessity, that the B[aron] had to see your letter, and mine, which I pretended to write to you but tore up, in which I decided with less evident sorrow in favour of M. But he was very pleased to learn, from your letter, that no further bond exists between us that need inspire him with real jealousy ; and were it not for the risk you would incur, in corresponding with a foreign minister, I could wish that through the medium of letters you might become the best friends in the world. You are made for one another, and I have tried to prove to him that even in your vagaries you are alike. . . . Meanwhile, know, for my glory, that, since your last letter, I love this man less, whom I should love more and more. Farewell.'

Giustiniana was trapped ; old jealousies revived, and were sharpened by new suspicions. She dreaded the thought of a new love which might detach her for ever from the Memmo who, more than any other, still caused her heart to beat. She tried hard to persuade herself that the cold calculation of a love submitted to the jurisdiction of a third party must prove that it was not inspired by an irresistible passion ; and she failed to see how ridiculous was the position in which Andrea had placed his mistress of yesterday by asking her to select his mistress of to-

morrow. But the danger was too real ; she grew frightened of this M——, whom we imagine beautiful, vivacious, full of charm and wit, a little wild, perhaps, an old friend of Memmo's and no novice at the game of love. The terrible suspicion dawned and grew in Giustiniana that Memmo had already chosen.

And who may they have been, the three more or less impregnable fortresses which the young patrician proposed to storm according to all the rules of amorous strategy ? C—— was certainly Marietta Corner, whom Giustiniana had already suspected. B—— and M—— seem to have been designated by the initial letter of their Christian names rather than by that of their surnames. It is difficult to hazard any conjecture as to the first. But, as regards M., I believe I can pierce the veil. Might not the C., referred to as her friend, be Giacomo Casanova, the common friend of Giustiniana and Andrea ? And might not M., then, be Maria Teresa Dolfin Zorzi, who knew Casanova, and was perhaps one of the causes of his sojourn under the Leads, since the State Inquisitor, Antonio Coldumer, was at her feet at the same time ? This clever and exceedingly beautiful woman was certainly on closer terms than those of friendship with Casanova. She wrote to him in Paris after his celebrated escape, expressing her joy at that happy event. Maria Teresa's husband, Marc' Antonio Zorzi, was more complaisant and less of an obstacle than the husbands of the other two candidates ; the conquest of his wife was therefore easier. He was a man of letters ; a writer of poems in the Venetian dialect who, after a failure in the theatre, ranged himself among the partisans of Goldoni, with Memmo, Casanova, Antonio Braidà, and Zuanne Simonetti ;

and had he not displayed as much pleasure as his wife when news of Casanova came from Paris? Before such a husband and the charms of the beautiful Zorzi, how should the memory of Giustiniana avail to retard the inevitable?

And her mood grew more and more despondent.

A certain number of houses had been opened to the Wynnes as a result of Lord Holderness's kindness on their behalf, and this had enabled them to go out a little. But gradually the instability of such improvised relations became apparent, and the three sisters were left isolated. They had ceased to be a novelty to the fickle world of fashion, and this, no doubt, was the principal cause of their isolation. But there were others, no less calculated to weaken their position in a society so puritanical and careful of appearances. Lady Wynne, urged on by her Irish confessor, was too uncompromising in her avowed hostility to Protestantism. Her quarrels with the one real friend of her family, Lord Holderness, on the subject of her sons, were foolish, and Giustiniana's heart-to-heart talks and parties with Lord Thomas Robinson were not regarded with a kindly eye. If London was not conspicuously more moral than other cities, it was not immoral to the point of admitting within its doors a sort of young ladies who too clearly belonged to the category of *demi-vierges*. And Giustiniana decidedly knew not the art of saving appearances or curbing her inclinations. There was no further talk of their presentation at Court.

Lord Holderness, tired of his eternal disputes with Lady Wynne, finally abandoned his post of guardian and left the family to its own destinies. At the same time, Giustiniana's love for Lord Thomas ceased. It is possible, indeed, that

his was the first to cool, that he wearied of Giustiniana's inconstancy, and of hearing her sigh when she thought of the distractions of her distant Memmo. It may also be that he left her for another woman. A certain episode in the *Moral Essays*, related by Giustiniana as having occurred to a different person, refers, perhaps, to this period of her life. The incident which befell this unknown person was as follows :—

“ She danced ‘ like an angel.’ Ill-fortune would have it that she should go to a ball wearing shoes that were too tight and caused her acute discomfort. She danced, so the story proceeds, with a gallant cavalier, who was making love to her. And, while executing a *pas de chassé*, she lost her balance and fell face downwards on to the floor. The fall signalled her disgrace. A lady, having helped her to rise and to readjust her hair, added to these good offices a smile so winning that the cavalier was deeply moved ; and, for the rest of the evening, that smile afforded him innumerable distractions. And the little dark lady of the smile ended by robbing the other of her cavalier.”

The author finishes her story in the first person : “ After such a calamity, I took care to wear comfortable shoes.” May it not have been Lord Thomas who was seduced by the beautiful brunette ?

All Giustiniana's amorous illusions were crumbling away. Lady Wynne began to realise that the London air did not suit her family and that a return to Venice would be opportune.

It was true that the changeable English climate had not proved beneficial. At the end of March, 1760, all the

Wynnes were suffering from sore throats, though Giustiniana was but mildly indisposed; sore throats were 'in vogue' at the moment in London. Tonina, however, unless Giustiniana exaggerates, was seriously affected, likewise Riccardo. But on the 3rd of June, as we have seen, the question of returning to Venice was not seriously under consideration.

In July, Giustiniana was ill in bed. On August 5th she wrote to Andrea through the medium of 'a Florentine,' moderating her language in a letter dictated to a stranger, and merely sent him tender greetings from her bed, 'where perspiration continues freely and gives good hope.' She describes her condition in a later letter:—

'Imagine me the victim of a glacial cold over the heart, which runs through all my bones, and almost takes away my breath, while my limbs burn like fire, and great drops of sweat appear, yet I shiver continually. The attacks are acutest in the evening, and often last for more than two hours, during which time I give myself up for dead. The approach of death must certainly be like this. . . .

'If I get up, I am at once seized by this illness, of which the doctors seem to be greatly afraid.

'I had an attack yesterday evening, and it lasted all night, nor has it left me at this present moment as I write. The internal chill continues. I know not what will be the end of it.' (London, August 12, 1760.)

Giustiniana then announced their approaching return:—

'I can now assure you we shall return to Italy. We received permission to do so yesterday, on account of the ill-health of my brothers and, to tell the truth, of all of us.

We think of leaving, if possible, at the end of this month or at the beginning of next. The authorisation is for eighteen months, not a day more, and my brothers will have a tutor with them, appointed by the Court of Chancery and our relatives, at two hundred pounds sterling, with board besides. I do not say how permission was obtained, nor how Mother set about it. I will explain all to you by word of mouth.' (*Ibid.*)

The manner in which 'permission was obtained' at the inspiration of the wily Lady Wynne is revealed in the *Moral Essays*. Having made up her mind to leave London, Lady Wynne obliged her daughters to wash their faces in a mixture of water and saffron, prepared by the Irish priest. Which inspires us with a suspicion that there was perhaps a good deal of exaggeration in the accounts sent by Giustiniana to Memmo of her family's ailments. Her letters passed, as always, through various hands, and were thus liable to the scrutiny of indiscreet eyes. It may well be, therefore, that her realistic description of her own sufferings was composed expressly for the benefit of the suspected eavesdroppers, especially in view of her undertaking to tell the whole story later by word of mouth to her Venetian friend.

Nevertheless, and in spite of everything, the thought of leaving England saddened Giustiniana. Even the isolation and distresses of the latter part of her sojourn in London had not wearied her of a country that was specially dear to her, and for which she declared that she felt a true 'vocation'; she wished to be English first and foremost, as her father had been, whom she always held in affectionate

remembrance. She had at first been opposed to the little plot contrived by her mother and the priest; but in the end she fell into line with them.

She may have been apprehensive of returning to Venice, where the slander of which she had been the subject would not have been forgotten, and might revive upon her return. Lady Wynne felt a similar anxiety. She had taken Memmo back into her good graces, and no longer sought to forbid Giustiniana 'a pure and decent friendship,' after the proofs of fidelity given by their friend. And she now asked him to find a lodging for them in Padua, where they would stay ten days before choosing a house in Venice. Or so, at least, she said. It is more probable, in my opinion, that she wished first to know from others, and from Memmo himself, whether they were likely to find the same cordiality in Venice which had formerly surrounded them.

Giustiniana, then, had her misgivings with regard to a new sojourn in Venice: she had had enough of disillusion in London, where she had been undeceived as to the fidelity of the English. And through the medium of Memmo she recommended the latter's new mistress, and 'the Signora Cecilia,' to beware of taking English lovers. But she hoped at least to find once more in Andrea the friend, the counsellor. . . .

 CHAPTER XI

Giustiniana's depression—Departure at last—Short stay in Paris—Giustiniana buys a present for her rival in Lyons—Crossing of the Alps and halt at Milan—Arrival in Padua—Giustiniana's disillusionment—Return of her depression—Caterina Barberigo's courtesy—Visit of the three foreigners—The return to Venice dispels Giustiniana's depression.

As the day of their departure drew near, Giustiniana's doubts about Memmo's fidelity increased in painfulness. For lack of anything better, she would have been satisfied with fraternal friendship. That she would never abandon. . . . But would Andrea be willing to see her again? She knew that he was tied now to a mistress, who appeared more and more dangerous as she considered her beauty and intelligence. Would she not stand in the way of a secret friendship? The lovely Maria Theresa would have small difficulty in thwarting their most cunning subterfuges. All these conclusions made her realise that her stay in Venice might prove difficult :—

‘ You ask me for my feelings about my return? Ah! Memmo, let me still be silent. Let what follows suffice, but say not a word of it to any living soul. If I thought I was to live in Venice, I would not come; and I feel all that you could say to me. I have a plan; I will tell you

all ; at present I cannot speak. Let it be enough meanwhile for you to know that I am going to Venice, but that Venice is not for me. I hope you will ever remain my friend ; I shall never claim more of you, nor do I now. But I cannot deny it displeases me to have advised you to attach yourself to the Signora M——. I know not why, but I should prefer to know that you were free, although no longer mine. Who knows that jealousy will not rob me of my friend ? Too well I love the woman I found worthiest in Venice to succeed me in your heart. I am, as you say, the chief cause of your new attachment, and I do not complain ; but I could wish you were rather, as you were before, the lover of all.’ (London, August 12, 1760.)

Giustiniana hoped to find some of her old friends again, and wished to be remembered to them. In the first place, there was the patient and kindly Abbé Marcellotto, who, she hoped, had taken her part when certain rumours had reached Venice. The good Abbé, however, as we have seen in an earlier chapter, was not without experience of Giustiniana’s amorous imprudences, and must certainly have had his doubts. Giustiniana also sent greetings to the first of her elderly admirers, Smith, and assured him of ‘her ever warm friendship.’ Perhaps she would not have frowned just then on a closer relationship. But besides the fact that he was married,* which for a gentleman of the eighteenth century would have been no obstacle to a

* Smith had married Elizabeth Murray, daughter of the English Resident. He left her his palazzo, which she sold in 1775 to Caterina da Mula Pisani.

liaison, Smith, when the Wynnes reached Venice, was near the end of his life. Giustiniana also sent greetings to her Aunt Fiorina.

Meanwhile Giustiniana's ills, real or imaginary, did not cease. She was tormented with "hypochondria."

'I suffer from that too, so that you will find me a mere caricature of the Giustiniana you once knew. You will also see how fat I have grown. But would it help me with you if I had become more beautiful?' (London, September 4, 1760.)

Of all her ills, the only one which we need not doubt is precisely this 'hypochondria,' the neurasthenia of the eighteenth century. Her many troubles, and above all the absence of sentimental occupation, of any real friendship, and her doubts about Memmo's affection, which, despite everything, she did not wish to lose, left her disconsolate as to the present and uncertain of the future.

The journey was postponed from day to day, owing to illness and the difficulty of obtaining passports. Giustiniana, however, notwithstanding her various complaints, took a formal leave of some of their relatives. As regards Lord Thomas she wrote to Memmo :—

'I observe you are excessively curious to know how the Baron will support the coming separation ; you shall know all on my arrival. Certain it is that he loves me. . . .' (London, August 19, 1760.)

For all her hypochondria, Giustiniana did not take away a bad memory of London. She only regretted that she had not known that city well enough, even, as she had known

Paris, from the frivolous point of view. Years afterwards, the mature and "respectable" woman recalling the days of her youth, deplored the fact that she had made no better use of her travels. . . . But the girl of 23, the ardent and romantic Giustiniana of our story, had not yet perceived, it appears, that travelling is above all an extension course in geography and history.

The Wynnes were eventually able to leave London on September 8th. Their final departure from England was still further postponed for a few days, because the boat which was to convey them to Calais was late in reaching Dover. With them travelled the tutor for the two boys, and a lady whose acquaintance Giustiniana had made at the commencement of their stay in England. This was a Miss Mendes,* member of a Catholic family, who was 32, rich, ugly, but witty and extremely cultivated. She spoke Italian badly, but understood it perfectly.

This time the Channel was propitious. The little band were at Calais on September 22nd. On the following day they left for Paris, abandoning their first idea of going to Brussels, where Giustiniana expected a letter from Memmo. She hoped to find another from him in Paris, in the hands of a certain Zoja.

Their stay on the banks of the Seine was short. Andrea's letter reached her there, entrusting her with several commissions, but also letting her understand that her welcome in Venice would not be too warm, though her ill-health was reassuring from the point of view of his new friends, since she was not 'in a position to make herself feared.'

* Perhaps a descendant of the famous Portuguese doctor, Fernando Mendes, who lived in London for a long time and died in 1724.

Who saw or was seen by the Wynnes in Paris? We hear nothing from Giustiniana, who did not find time to write to Andrea from there, and was prudently silent on the subject in her letters to others. They doubtless avoided appearing in public owing to the former scandal. Moreover, they had no real friends left amongst the Venetians in Paris, since Giustiniana had got rid of Farsetti, and Casanova had disappeared into the blue.

By the middle of October the Wynnes were at Lyons. Giustiniana there purchased a muff for Memmo's lady-love, to give pleasure to her friend, although such muffs were no longer the mode in France; but she affects the utmost indifference regarding this purchase. . . . On the 15th, the Wynnes left Lyons for Milan, and Giustiniana ended one of her brief letters as follows: 'Good-bye. Am I not in a great hurry? But what can one do? Perhaps you will not be sorry. I am but too afraid it is so.' (Lyons, October 15, 1760.) Then she had recourse to a weapon, the effect of which had previously been infallible, namely, jealousy: 'Please ask Mr Smith to be good enough to receive two or three letters which may reach him for me.' But would this allusion to a clandestine correspondence produce any effect?

Giustiniana was now addressing Memmo in the plural again. The alternating "thou's" and "you's" reflect the state of Giustiniana's and Andrea's sentiments. As soon as she sees her intimate friendship with him compromised she suppresses all intimate expressions. But she still continues to call him "My dear brother," which, now that love was at an end between them, was more in harmony with their situation than ever it had been formerly. And

the nearer she approached Italy, the more she feared that she would not even find the "brother" in him. Hardly the faintest glimmer of hope pierces the black clouds of her hypochondria.

Once the Alps were crossed, however, and the most wearisome part of the long journey was over, she hoped that the climate of her real motherland would restore her strength. Thoughts of Memmo never left her. But what were those thoughts? She told herself that once upon a time he would have come to meet her, radiant and despising all risks, as when he had followed her to Milan two years before. With what emotion would they have awaited the day of their reunion! Now the rôles were completely changed. On her departure from Venice, she had been followed by an eager, patient lover; she returning over the Alps a disdained and repudiated mistress. Don Juan pursued no longer; in his turn, he had become the disputed prize of many admirers. And Giustiniana would still have been content to find in him but a hundredth part of the flame with which he had burnt of old.

The journey from Lyons to Milan was accomplished in twelve days. The Wynnes spent only a short time in the latter city, where they met with a cordial reception from their acquaintances. Giustiniana wrote to Memmo at this time:—

‘ Milan, October 28, 1760.

‘ MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘ I wrote to you neither from Paris nor Turin, because, without being aware of it, I had imagined you would come to meet me. You will excuse me for the thought, especially

as I do but praise you for not having done anything so silly. I have had two of your letters here, and am content to know you are disposed not to leave Venice. I thank you for the expression of your feelings, and am your friend ; but I fear you, and am unwilling to expose myself to the risk of showing myself too weak again. Let them say what they will of me in Venice ; I neither ought not desire to live in Venice. I have lost all the pleasure that I used to find there, and know that I can never have it more. During my stay there, it is probable I shall live very retired. Peace of mind is all that I seek, and I am certain you will not prevent me. You know that your company will always be agreeable to me, but that I am resolved not to see you too often, even if you wished it. I have every respect for your new ties. You have made me believe I am myself the cause of them, having recommended them to you ; and you can strengthen them still further ; I could be satisfied thus ; I pray you therefore do so. Without those ties, God knows to what we should doth be exposed.

‘ I leave to-morrow morning, and in six days at most shall be at Padua, without expecting you will meet me there either. Keep well. Good-bye.

‘ We all thank you for the house that you have found for us. Your Minister here is very kind.

‘ Forgive my brevity ; but there are more than twenty people in the room, and I know not what I am doing. If there are any letters for me at Mr Smith’s, be so kind as to send them to me at Padua. Do not come to meet me there ; I forbid you. We shall see each other. I will embrace you, and will be your friend always. Will not

that be enough for you ? What more have you ever claimed or will you claim now ? Leave me in peace, and it will be the greatest of all the many obligations I am under to you. Again good-bye.'

The Wynnes, having left Milan, stopped at Verona for a day, where they were received by their friend—who was Memmo's also—the Venetian Consul, Alvise Contarini. Finally, on November 5th, at dinner-time, they reached Padua and put up in a house belonging to the Cavaliere Erizzo, which Memmo had procured for them. Giustiniana had not advised Andrea of the day and hour of their arrival. She was moved to deep emotion when she saw again the scenes of her early joys and sorrows. She was afraid of herself ; she feared lest her passion might revive, while Memmo, she knew, was too occupied elsewhere to give her more than an appearance of affection. Neglect would be better than pity ; a pure friendship would be better far than the false illusion of an insincere emotion. Therefore, Giustiniana wrote to Andrea forbidding him to come and meet her.

This provoked reproaches, perhaps not of the sincerest, from Memmo ; but they were acceptable enough to Giustiniana, whose only wish was to preserve her illusions, and who betrayed her feelings by sending her ' most respectful salutations to Signora Marietta.' But disillusionment was not long in coming, and Giustiniana could no longer deceive herself. The exaggerated precautions which she suggested became ' delicacy ' to Memmo, and this she appreciated with a certain degree of irony. Suggestions for tranquillising Lady Wynne became for Giustiniana

ruses by means of which Memmo was trying to avoid suspicion.

Giustiniana's return offered such chances for tittle-tattle in the Venetian drawing-rooms ! But how could anyone imagine that she had returned to snatch him from her rival ? She, who would so gladly help him in his loves, thus proving her nobility of soul ? She would help him in all imaginable ways, save only that of herself laying siege to her rival's husband in order to allow the other two to deceive him at their ease !

‘ Padua, November 7, 1760.

‘ MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘ I congratulate myself upon your being calmer, and therefore more assured of my friendship. Your sincerity was ever dear to me ; and you can believe it the more when it is born of such good reasons. In all things I am your true friend. I have shown you this, I think, always up to this hour ; I still swear it. I shall be the same as long as I live, and in what regards you, I shall never think otherwise. If you are satisfied with this friendship, be assured, I repeat, that it is yours for ever.

‘ I strongly feel your delicacy for what you call sparing me, and since you so wish, I am also obliged for the care that you take not to see me, and I allow the worthiness of your motive. But it makes me laugh to hear of the number of people who watch your movements so closely, and it seems to me that it would be an excellent thing to show them how wrong they were, if they thought that you were immediately going to leave Signora M—— in order to attach yourself to me again. I, too, know the country ;

but I vow once again that in returning to Italy I never had the intention of setting its customs at defiance, nor of exposing you to fresh slanders, insults, and difficulties. I shall remain here for a short while only; and, during that time, I seek nothing but peace. It is of no consequence to me, therefore, to make myself known for what I am, that is to say, as the enemy of errors, seductions, and things done by force, and even more of things that can harm, such as those which trouble the minds of feeble persons, whom I respect precisely because I cannot despise them.

‘ To cultivate my mother, that’s truly divine! Yes, I too see that that would help you without harming you. The world will perhaps accept the change, and whoever you may wish will be in security. How you wrong me, dear Memmo, by not treating me as a true friend! But let me be. The duties of friendship consist not only in satisfying, but in forewarning also.

‘ I believe I shall not so easily contract engagements. Whatever my feelings for the Baron may be, I shall try to regulate my life in such a way that he may always be pleased to call me his friend, and I attach the highest value to the friendship of such a man.

‘ I praise, I admire your gratitude, your friendship, your engagement with the charming M——, and I ought to be the first to applaud. Have no fear, I shall never hope that you may deceive her. Let her be calm and easy. And who should be more so than she? Who could be so deserving? The sacrifice which you are making her by not coming to see me displeases me. I vow that I too have a large enough soul to be able to make her a present

even of my displeasure. You are worthy of her, and she of you, and you are all the more so on account of your reciprocal attachment. If it depended upon me to assist you, I would do so with all my soul ; but I speak the truth : if it be a question of occupying her husband, I am incapable of it, and I fear that, after having lived out of Italy, I have lost the feeling for these games. And then I think that you know me to be too impatient. In all things else I will force myself to do your wishes.

‘ I say nothing of your plan of making me the friend of this dear creature ; the thing goes of itself and you can imagine my eagerness. But still, Memmo, reassure her, make a merit of my feelings, make her value the sacrifices you are making on her behalf. I swear to you that she can make herself easy.

‘ I urgently beg you to do some service to Signora Mendes, who will be the bearer of a letter to you. She is a safe woman and I beg you to see her and to show some little attention to her. She will bring you the muff. If it is not to your taste, lay the blame upon that French inconsequence which, these muffs being no longer the mode, makes them almost undiscoverable.

‘ Forgive my brevity. I ought to reply to other things, but have no more desire to do so to-day. Good-bye. Be satisfied that I treat you as a friend.’

Andrea Memmo pleaded duties, feelings, obligations of various kinds, and made pretexts, all of which hardly concealed the truth : his passion for Maria Theresa possessed him to such a point that his sole preoccupation was not to offend the lady of his thoughts, whom the mere name of

Giustiniana moved to jealousy and wrath. Giustiniana knew from experience that the quarrels that would result would be the occasion of tender reconciliations. She tried, in consequence, to hide her regrets and tears behind a veil of indifference :—

‘I also derive great pleasure from the advantage which you both will obtain from these agitations. Do you remember, Memmo, our former little jealousies of old in the early days of our love? Oh, what fond memories I have of the happy moments when we made it up.’
(Padua, November 9, 1760.)

She went so far in her generosity as to make a present to Andrea of the muff bought at Lyons for her rival :—

‘It was always my intention to make you a present of it, so say that you have paid me for it.’

She sent it by her friend, who was going to spend a month in Venice, and whom she had so insistently recommended to Memmo, in order that he might show her something of the beauties and pleasures to be enjoyed in Venice :—

‘I recommend the Mendes to you, who is not a Jewess and is witty.’ (Padua, November 13, 1760.)

Meanwhile, the lovesick Memmo was trying by every possible manner of means to remove all suspicions from the mind of the beautiful Zorzi’s husband—if ever, indeed, he had any.

Lady Wynne visited Venice and went to see Memmo, in order to ask him whether he considered it an opportune

moment for her to bring her family back, and in that case, to look for an apartment. Andrea exerted himself on her behalf. He helped her to obtain a permit to stay in Venice, and to find a house, which she prudently took for only six months, being uncertain as to the duration of their sojourn there.

Giustiniana did not consider that Venice would suit her as a residence, 'because I cannot live there with the freedom to which I am accustomed, nor should I know how to be contented, in a place where I see people affect airs of protection or superiority towards me.' She forced herself to preserve an air of indifference, which imperfectly concealed the true state of her feelings and the hypochondria that was again taking hold of her. But despite the indolence which she affected in her relations with Memmo, she wrote to him almost every day :—

' Padua, November 13, 1760.

' MY DEAR BROTHER,

' I did not write to you yesterday. Why? Indeed I know not; and I scarcely know what I have to write to you about now. Sometimes I understand you, sometimes not. Sometimes you seem to disdain me, sometimes you show yourself my friend. Sometimes you take me into your confidence; sometimes one would almost say you loved me. I know the conditions of your life, and you know mine. Why so many subterfuges? If the lady of your heart forbids you to write to me, content her. Friendship is indulgent, and I should be ungrateful if I asked you to sacrifice the least little bit of pleasure.

' This idea impressed itself on me yesterday to such a

point that I no longer wanted to write to you. Have you not sacrificed the pleasure of seeing me for her sake? The rest is of small consequence. Believe me. Let us be truthful. If we meet, I will treat you with the good grace that remembrance of my gratitude and of an unchangeable friendship will immediately inspire in me. You are obliged to live in Venice; I am not. You should therefore cultivate the Venetian weaknesses, wit and genius. I am under no such necessity. But I can approve all these points of view or proprieties in you.

‘Tell me of the King of England, the war, anything that’s new; I shall be grateful; but nothing else, I beg, and let us finish deceiving or distressing ourselves and each other. Good-bye. . . .’

On the following day, she again wrote him a few lines :—

‘Padua, this 14th Nov., 1760.

‘MY DEAR BROTHER,

‘The Post has not yet arrived to-day; for all that I am writing to you. Is it not extraordinary that I am so good? I read, and amuse myself, by boring myself as little as possible, and I find that with wanting little and even finding that little much, my time passes like anyone else’s.

‘Good-bye. This death of the King grieves me . . . but is it known for certain?’ *

Hardly had she received a new and courteous letter from Andrea, containing warm professions of friendship, before, no longer able to contain herself, she wrote to him clearly

* News had evidently just reached Venice of the death of George II.

and revealed the fire which raged beneath her studied indifference. She told him of her anxiety when arriving in Padua, and of her bitter disappointment when she found him too ready to obey her own expressed prohibitions and the wishes of another. There was the real reason for her 'inequality,' her 'violence,' her 'silly' letters. And now, in the light of his professions, she, who at the bottom of her heart loved him still, felt prepared to humiliate her vanity, her self-esteem, and ready to believe, pity and justify him, even to thank him, for if on meeting her again he had responded to her emotion, a feeling would have been rekindled which ought to be extinguished for ever :—

'Passion between us two would be a curse, and it might be rekindled on my side ; I therefore thank you again for having placed me in a condition to be able to renounce such a feeling for ever.' (Padua, November 17, 1760.)

But she could not hide her ill-humour, the 'hypochondria' that weighed upon her soul, and made every pleasure 'disagreeable or insipid.' The complaint broke out afresh, and one night it became urgently necessary to summon Doctor Berci, who qualified her sufferings as 'the effects of hysterical hypochondria.' She did not wish her mother to know it, and thus to be made aware of her daughter's tortures at the loss of her friend. Padua scarcely offered her any distractions at this time, nor, indeed, would she have been in a state to enjoy them. From time to time she wrote to Lord William Robinson, for whom she preserved a sincere friendship. But she and her sisters received certain attentions :—

'I have never spoken to you of the kindness Signora

Cattina Barbarigo has shown to us? I had the honour of going to her house to thank her, and I assure you I was surprised to find (this between ourselves) so cultivated and charming a lady. Her daughters are superb, and the one who is called Contarina, besides that, is a real beauty and therefore very like her mother, all of whose brilliant features she has, she is so graceful besides and well brought up, 'tis a real phenomenon in Italy, and would be a delight everywhere.' (Padua, November 23, 1760.)

Giustiniana could not have then foreseen that this 'phenomenon,' this 'delight,' the lovely Contarina, was to be the successor of both herself and Maria Teresa Dolfin Zorzi, and would rule over Memmo's heart for a period of twenty-five years.

One day Giustiniana received unexpected visitors.

'Padua, 20th Nov. 1760.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,

'I have not written for two days, but in truth I have not been able. Besides ill-health, a thousand and one embarrassments do not allow me a single hour to myself.

[*In another hand.*] 'At this moment Miss Wynne is receiving the visit of three Foreign Gentlemen; that is why she has not been able to finish this letter, and has charged a Provincial friend to ask you to excuse her. She requests you to press Madame her mother to find a house, since provincial places have no value in her estimation. She sends you every compliment, and I also.

'She is your loving sister.'

Two of the distinguished strangers were M. Fagel, son of the "Registrar of the States-General," and nephew of Lady Holderness, and Baron von Rosencrom, a gentleman-in-waiting of His Majesty Frederick V of Denmark. The third was a Swiss professor, Fagel's tutor. They had letters of introduction for Momolo Mocenigo and his brother, and Giustiniana wrote asking Memmo to visit them at Petrillo's Inn, where they were to stay. At the same time she requested Memmo to excuse the Mendes, whom Memmo had not found sympathetic. The Anglo-Portuguese had in fact written to Giustiniana about her lack of sympathy for Memmo, which caused Giustiniana to cool off in this direction and to regard her as a 'mischievous woman.'

Giustiniana was by now resigned to the thought of only seeing Memmo in Venice. She knew that she would have to be 'on guard against her desires'; but she would choose a room in their Venetian apartment from which she would be able to see Memmo passing, as in the days gone by, and it seems that this also mattered to Memmo.

She prepared to start for Venice in a better state of spirits and in a more hopeful mood. All the more as she perceived, with secret joy, that the idyll between Andrea and Signora Maria was becoming troubled. Had the husband at last begun to have his suspicions? Was the fair Zorzi jealous of Giustiniana's proximity? Or had a jealous rival inspired Andrea with suspicion? What remained positive was that something was wrong.

The Wynnes' luggage arrived in Milan at the same time as they received their permit to reside in Venice. Giustiniana's last lines to Memmo, before seeing him, reveal her contentment, almost her joy.

The Wynnes left Padua on 28th November. At the last moment, Giustiniana learnt that Andrea and the Abbé Marcellotto would come to meet them at La Mira, and this increased her pleasure. At Venice, she told herself, she would see her friend again, if only from the balcony. . . . Andrea, it was true, was engaged in a dangerous game, but he might perhaps return to his first love, as the proverb promises. . . . Giustiniana's sisters were also delighted, especially Bettina, who hoped to see more of the elegant Baron von Rosencrom.

 CHAPTER XII

Reunion of the two lovers—The Imperial Ambassador, Count von Rosenberg, an admirer of dancers and a lover of wine—He falls in love with and marries Giustiniana—He fails to justify his marriage and is recalled by Kauntiz—He tries to prove his wife's nobility—Giustiniana approaches Memmo—Reprimands from the State Inquisitors—Fresh attempts to have Giustiniana presented at Court—Death of Rosenberg—The Countess at Klagenfurt.

GIUSTINIANA's last letter is dated November 28th, two days before she saw Memmo again. We do not, therefore, know what were their sensations at their reunion. We can only picture Giustiniana's emotion to ourselves, when she saw once more the beloved author of her many joys and sorrows. She experienced, perhaps, some remorse for not having informed him of the birth of their child, abandoned in some orphanage or some distant Paris suburb, a living witness of their love . . . and of a woman's dishonour, in whom passion had destroyed the tender feelings of maternity. Andrea, who did not know of the penalty which Giustiniana had paid for their love, could not have experienced the same sentiments.

The Wynne family put up in the house obtained for them by Memmo. The sisters, under the superintendence of their mother, who had become more austere than ever, had to show considerable prudence in their conduct. Their

house was no longer frequented by Venetians as in former days, but rather by passing foreigners. They were careful, moreover, to receive only those who were well known and of good reputation.

It was not long before another suitor made a bid for Giustiniana's hand. Here again it was an "old man," even older than his predecessors, for he was already seventy ; and he was also more successful. Giustiniana, who had lost all hope of renewing her love-affair with Memmo, and who saw Smith married and dying, and herself abandoned by her former friends, was less difficult and, yielding to considerations of a practical nature, replied with smiles to the courtship of her ancient admirer. She could hope for nothing better than this marriage, which would give her a worthy position in life and would silence the gossip which still persisted. And what a marriage ! It was a thing to rejoice the heart of Lady Wynne, who at last saw an end to her unruly and rebellious daughter's inconsequent behaviour.

Giustiniana's new admirer was no less than Count Filippo Orsini Rosenberg, Austrian Ambassador to the Most Serene Republic. The Rosenbergs, an ancient family, who boasted with more or less justice that they were descendants of the Roman Orsinis, were Lords of Crumau and Vetinau and possessed large estates in Carinthia. Count Filippo was a fine-looking old man, aristocratic and decorative, and had been left a widower five years previously, his former wife having been a Countess von Kaunitz. The Imperial Government of Maria Theresa had entrusted him with diplomatic posts in Prussia, Portugal, and Lower Austria. Then, after serving as Imperial Ambassador in Petrograd, he had come

to Venice in the same capacity, arriving in the July of 1754.

At the time of his arrival, the Count von Rosenberg was 63 years old and still married. But neither age nor the bonds of matrimony prevented him from indulging in clandestine amours, which alone were allowed by the laws of the Republic to the ambassador of a foreign power. He frequented *ridottos* and theatres; in summer he never missed the Fair at Padua, where he found it easier to approach strangers than in Venice. It was at Padua, at the Teatro Nuova, that he met Fenaroli, Casanova's companion under the Leads. Fenaroli attributed his subsequent arrest to the Count's influence.

Gallantry of the less scrupulous kind seems to have been the rule in ambassadorial circles in Venice. The ultra-Boccaccio romance of Casanova and the beautiful M.M., the mistress of De Bernis, the French Ambassador, has been mentioned. We know from Casanova how he met Rosenberg's secretary in Padua with a lady of very questionable habits. And Rosenberg himself was no mean admirer of the dancers and singers of his day, and indulged his tastes the more freely after the death of his wife. . . . Nor were those tastes invariably of a very elevated nature. Had he not already met Memmo and Casanova in the house of Ancilla, a common harlot?

The severe Venetian laws concerning foreign plenipotentiaries lay as heavy upon Rosenberg as they had upon De Bernis. In 1758, the State Inquisitors learnt that he had dispatched a note of complaint to his Government, and had come to an agreement with the new French Ambassador, who regretted the privation of social life as much as his

predecessor, to request the Republic to abolish those laws, which the actual state of Europe no longer justified. He made many other complaints and the Inquisitors watched him carefully. Amongst other things, they noted that he had, in the course of three months, brought an enormous quantity of wine into his house. (November, 1761.)

Where did Rosenberg meet Giustiniana Wynne for the first time? Doubtless at some public festival, since, as we know, he was not allowed to frequent patrician houses. He must have been taken by storm, for matrimonial negotiations at once ensued. Giustiniana decided to accept him without a second's hesitation, and the marriage was quickly celebrated, in 1761, but with a certain secrecy. Rosenberg's name and position were scarcely in harmony with the social position of a young girl who had difficulty in proving her noble birth, and whose past could hardly bear a severe inquiry.

For this reason, the Ambassador hoped that news of his marriage would not pass beyond the confines of the Venetian lagoons. A rash hope!

The marriage did not cause him to discontinue his former habits, nor was Giustiniana disposed to renounce her own. It was already enough that the laws should prevent her renewing her relations with the noble families. Shortly after the marriage, Rosenberg acquired a box in the theatre of S. Benedetto. This led to trouble with a certain Francesco Serego, who claimed it as his own. Rosenberg was furious. As it was, he had legally to give up everything of a social nature, and the theatre was the only thing which he had left. The matter went before the Inquisitors, but was amicably settled.

News of the marriage spread, and it became known in Vienna. The Count von Kaunitz,* the principal Minister of Maria Theresa, was alarmed. He was related to Rosenberg by the latter's first wife and asked for explanations. Rosenberg replied as follows. The original is written in French.

‘SIR,

‘The confidence and special consideration that I have ever had for Your Excellency causes me to welcome the occasion that now offers of taking you into my confidence, as Your Excellency requests, and of opening my heart to you. It is true that I have married Mademoiselle Giustiniana Wynne *in secret*, for the whole of the period during which I shall be vested with the character of Ambassador. But it is not true that she is the daughter of an English merchant. The Chevalier Wynne, who died a Catholic ten years ago at Venice, was of gentle birth and a member of one of the oldest families in Wales and, while travelling through Italy, married the daughter of Count Gazzini. After his death, Mylord Holderness was appointed guardian of this family, and only a fortnight since, the two Messrs Wynne, being still minors, received orders to return to England, where the eldest has nearly £6000 sterling in the funds. From all this, Your Excellency will easily understand that the family is very noble, and I have incontestable proofs of this ; moreover, M. Andrea Memmo, a Venetian noble and of the most ancient of families, wished to marry her with the consent of all his family, but Madame Wynne, the mother, would not consent to it, because he was very

* Antonio Wenceslaus von Kaunitz-Rietberg was as modern a minister as an absolute monarchy could permit.

irregular ; in the same way the son of Mylord Grantham wished to marry her last year, but as he was Protestant, the young lady refused him. Finally to entrust Your Excellency also with the real motives for my marriage, I must confess, to my confusion, that besides the worth of the young lady, my conscience did not allow me to remain a widower. The jointure which I allow her, will the less incommode my son after my death, being only 2000 florins, which she will enjoy so long as she will bear my name, which added to her own money will enable her upon the whole to live very honourably. After this confession, it only remains for me to implore Your Excellency to be so good as to extend your protection to my wife, and to continue it always for me. It is with the highest respect and the most perfect consideration that I have the honour to be, Sir, Your Excellency's most obedient, humble servant,

‘ THE C. DE ROSENBERG.

‘ At Venice, this 21st of March 1762.’

It is curious to examine this letter from the old diplomat, repeating all that Giustiniana had led him to believe. The document is full of exaggerations and misstatements. It was never the case that Memmo obtained permission from his family to marry Giustiniana. Still less was Giustiniana disinclined to a marriage with Lord William Robinson, even though, lacking any religious scruples herself, she might have had her mother's to overcome. Curious, too, are the old sinner's scruples of conscience, when we consider his visit in broad daylight to the house of the Ancilla, whose profession and unwholesome condition were equally notorious.

But if Rosenberg proposed to keep his marriage secret during his whole time as Ambassador, he foresaw the difficulties which he would encounter from his relatives and the Court on the day when he should ask them to receive his wife. He therefore left no stone unturned to obtain the consent of his family and his Government. He spent four months in Vienna during the summer of 1763, and endeavoured to dispel all doubts as to the noble birth of his mother-in-law, her past and that of Giustiniana. But Kaunitz continued to have his doubts, and these contributed to the Ambassador's definite recall in April 1764.

Rosenberg then continued to redouble his efforts on behalf of his wife. He solicited support from Lord Sandwich in London, and Lord Stormont,* the English Ambassador in Vienna. Having realised the difficulty of proving the nobility of the merchant family of Gazzini, Giustiniana decided that at least there should be no doubt about her father. Definite proofs arrived in Venice and were transmitted to Vienna through the medium of Lord Sandwich, which stated that the late Sir Richard Wynne, Baronet of the Kingdom, belonged to one of the oldest and best-known families, which owned property in Lincolnshire and Hertfordshire, and that the present members of the family were actually living with all the dignity and style suitable to their rank. Lord Sandwich also requested the Austrian Ambassador in London, Count Seilern, to inform the authorities in Vienna of this, which he did on May 18th, 1764.

But these measures were not very fruitful, and Rosenberg

* David Murray, 7th Viscount Stormont, 2nd Earl of Mansfield (1727-1796).

bitterly complained. Nor were Giustiniana's ambitions realised, for she had to be very cautious when approaching her old acquaintances. It was even difficult for her to approach Memmo, henceforth merely a friend. By this time Contarina Barbarigo, who, as we have already seen, had so charmed Giustiniana, had already become his intimate friend, and, contrary to his usual habits, he remained faithful to her for twenty-five years, both before and after his marriage. Andrea, who was already beginning to make his mark in politics as *Savio agli Ordini* and then as *Savio di Terraferma*, took great care not to compromise himself by approaching the wife of a foreign Ambassador. But chance willed it one day that he had the Countess von Rosenberg as his neighbour at a party to which she had gone without her husband, but perhaps with her mother, in order to justify her presence better.

This was at the Palazzo Manin, at S. Salvatore. Giustiniana, who by this time affected the gravity of a lady thoroughly immersed in politics, approached Memmo and offered "her good services in the affair of the Mantua posts." She then sent him an explanatory letter through a third person. Andrea replied to this letter, in which the matter of the posts was probably only a pretext to satisfy the irresistible voice of the heart, and prudently returned the letter to the intermediary. But the thought then occurred to him that the messenger might inform the Inquisitors, and he thought it well to forestall this and to inform them himself of the interchange of correspondence which had occurred. The Inquisitors judged the case as "very grave from every point of view," and for various reasons. A patrician was legally forbidden to discuss

public affairs with the wife of a diplomat and to receive letters from her, still less to reply to them. Memmo would have merited "the most severe and solemn" punishment. But his own confession won pardon from the tribunal, and they restricted themselves to a caution, duly registered, and warned Memmo that he would be closely watched in the future. Andrea received this warning with humility and promised "the most exact obedience." * For the rest of the short time which the Rosenbergs spent in Venice, Memmo took good care to keep well away from his former mistress, or rather saw to it that she did not come near him. He was careful to have nothing to do with any other distinguished foreigners in Venice, and this must have been a great sacrifice to one so fond of society.†

Shortly after his departure from Venice, in June 1764, the Count von Rosenberg fell ill, and his state became so bad that the last sacraments were administered. But he recovered and, on July 1st, set out to rejoin Giustiniana and his domestics, who had been in Carinthia since the end of May. His successor, Durazzo, had by then arrived in Venice, and if Maria Theresa's Government had hoped that the latter would give a better example of moral conduct and dignity, they must have been sorely deceived. Scarcely a year had elapsed before Durazzo was keeping a certain

* These and other details regarding Memmo, together with Rosenberg's dealings with the Republic, are to be found in the State Archives of Venice. As they are not of great interest to English readers, they have been slightly paraphrased. Students of the period can find the references in the original Italian text of Signor Brunelli. (*Translator's Note.*)

† Memmo had further trouble with the Inquisitors in 1767 in connection with the Duke of Wurtemberg.

Marianna, a lady of light-hearted habits, who apparently took up her permanent abode in the ambassadorial palace. If this reached the ear of Kaunitz, he must assuredly have thought that a *mésalliance* like Rosenberg's was preferable to the maintenance of a public woman in the Austrian embassy with attendant scandal.

But the lack of enthusiasm on the part of Maria Theresa's Minister for Rosenberg's second wife was not a little due to the opposition of relatives. All Count Filippo's family had heard of the clandestine marriage with distrust, for it seemed designed to hide something dishonourable. The nobility of Klagenfurt made this clear to Rosenberg and his wife.

The old Count, however, persisted in his endeavours to prove his Countess's nobility. When writing to thank Kaunitz for his interest in his health, he complained of a reply from the Court Chamberlain, who had not been impressed by a statement of the King of England himself, attesting to Giustiniana's noble birth. He added that on the result of his endeavours depended his choice of a place of retreat for the remaining years of his life. Gratz did not suit him, for he knew too well the excessive pride of the Styrian nobility. But if his wife was not received at Court, he would not choose Vienna either as a place of residence. In the meantime he requested his niece, Wilhelmina von Auersperg, to press the matter with Kaunitz.

A few days later, Giustiniana wrote in turn to the Minister as follows :—

‘SIR,

‘It is with the keenest sorrow that I learn of the mortal troubles to which my husband is exposed in con-

nection with my position. I thought that having received from the King of England so authentic and honourable a declaration about my family, it would have been sufficient to prove its antiquity. Never being able to suppose that it might be criticised, doubted and denied by illegal designs, contrary to the truth. But if that proof will not suffice, I offer to prove the antiquity of my family by the most authentic proofs according to the custom established in England. I could very easily furnish proofs, and in detail, which the Browns, Taaffs, Hamiltons, Leslie, and all the English or Irish families established in Germany, have never given. And I do not doubt that as soon as Her Majesty the Empress has been informed of the truth she will be unwilling to degrade me from what I hold from God who caused me to be born a Lady in a great nation and of an ancient family. And you, Monsieur le Prince, who know so much of the affairs of the world, could you refuse to represent to Her Majesty the justice of my cause? and the fatal consequences, that of necessity must result? No, sir, your justice is too well known for you to refuse your powerful support to a Lady, who implores it, and whose husband is so closely connected with you, as also with all that is most illustrious at the Court of Vienna. I have the honour to be in all confidence and with the most perfect consideration, Monsieur le Prince, Your most obedient, humble servant,

THE CTSS. DE ROSENBERG NÉE WYNNE.

‘ Claghenfurt, this 30th July, 1764.’ *

* Written, as was Rosenberg’s letter to the Prince, in French. The orthography and punctuation are bad.

But all these efforts were useless. Count Filippo continued to plead, however, and urged on by his own *amour-propre* and that of his wife, he repaired in person to Vienna. For the English Court not to have received her when she was merely Miss Wynne, brilliant though she might be, was possible ! But it was intolerable that the Imperial Court should refuse to receive her now that she was Countess von Rosenberg and “degli Orsini.” But the Count’s health had long been undermined, and during this stay in Vienna, on February 7th, 1765, he died. A grand-nephew of the Count noted his uncle’s death in his journal, stating at the same time that the Count had been recalled owing to his marriage with the daughter of an English nobleman, “niece of a Greek Merchant.”

Giustiniana remained at Klagenfurt. Owing to the nature of the terms on which she was with the Government and her husband’s relatives, she could not officially take part in the funeral honours rendered to the Count von Rosenberg with the solemnity due to his family and to his connection with the Court. She prolonged her stay in Carinthia. The life she led there was not very brilliant ; the relatives of her late husband treated her coldly ; but the charm of her conversation procured her a number of agreeable acquaintances. Postponing her departure from day to day, she ended by spending five years in the little town. One of the reasons, and not the least, perhaps, for her prolonged stay was, that she knew that Memmo was enmeshed in other and serious bonds, and that she wished to maintain her appearance of indifference. Gradually her wit and courtesy made her husband’s family more accommodating, and she had hopes of consolidating her claim to

the little income which came to her as widow of the Count von Rosenberg, which would enable her to appear once more with dignity in Venice, envy and malice notwithstanding.

One fine day, at the end of 1769 or at the beginning of 1770, Giustiniana left Klagenfurt for Venice.

 CHAPTER XIII

The return to Venice—Another journey to Paris—Life in the Venetian salons—Caterina Dolfin Tron and her contemporaries—Giacomo Casanova is finally allowed to return to Venice—He sees Memmo, but Giustiniana avoids him—Gambling fever—Giustiniana at the tables—The Comtes du Nord—She prints her first work—Fourth journey to Paris, then to London—The Count Benincasa—A litigious creditor—The humiliations of a gambler—Gift from a generous friend—Giustiniana determines to leave Venice.

GIUSTINIANA'S return to Venice did not pass unperceived. She was no longer a mere baronet's daughter, but the widow of Count von Rosenberg und Orsini, and she established herself as such with all the pomp necessary to her social standing. She was only 33, in the flower of her second youth, and in a position at last to live in Venice in complete liberty, free from supervision by her mother, of whom we hear no more. She kept little in touch with her family, with the exception of her brother Riccardo, to whom she was always attached owing to the similarity of their intellectual tastes.

The painful experiences of her early youth were now past, and her ambition to play the rôle of a great lady in a dignified manner incited Giustiniana to lead a quieter life. She learned to moderate, at least outwardly, the scorn for convention which she had formerly displayed. Fate

held one more cruel experience in store for her : in 1769, Andrea Memmo married Elisabetta Piovene.

That year was to be memorable to Memmo for several reasons. He was elected Savio di Terraferma,* and then Savio di Consiglio on the same day as he was made a Senator. Thenceforward his life was entirely dedicated to public affairs. Nevertheless, as a worthy son of his century, Andrea never ceased to take a keen interest in the fair sex. The most brilliant political career was open to him and he might even have hoped for Dogal honours ; but he let them pass, as incompatible with his love of liberty and feminine society.

Giustiniana was at last able to indulge her taste for reading to her heart's content, under no control, and judging whatever she read with a certain scepticism which never left her, and which she had inherited from her father. She rapidly enlarged her horizon. But she was accustomed to travel, and her blood was still young and ardent. She could not stop for long in any one place. She had a desire to revisit the capitals of which she had retained so many and such varied memories and where, as Countess von Rosenberg, she could receive homage from others instead of having to render it. She embarked on another journey to Paris and London.

Too many years had passed since the notorious and adventurous days of her youth for Parisian society to have remembered the fair Venetian ; too many events had occurred in the world's history. The Countess von Rosenberg was therefore able to receive and to be received upon the footing of a great lady whose title is respected, who

* Magistrate for the Mainland.

accepts homage, and tolerates a discreet flirtation. She was still young and lovely, "so they say," she added modestly, albeit convinced that this was no exaggeration. An old English ambassadress sadly informed Giustiniana that times had greatly changed, and regretted the lack of taste, manners and refinement in the new generation. But Giustiniana did not notice this, and found both Paris and its inhabitants so pleasing that she spent a year there.

After leaving Paris, the Countess von Rosenberg went to London. But almost at once "fatal circumstances" compelled her to leave England. A curious destiny seemed to make it difficult for her to live in this island, to which she was ever attracted by a kind of inherited nostalgia.

She returned to Venice. The salon of the young widow soon became a serious rival to patrician drawing-rooms and casino gatherings.

These were the most peaceful years of Giustiniana's life. She presided over her salon, where she was visited by many foreigners and whither the Venetians also repaired, to pay tribute to her wit and beauty. Venice was then enjoying the last days of that brilliant and corrupt social life which new ideas were soon to trouble. Drawing-rooms and "Casini" fought for the ripest talents of the time, writers and patricians, Farsetti, Barbaro, Gozzi, Tron, Balbi and Lamberti. One of Giustiniana's bitterest rivals was certainly Contarina Barbarigo. She had already separated from her husband owing to his "inability" and was on terms of intimacy with Memmo, to whom marriage had swiftly brought disillusion.

The best-known and most frequented salon in Venice was that of Caterina Dolfin, who, having at last obtained

the annulment of her marriage with Marc' Antonio Tiepolo, married her faithful friend, the Procurator Andrea Tron, in 1772. Her celebrated casino at S. Giuliana was open, especially on Mondays, to the most brilliant figures, both foreign and Venetian, in the world of wit and gallantry. It is probable that the Countess von Rosenberg frequented this circle, for Caterina, herself a most cultivated woman, appreciated intelligence in her guests both male and female. Giustiniana was also one of the exclusive set that surrounded the beautiful and clever Isabella Teotochi Marin.

In these places, Giustiniana became acquainted with Gozzi, Giorgio Pisani, the Abbé Barbaro and many others of fame in Venetian annals, and two in particular became assiduous visitors to her own salon, Angelo Querini and Count Benincasa. But the Casino of S. Giuliano always maintained its supremacy, just as none of the most celebrated women in those last days of gallantry and joyous life at Venice could rival Caterina Tron.

Besides these light ladies, there were others of untarnished virtue—and to the honour of the Venetian State, they were by no means rare. But the exploits of their frailer sisters overshadowed them, and they have remained forgotten by posterity. The noise of scandal drowns the discreeter voice of virtue.

Between these two extremes there was a group of ladies who dissimulated the warmth of their temperaments beneath a demure appearance. Even to this day, the Venetians call them "*bronze coverte*," that is to say, "covered embers." Giustiniana was of their number, and affected the part of a virtuous lady. It cost her no small effort to restrain her

natural inclinations ; an austere life was not as natural to her as it had been to her mother, whose adventures, moreover, had been more discreet. Her intellectual pretensions and her title of Countess would not alone have been sufficient to erase memories of her former reputation. There were still witnesses of this past, and she could not foresee whether they would leave traces of it behind them and so perpetuate its memory. The most dangerous of these witnesses was prowling at the gates of Venice, trusting to the official zeal of his friends for leave to re-enter his adored native city.

Giacomo Casanova at last beheld the realisation of his dreams. Every obstacle fell before him, thanks to the protection of some of his patrician friends, who still remained his friends despite his escape, and perhaps even on account of it. On September 3rd, 1774, the State Inquisitors pardoned him and authorised his return to Venice. He was informed of this a few days later by Monti, the Venetian Consul in Trieste. Casanova took immediate advantage of this act of grace ; the same month of September saw him once again in the Piazza S. Marco, in the Merceria and the Frezzeria, traversing once more the streets and canals of the magic city, triumphant and shameless, in quest of the Memmos, especially Andrea, who had never forgotten his old friend and master, Marco Zaguri, Pietro Marcello, Daniele Andrea Dolfin, the Procurator Morosini, Grimani, Dandolo, Moncenigo, Foscarini and the companion of his imprisonment and flight, the Abbé Balbi. Casanova had developed into a man of letters ; he wrote with a certain ease on all subjects, and frequented literary and artistic circles in particular. He was soon seen again in the salons,

impatient to resume his Venetian life of former days, affronting curiosity with impertinence, and surrounded by a halo of romance, by virtue of his flight from the Leads, which none had forgotten, and which he was continually asked to describe. He even told the story to members of the Government. And at one of these reunions, called "conversations," he found himself by the side of one of his most memorable conquests.

This meeting with the adventurer, who alone knew the truth about an important portion of her past, was by no means agreeable to the once easy and amorous Giustiniana now a Countess of the Holy Roman Empire and a respectable, or at least respected, lady. With an indiscreet word Casanova could have brought that respectability, so laboriously raised, tumbling to the ground. But he wished to show himself a man of honour; he said not a word of the past, and merely bowed to the lady. Giustiniana preserved an attitude of coldness, which kept him at a distance. Giacomo only failed of discretion in one respect. He said later, in his *Memoirs*, that fifteen years after leaving Paris, he met the unknown young lady (X.C.V.) as a widow "happy and enjoying honourable consideration in keeping with her rank, spirit and social virtues." He added that he never again had "any kind of liaison" with her. Elsewhere, in his *Memoirs*, he alludes to the daughter of Signora Anna Wynne, a great lady of Venice. "She shines there by her wise conduct and by all the social virtues with which she is adorned. The only fault that can be found in her is not to be rich; but she is only made aware of this by the necessity under which she finds herself of not doing all the good that she would like to do."

Giustiniana must have trembled every time she met Casanova, and above all when she saw him with Andrea Memmo. The friendship between the two had been renewed with great warmth, despite Memmo's high political posts. Would Giacomo never let fall a word revealing the past? He and Andrea had already met in London in 1763, when Memmo had accompanied the Procurator Morosini, Monsignor Querini and the professor, Count Stratico, on a mission thither. Perhaps Memmo had already questioned Casanova about Giustiniana's dark story. But now that they saw one another so often, it seemed almost certain that Andrea must ask for some explanation about the famous lawsuit in Paris. Would Casanova have felt bound to enlighten his friend? Or did he judge it more prudent to obscure the truth, in order to hide the questionable rôle played by himself in the drama? There must have been some curious and at times comic conversations between these two men, who, knowing the truth, one partially and the other wholly, took great care to keep it hidden, each believing that the other was completely ignorant of it.

It is, however, impossible that Casanova can have had no further occasion to approach Giustiniana, and that all connections between them were severed. Although she may have wished to keep him at a distance, she could not have avoided him in too marked a manner; he knew too much. Nor could the Countess of Rosenberg have forgotten the help he had given Miss Wynne in the dark hour of her need. We shall later find proof that the bonds of their former friendship had not been broken.

Like other ladies, the Countess von Rosenberg frequented certain public circles wearing a mask. She yielded freely

to the passion of her century for gambling, for her purse was not as well lined as she could have wished.

One day, in 1773, she entered a casino in the Frezzeria, called the Casino del Luganegher, and allowed herself to be enticed to the tables by a certain Carlo Antonio Dona. Luck was against her, and she had soon lost 3192 florins. How could she pay such a sum? She was greatly embarrassed, and stooped so low as to borrow from her friends. She signed some IOU's in favour of Dona. (Ten years later they had not yet been discharged.)

Ladies were not ashamed to be seen in these casinos, despite the severe edicts against games of chance. After the Government had closed the Ridotto in 1774, gambling increased in the casinos, cafés and private houses. Different resorts had their own clientele. There was one devoted to "billiards and brelan," another patronised by working girls; there were tables "for courtesans," and others, where high play was the rule, reserved for noblemen. Casinos for "mere conversation" were few and far between. In view of the habits of the period, we need not be surprised at the Countess of Rosenberg, ex-Austrian Ambassadors, losing a large sum of money in public. We should rather simply conclude that she was unable to resist the tendencies of the age.

The lesson inflicted by Dona did not cure her; the vice of gambling is a difficult one to eradicate. She returned to the same casino, and perhaps—why not?—saw Casanova there, himself too fervent a devotee of the Goddess of Chance. He certainly paid a visit to the Casino del Luganegher in 1774; and if in fact the two adventurers faced each other across the gaming-table, the cards must

have seemed true symbols of the luck which guided their adventurous existences.

But, little by little, Casanova felt the years encroaching on his existence as a Don Juan ; the ranks of his protectors were thinning, and he regretted not having secured to himself a better reputation, a serener future. He had no more illusions ; he was growing old. Constrained to find some kind of employment by means of which he might live, he became in 1780 a confidential informer in the service of the Inquisitors. He found himself in good company ; was not Count Benincasa, friend of the Countess von Rosenberg, in the ranks of the same gallant company ?

Giustiniana's salon had become an active intellectual centre for Venetians and foreigners alike ; patricians did not disdain to frequent it. Her increasing renown and respectability were in contrast to the declining fortunes of the Chevalier di Seingalt, who scrupled not, upon leaving the stately palaces of his noble friends, to venture into remote bypaths in quest of information with which to brew police reports for his employers, the Inquisitors.

Continual relations with intelligent and cultured people, who lavished praises on her style and vivacity, eventually caused the Countess von Rosenberg to venture into print.

In January 1782, the Russian Grand-Duke Paul Petrovitch, and his wife, Maria Teodorovna, arrived at Venice, travelling under the name of the Comte and Comtesse du Nord. They were received like sovereigns, and a series of pamphlets and memoirs of the period perpetuate the memory of the fêtes given in their honour, reflecting the pomp of the Venetian aristocracy, and the dying splendours of the Queen of the Adriatic. Giustiniana had the honour of

being in the Grand-ducal box for a gala evening at the Teatro S. Benedetto, and was moved to preserve her experience to posterity in the form of a letter to her brother. The pamphlet is entitled : *Concerning the sojourn of the Count and Countess du Nord in Venice, in January MDCCLXXXII. Being a Letter from Madame la Comtesse des Ursins et de Rosenberg, to Mr Richard Wynne, her brother, in London. Venice 1782.*

Hardly had this little work been published before Casanova hastened to write a letter of congratulation to his former friend ; and he composed it in a ceremonious style which, for us, has a flavour of irony. The Countess replied to him in the same tone, tempered with extreme modesty. Casanova was becoming more and more a man of letters. But if he offered the Countess von Rosenberg his *Amorous and literary anecdotes of Venice in the XIVth Century* (Venice 1782), chiefly worked up from second-hand, he published anonymously soon afterwards a libellous squib entitled : *Neither Love, nor Women, or the Stable Cleansed,** which was at once recognised as the adventurer's harsh revenge on his former benefactor, Gian Carlo Grimani. This unlucky libel alienated many of his Venetian friends, and when Casanova realised that the air of Venice was no longer healthy for him, he determined to leave it, and did so in 1783, never to return.

Giustiniana's pamphlet concerning the festivities in Venice in honour of the Russian Grand-Duke and his wife had considerable success ; within a year of its publication in French, it ran into three editions in Italian, the first being very limited and not for sale.

* Nè amori nè donne, ouvero la stalla ripulita.

We hear no more of Giustiniana's mother, who was certainly living in 1780. We are also ignorant as to the fate of her sisters, even of the beautiful Bettina. Guglielmo Wynne had died in 1769, when still resident in the parish of San Marcuolo.

But the Countess kept up an active correspondence with her brother Riccardo and his family; for he had married. She even undertook a fourth journey to England in order to see him. On her way she stopped in the places where she had friends and once more revealed the charms of her wit in the salons of Milan and Paris. The latter city enchanted her again, for experience had taught her that a woman might enjoy herself there, at 45 no less than at 25, by behaving in accordance with her age, whilst avoiding an austerity that is never at any time of life becoming. But she did not stay long in Paris; the place had greatly changed; there was the mutter of revolution already in the air. She continued on her way to London. Her stay in England appears to have lasted a year.

The Italian editions of Giustiniana's pamphlet had been seen through the press by Count Benincasa. Like Querini he had become a fervent admirer of the intellectual Countess. He was an ex-Jesuit, an easy talker, and, without excessive culture, had a dilettante's interest in letters and wrote a little himself. He came of a noble family of Modena and had been tutor to the son of the Cavaliere Montecuccoli, the Duke of Modena's Minister in Vienna. Benincasa had married there. The Duke of Modena later entrusted him with various diplomatic posts, and he had lived away from Modena, preferably in Venice. Returning one day to

Modena unexpectedly, he received the clearest possible evidence that his wife, whom he had consistently neglected, was paying him back in his own coin. There was a scene, and a separation, and he then settled down in Venice. There he lent his services—probably of the same distinguished nature as Casanova's to the Inquisitors—to Durazzo, the Imperial Ambassador, and met the Countess von Rosenberg at the Embassy. Giustiniana appreciated Benincasa's witty and varied conversation. He spoke French perfectly, and she welcomed him at her house, where he gradually established himself on a recognised footing.

But Giustiniana wished to keep up appearances, and had no intention of too openly compromising the social position she had won for herself with so much effort. She accordingly passed Benincasa off as the manager of her affairs. It was whispered unkindly that he only looked after her property in his own interests, and that he was not above refusing financial aid from his protectress.

Benincasa joined Giustiniana in London on the occasion of her last journey to England. We can hardly avoid the suspicion that it was not merely to see her brother that Giustiniana remained so long in England. In all probability the freedom of living openly with Benincasa had not a little to do with it.

The two finally returned to Venice. Giustiniana told her friends that the Count had diligently looked after her English interests and had thereby increased her income.* Benincasa was her last lover, and he remained faithful to the end.

* Venetian Archives: a Report of the secret agent, Pedrini, 24th October 1790.

In Venice she renewed her social activities, which she could not give up. The life, however, was expensive, and there was no lack of debts. Giustiniana visited Klagenfurt to see if she could not increase her income. She placed her hopes in a son of Count Filippo by his first marriage, one of the Imperial Chamberlains. But she soon returned to Venice, where the faithful Benincasa was occupied in husbanding her resources to the best of his ability, a task made more and more arduous by her love of gaming. How could one resist the lure of *faro* in a Venetian salon of the eighteenth century? Giustiniana was on a fatal slope; all the more because her debt to Dona, incurred ten years before, had not yet been met.

Dona still claimed his money from time to time. Giustiniana had endeavoured to pacify him with renewed promises to pay. Then she resolved on a step which must have sorely wounded her pride: she gave a ring into his keeping. But meanwhile, Dona had been appointed Sheriff of Friuli. Here he obtained an order of sequestration on the firm of Coller de S. Vito, which received every three months the sum of 700 florins from the administrators of the Rosenberg estate, on behalf of the Countess. With the advice of her Klagenfurt lawyer, Dr Hubmenhofer, she sent a letter direct to the Doge, Paolo Renier, and the State Inquisitors, protesting against this insolent procedure and declaring that she had already handed over a ring, set in precious stones, to Dona, worth 320 sequins. The Inquisitors accepted her statement and declared the steps taken to have been illegal. But they stated that the lawsuit which had been set in motion from Klagenfurt concerning the affair would have to be abandoned, as only the Venetian

courts were competent to deal with a matter which had occurred in Venice and concerned a Venetian patrician.*

I have been unable to discover the results of the case. But it gives an idea of the Countess von Rosenberg's financial difficulties, and of the dangerous straits to which her passion for gaming reduced her. She bitterly refers to the sorrows of gambling in her *Moral Essays*, and records her lamentable adventure with Dona. If only gamblers, she declares, would reveal to society the extent of their humiliations, this would be the best way of curing the world of so disastrous an obsession.

For the truth is that at this time of her life she was hardly less than a professional gambler. She was in danger of losing the affection and esteem of the many persons, both men and women, who admired her beauty, grace, and undoubted intellectual attainments. She found herself in the degrading position of having to look anywhere for money with which to gamble; she even borrowed for the purpose from her own servants, and was constantly in the hands of professional moneylenders. Fortunately a good and true friend came at last to her assistance. Who it was we do not know. Was it Memmo, perhaps? She had the ring returned to her which she had been compelled to leave in Dona's hands. The generosity of such an action went far in helping her to regain control over herself. But it was long before she was finally rid of the vice.

One day Giustiniana was approached by certain shady speculators. One of them made her believe that, to obtain wealth without fail, there was nothing to equal the quest of

* Venetian State Archives: Letters to the Sheriff of the Udine. (November 24, 1783.)

the Philosophers' Stone, by which base metal might be transmuted into gold. She believed him, as did her doctor, Trivellati. She handed over a number of silver articles to some individuals who came to receive them in the back room of an apothecary's shop. Giustiniana hoped to reap a rich reward from this operation. But, to her cost, she saw her silver disappear into the pockets of these rogues, while she received nothing in return but a quantity of utterly worthless metal.

But a day came at last when she had the energy to pull herself together. Her financial position was critical, but not yet desperate. It was essential for her to tear herself away from the temptation offered by the casinos and clubs, where fortunes disappeared despite government prohibitions and all moral principles. Giustiniana was no longer young, but her spirit remained, and would help her to regain her equilibrium and embark on a fresh life. After all, books, study and conversation had always been her favourite pleasures. She would leave Venice for the mainland. At Padua, she knew some of the professors of the University; her faithful friend, Senator Angelo Querini, spent a portion of each year near Padua, at the Villa of Altichiero. Although life at Padua was not so intense nor so varied as in Venice, there was no lack of theatres, music and other distractions. Writing to the Genevan Huber, she said: 'The Venetian State is delightful for a free and idle man, and suitable and peaceful for a studious man; it is full of resources, both agreeable and abiding, for the lover of the fine arts; nor is it without charms in the eyes of the philosopher or scholar.' *

* *Altichiero*, p. 63. In French in the original.

To leave Venice, indeed, was not to say farewell to it for ever. Besides her friends at Padua and along the Brenta, she could always be sure of a welcome should she return to her native city. But at Padua, and near Padua, Giustiniana knew that she would more easily escape the temptations of the tables. And at Padua she was admired and respected for her learning as much as she had formerly been loved and admired for her beauty and gallantry.

 CHAPTER XIV

Senator Angelo Querini—The pleasures of Altichiero—Giustiniana's brilliant salon in Padua—A dangerous competitor, Caterina Dolfin Tron—Giustiniana's friends—Memmo's brilliant career—His wife's death—Memmo likes them "young"—He sees Giustiniana again—Her further publications—"Moral and Sentimental Essays"—Altichiero—Les Morlaques—Riccardo Wynne and his family in Padua—Giustiniana's niece is married in Venice—Letter to a young friend—Giustiniana falls ill—Benincasa's concern—Giustiniana's death—Funeral éloges and monuments—Death of Querini—His nephew's surprise—The last years of Benincasa and Memmo—How Casanova heard of Giustiniana's death.

THE Countess von Rosenberg was under the necessity of husbanding her slender resources. Very gladly, therefore, she accepted the hospitality offered by Senator Querini, and installed herself in his country-house of Altichiero, on the banks of the Brenta, with a few servants, some dogs and her books. It was an ideal retreat.

Querini had been among Giustiniana's adorers in the stormy days of her youth. And she now found him a faithful and devoted friend, sobered by the passage of sixty years. He was a man of supple mind, and a keen student of history, full of admiration for Voltaire and Rousseau, whose new ideas he had sought to introduce into the

Government of the Venetian Republic. But he had encountered opposition from his colleagues in the magistracy. The inevitable sequel was his arrest by the Inquisitors, by whose orders he was confined in the Castle of S. Felice, at Verona. But persecution brought him the sympathy of many of his compatriots. An anonymous sonnet was written in his honour, begging him not to weep but to remember the similarly glorious fates of Camillus and Cicero.

The Inquisitors released him in October 1763. But his character had not changed, and he remained as intolerant of humbug and presumption as before his arrest. In 1777, with the desire of improving his knowledge and of becoming acquainted with some of the great minds of his time, he made a journey to Switzerland, of which his friend and companion on the journey, Doctor Festari di Valdagna, has left a record. He met Huber in Geneva and Voltaire at Ferney, who received him cordially, and to the latter of whom he carried a beautiful medal especially struck by Locatelli.

In the days of his youth he had been devoted to the fair sex. But upon his withdrawal from public life, he preferred to consecrate his time to study, to his passion for collecting furniture and pictures, and to the select company of his friends. Altichiero became an ideal place of retirement for him, and more and more of his time was spent there. But Querini was neither a mere "rustic," anxious to bury himself in the country, nor had he the wealthy landowner's love of lavish display. He received his many visitors with simple cordiality. No man of letters or artist, no princely personage passed through Padua without calling on Querini at Alti-

chiero. De la Lande,* who already knew some of the most famous Venetian summer retreats, including the famous botanical garden of the Villa Farsetti, at Sala, found the Villa of Altichiero “not so grand, but in more exquisite taste and worthy of curiosity, like him who dwells there.”

The noblemen of the eighteenth century vied with one another in the adornment of their country-houses. The walls of monumental staircases and vast rooms were covered with frescoes ; gardens were elaborately laid out, as if for the solemn conclaves of Arcadian academies, and the beauties of nature were enriched with statues, artificial waterfalls and basins. To the charms of rural life were added the more sophisticated pleasures of open-air theatres, pavilions and summer-houses, among avenues of box and myrtle. And from beneath stone steps, close beside some bench, insidious jets of water issued suddenly, provoking shrill cries from the ladies, who would flee, holding up their broad petticoat-hoops. The sovereign art of men like Longhi and Tiepolo was fittingly employed by patrons so prodigal, conspicuous among whom were the Pisani. Giambattista Tiepolo decorated the great drawing-room of their magnificent villa of Strà, which was worthy of an emperor.

Angelo Querini did not pretend to such magnificence. His house contained but four vast rooms on the ground floor, separated by a hall in the form of a cross, and rooms

* De la Lande : *Voyage en Italie*, Geneva, 1790, vii, p. 133. For other information on Querini, see Tiplido : *Biografie degli Italiani illustri del sec. XVIII*, Venice, 1834, i., p. 320 ; G. Dandolo : *La caduta della Repubblica di Venezia*, Venice, 1855, p. 175.

above for himself and his guests, with quarters for servants. But the villa housed a collection of busts of men of learning, sovereigns, and philosophers, including Voltaire and Rousseau by Houdon, and numerous statues and pictures of the highest order of merit ; the whole forming a veritable museum of beautiful things chosen with the sure taste of a connoisseur. There was also an ornithological collection, and a number of valuable geographical and topographical maps. The library was in a room on the first floor, largely consecrated to ancient authors and works on agriculture, philosophy and politics. Another room contained a collection of rare objects excavated on classic sites. There were small bronzes and fine engravings scattered throughout the rest of the house, especially in the study, where Querini would spend part of his day writing.

But the chief delight of Altichiero was its garden. A definite purpose lay behind the arrangement of each thicket, flower-bed and clump of trees : all were intended to set off the antique marbles, the statues, urns, and sarcophaguses, in such a way as to inspire the mind with themes for learned conversation. The friends whom Angelo Querini gathered round him discussed art, philosophy and letters as they strolled through groves that sheltered images of pagan divinities. From the bank they could contemplate the slow course of the river as it wound between monuments to Ceres and Silenus. If they ventured into the maze or the Bosco di Young (so named in honour of the mournful muse of the author of the *Night Thoughts*), the entrance to which was guarded by figures of Heraclitus and Democritus, they lingered to admire the birds in the aviaries and dove-cote ; or anon they listened to the wise discourse of some

botanist in the herb-garden, in the midst of which stood the altar of Tranquillity ; or they might walk as far as the imposing columns of Hercules, and thence look towards the shrine of Folly or the altar of the Furies, surrounded by leafy trees, the happy hunting-ground of such as loved to catch birds with nets. The afternoons might be spent in the " coffee-house," whose triple arcade overlooked a long avenue, bordered with terminal columns, or in wandering in the " wood of Antiques," which harboured statues, altars and bas-reliefs, or in a neighbouring wood where strange Egyptian deities presided. And the strollers could rest in a Chinese pagoda, wherein was a marvellous statue of Venus.

According to their several tastes and studies, Querini's guests found something to interest them at Altichiero. Botanists and agricultural enthusiasts could discuss the plants and trees ; the monuments charmed scholars and historians ; philosophers forgot the world outside in their interminable arguments ; and gallants could make love to the ladies, and recite them madrigals inspired by the surroundings. The master of the house would pass from one group to another, with a word for each ; and, without any show of vain wealth or sumptuous fare, he was aware that his hospitality held far more charm than that of many a more luxurious establishment. He knew how to reveal, in the most agreeable fashion, his solid understanding and erudition. He would tell his guests how he had come into possession of such or such a rarity. For he was the owner of many objects of high artistic or historic value, such as the Etruscan urns which had contained the bones of the Scipios, which he had found in Rome while helping

in some excavations near the Capena Gate. He, who understood so perfectly the art of friendship, had not failed to erect a handsome shrine to the same, surmounted by the busts of an orator and a philosopher, Phocion and Epicurus, who, with another philosopher, Bacon, whose effigy graced the library, and Horace, the poet of rural life, whose verses were engraved all about, were his favourite authors. Querini's hospitality enchanted all his guests. Gaspare Gozzi, writing to Caterina Dolfin Tron in reference to his stay at Altichiero, speaks of : ' Perfect art, beautiful site, the most cordial of hosts, and even a doctor who looks at me with a kindly eye.'

A few years ago this garden of the eighteenth century could still be conjured back into a semblance of its former charm. Though a part of it had been ploughed up and put under cultivation, and the finer works of art had been sent to museums in Rome and elsewhere, still, among the mutilated statues, in the ruined summer-houses, by thickets and plantations which had long lost their pristine neatness, the shadow of an epoch lingered. There were moments when, at a turn in one of the walks, behind a figure of Hermes, a pale figure in ample draperies seemed to stir. . . . But the war laid the last ghosts of Altichiero. The military occupation of the park and villa accomplished the final destruction of what had been the splendid playground of a brilliant society. The author of these pages, remembering certain autumnal wanderings along those paths and beneath those trees, when he communed with dim shadows, cannot think without bitterness and emotion of the destructive, vandal fury which, in a few months, utterly effaced the last vestige of the pleasaunce created by Angelo Querini more

completely even than if the war itself had passed that way.

Giustiniana had long known Querini's villa, and had stayed there every summer for some years. She could have found no more ideal place in which to cure herself of her passion for gaming. At Altichiero not cards but learned conversations were the rule, variations round the so-called "philosophy" of the day, which often were no more than vain debates of literary and moral problems, but which, for all their apparent triviality, were the prelude to great political upheavals. It is not to be thought, however, that endless academical disquisitions were the only fare provided at the villa or in that suggestive park. The learning of the enlightened spirits who resorted thither gave a solid base to their conversation, but was no bar to discreet courtings of the intellectual ladies of the company. Angelo was no despiser of women, whether ladies or otherwise; we know, for example, that his cousin Stefano's flame, "la Cavamacchie," whom Casanova met in Paris, and who went by the name of "Mme Querini," had found favour in Angelo's eyes also. But we may assume that his admiration for the Countess von Rosenberg's wit and intelligence hindered him from essaying a more than intellectual relationship with her, and prevented him from arousing Benincasa's jealousy.

As soon as the summer was over, Giustiniana looked for accommodation in the town. She found it in the Palazzo Zorzi, formerly Soranzo, in the parish of the Cathedral. She there formed an intellectual salon, which was frequented by some of the most illustrious men who then taught in the University, and whom she had known either at Venice

or at the villa of Altichiero. She met with serious rivalry, however, from one of her Venetian friends, Caterina Dolfin Tron, who held court also in Padua, in the charming little palazzo which still graces the quiet corner facing the Botanical Gardens. The lovely Tron had been compelled by the Inquisitors to close her casino at S. Giuliano, owing to the too public discussion there of the new doctrines of Diderot, Voltaire, Rousseau, d'Alembert, and other French authors, which the Government of the Republic did not regard with favour. In June 1785, smitten by a double misfortune, her mother's death and that of her husband, Caterina found her fortune extremely reduced. And from that time onwards, she spent a large part of the year in Padua. Both she and Giustiniana, in the days of their youth, had felt the sting of love and been prodigal of their charms. Among numerous adventures, each had experienced a great romance. They were also alike in their love of culture and literary leanings. Both, for the same reasons of economy and at the same time, had left the joyous city that remembered their stormy youth, for the quieter haven of Padua. They were nearly of an age, Caterina being Giustiniana's senior by a year. And the two had equally determined to sharpen their intellects into a weapon which would supplant the fading attractions of the flesh.

They were both faithful to their friends ; Giustiniana to Memmo, Caterina to the Duke Gian Galeazzo Serbelloni,* who, after her love-match had proved a failure, had occupied Andrea Tron's place in her heart. Their feelings, it is true, were unreciprocated unless on the footing of friendship,

* Cf. Molmenti : *Epistolari Veneziani del sec. XVIII*, Collezione Settecentexa, Remo Sandron, Palermo.

but they remained a source of extreme comfort to the two ladies, and their letters ever retained a trace, though veiled discreetly, of their former passions. But while Giustiniana affected a certain austerity in her tastes and conduct, and was content with the affection of Benincasa and Querini's admiration, Caterina delighted in the literature of gallantry, and in her rich collection of books, remnants of which are still to be found dispersed throughout numerous libraries at Padua, she gathered together the most licentious comedies, the works of adventurers like Goudar, political libels, philosophical dissertations, and pamphlets clandestinely printed : things to rejoice the heart of a modern bibliophile.

The people who frequented Caterina Tron's salon were doubtless the same who were seen at Giustiniana's. Conspicuous among them were the two Gozzi, Cesarotti, Clemente Sibillato, the Abbé Franceschinis, Rector of the University, the Abbé Bondi, and Bettinelli. But two scientists, the pride of the University at the time, were especially devoted to Giustiniana : namely, Giuseppe Toaldo the astronomer, and Simone Stratico, doctor, mathematician, illustrious physicist, and engineer, who was well known to Casanova, and frequently corresponded with him. With them the Countess held weighty discourse. She gives an account in her *Moral Essays* of a conversation between herself and Toaldo, concerning presentiments. We see by this example how, and with what intrepidity, Giustiniana would discuss the most difficult problems with men of learning. Her Venetian friends also failed not to visit her when they came to Padua ; amongst them were Senator Dandolo and, much more rarely, Andrea Memmo, whose official duties, which had gradually increased in weight and

importance, never entirely severed him from social pleasures.

Memmo had left at Padua, where he had spent two years as Provveditore, an everlasting memory of his wise rule. He considerably embellished the city, and his work can still be admired. He transformed the Prato della Valle into a handsome square, in which an island planted with trees, standing in an ornamental water flanked by rows of statues and crossed by four bridges, seems an oasis of verdure in a city where a curious fate has willed the senseless destruction of all its most attractive avenues and gardens. He increased the fame and splendour of the University. After his administration in Padua, he had been Venetian Ambassador in Constantinople from 1777-1781. At the time of which we are now writing, he was Ambassador at Rome (1781-1787), whither his two daughters accompanied him. His wife, who had never concerned herself much about her husband—and he also had quickly forgotten that he was married—had died in 1780. Her death had given rise to slanderous remarks by ill-natured people, who attributed it to the results of her amorous excesses.*

* The Abbé Carlo Zilli, in his manuscript Memoirs (quoted by Tassini, *Curiosità Veneziane*), says that Elizabetta Memmo Piovene's illness was famous for the comments passed upon it and for the quarrels of her two doctors, Perlasca and Fantuzzi. He states that Perlasca, writing to her husband in Constantinople, declared that she had died as a result of an overdose of mercury administered by Fantuzzi "for some amorous disorder." This, however, is the mere invention of gossips, for I have been able to read Perlasca's letter to Memmo, a copy of which is kept in the Library of the Civic Museum of Padua (C.M. 171, XIII), and is in the same hand which transcribed

Memmo, when he was at Venice, frequently visited his friends at Padua, and took pleasure in following the progress of the work which he had initiated there. After his return from Rome, in May 1787, he took an active part in re-establishing order in the financial administration of the Prato della Valle, and completed the construction of the monuments. At his instigation, a number of persons, and amongst them Casanova, on behalf of Count Waldstein, contributed to the erection of statues in honour of celebrated Paduans, and foreigners who had brought fame to the University.

Andrea's visits to Giustiniana must have merely been those of a friend, and nothing more. Although he was well advanced in years—he was then 54—Memmo's tastes inclined to youth. Owing to her passion for him, Giustiniana had been the unique mistress of his life. But while Ambassador in Rome, he greatly admired the

and collected Giustiniana Wynne's letters. The illness is described in detail, following a full account of all the lady's complaints, which are sufficient in themselves to explain Andrea's prolonged absences from her side. Isabella was, moreover, of a sickly and bilious temperament, chiefly as a result of the vinegar which she drank every morning to avoid a tendency to fatness. She revealed a "constitutional tendency to scurvy," which developed into a gastro-rheumatal fever, and brought her to the grave in eleven days. Perlasca treated her with leeches, cupping and blistering. Following a consultation with Doctors Conegliano and Dalla Bona, called in to settle the disagreement between Perlasca and Fantuzzi, another treatment was adopted, which to us seems to differ very little from the first. The cupping-glasses and blisters were applied to the nape of the neck, leeches and mustard poultices to the temples, one foot was bled, etc., but all in vain. Despite—or more probably owing to—so much attention, the patient died. . . .

“*morbin*” * of the Roman women, who did not disdain men even older than himself ; nor lacked he an eye for the chambermaids of that city, when they were eighteen years old and neat of figure. He was easily stirred by those “ little moving mechanisms, usually of warm ivory,” who made life seem the sweeter to him. One cannot suppose, then, that Memmo too often remembered Giustiniana ; but he failed not, when he returned from his ambassadorial duties at Rome and Constantinople, to pay his respects to the Countess of Rosenberg, the centre as she was of a charming and intelligent circle. Her salon was also noteworthy for the number of dogs that freely circulated in it. The noise would have been intolerable for a woman who had not loved animals dearly. But dogs were the passion of Giustiniana’s old age ; she lavished attentions on them, and sacrificed to her pets the time which in her youth she had sacrificed to her numerous adorers.

Giustiniana’s friends, and especially Benincasa, who, since he had moved to Padua, became as assiduous in his court to her as ever, encouraged her to continue her writing and to publish her works. This and her natural love of letters were her sufficient incentives, and not, as the ingenuous Depping would have us believe, in his article on the Countess von Rosenberg in Missiaglia’s *Biografia Universale*, the loss of her husband. Her accommodating husband had already been dead for years before Giustiniana gave the first modest proofs of her literary capacity.

Giustiniana published several works between 1785 and

* This typically Venetian word—there is no equivalent to it in Italian—expresses a restless and malicious vivacity, an insatiable desire for pleasure. (Note by the French translator, M. Marc Helys.)

1788, which she had been preparing for some years. They are somewhat rambling in character, but bear the imprint of her characteristic vivacity.

Like so many works of the period, the majority of Giustiniana's work aged quickly; but one of her books deserves, even to-day, to be mentioned. This is the collection of essays which has so frequently been quoted in the present volume, entitled : *Pièces morales et sentimentales de Madame J. W. C.t.sse de R.s.g. Écrites à une Campagne, sur les rivages de la Brenta, dans l'État Vénitien* " (London, Robson, 1785).* It consists of little chapters dealing with different subjects, full of anecdotes and curious observations, which can easily and profitably be read by students of the customs of the period. It is interesting above all for the autobiographical fragments contained in it, which are not always presented with sincerity, as I have had occasion to point out. It is possible to detect here and there, beneath the apparent impersonality of a passage or opinion, the irresistible revelations of one who is unwilling to tell all the truth, who was always, indeed, afraid to tell it, but who cannot withhold certain expressions of regret or remorse suggested by her bitter experiences. It will be objected that Giustiniana was hardly qualified to give advice on morality, and in particular to her niece, to whom she dedicated the preface. Like her mother, Giustiniana had assumed the mask of austerity that was proper to her title, her age, which removed her from the temptations to which, in her youth,

* An Italian translation was by Professor Giov. Barili, 1828. A translation had already been made of the last chapter, in 1786, called *Il trionfo dei Gondolieri overo Novella Veniziana Plebea*. Venice, Graziosi.

she had so easily yielded, and her exile from the gaming-table, that other temptation of riper years. She might well believe that many were ignorant of her adventures in Paris, or, if they had heard rumours of them, could not believe them. It is true that there were still admirers of the mature charms of the Countess, but what lady worthy of her century did not have them? And so, behold Giustiniana a professor of morals. Nor is this the least interesting of her adventures to us indiscreet investigators of her past.

The *Essays* were in great part written at Altichiero. It was a place well adapted for moral and philosophical meditations. Giustiniana discusses in them the consequences of age. She allows a woman twenty-five years of social life: presenting her to the world at fifteen, at forty one may consider the brilliant part of her life to be over. During youth, the study of the toilet forms the whole course of feminine philosophy; a perfect coiffure is preferable to a good book. Later, intellectual pursuits offer more satisfaction, and are especially precious to such as, like herself, have enjoyed life to excess. For this reason she seeks the company of the wittiest and best-read people. "In my declining years, I usurp a kind of esteem." This phrase, which might seem inspired by modesty, is on the contrary a sincere confession. The author of the *Essays* passes from one subject to another and gives advice, strong in her experience of the various trials of life, and often *orando pro domo sua*. Tolerance of the faults of others, impassibility towards events, inward worship of truth, and the expediency of keeping it to oneself, unbridled slander, malignity that loves to hurt, such subjects, and many others, mingled

with personal anecdotes and recollections of her travels, make up the body of these essays. She extracts a mild philosophy from her experiences, which suited a lady of her time as well as the niece to whom these pages were particularly addressed. In the last and longest chapter, which, as previously noted, was immediately translated into Italian, she describes the most characteristic Venetian festival, the Regatta, interspersing her account with scenes calculated to reveal the virtuous and noble spirit of the Venetian populace, especially the gondoliers.*

The *Essays* were well received by Giustiniana's contemporaries. Her friends found all the charm of her conversation in them. Querini and Benincasa were naturally delighted. This praise encouraged her to continue writing, and she subsequently published several other works.

In 1787, a description of the Villa of Altichiero, in the form of a letter to Huber, was published at Geneva, in a very small edition which is unobtainable to-day. On the other hand, copies of the second edition are easily come by, preceded by a letter from Count Benincasa to Lord William Petty, Marquis of Lansdowne, who corresponded with Querini and, like him, was a keen lover and collector of art. This volume is entitled: *Alticchiero* [sic] *par Mad.e J. W. C. D. R., à Padoue, 1787.*

In the same year (1787) Giustiniana published a small work at Venice: *A André Memmo, Chevalier de l'Etole* [sic] *d'or et Procureur de St Marc, à l'occasion du Mariage de*

* Two comedies were inspired by this chapter, that of Cosimo Giotti, in 1800, called: *L'eroe gondoliere o sia La regata di Venezia* (The Heroic Gondolier or the Regatta of Venice), and that of Alessandro Zanchi, in 1821, *La regata Veneziana.*

sa Fille ainée avec Louis Mocenigo.^{*} It is evident that Giustiniana still had the highest admiration for Andrea. His posts had continually increased in importance, and after his return from London, where he had been Ambassador, in 1785, he was nominated Procurator. The same year was marked for him by a joyous family reunion, when his daughter Lucia, who inherited her father's intelligence, married Alvisè Sebastiano Mocenigo, who had succeeded in procuring the annulment of a former marriage, imposed on him by his family, with his deformed cousin, Pisana Mocenigo. This marriage, which was a love-match, gave every promise of being a happy one. Andrea Memmo, who, despite his numerous philanderings, was always an affectionate father, was very much pleased. Giustiniana wished to show him by her publication that she participated in his joy, and was still the faithful friend of her former lover.

Seeking inspiration from some lines of Lucretius, she addressed Memmo, whilst invoking the protection of Venus, as follows :—

Venus, I thy sweet auspices invoke

And to our Memmo I devote my verse,
 He who was ever dear to you, O Goddess,
 And whom you wished replete with honour . . .

(*Lucretius*, Bk. I.)

Like Giustiniana's other literary ventures, this little work is written in French. It is a kind of mythical allegory, a short fable in which Love, Curiosity, Perseverance, and two neatherds, Daphnis and Doris, have rôles. Its aim is to

* Printed by Gius. Rosa.

show that, while curiosity can bring two people together and love inspire their passion, only perseverance can make the union of two hearts permanent and happy. Doubtless Giustiniana thought, when writing it, that if perseverance had protected her own love, she would have enjoyed a more perfect and completer happiness than that which she was constrained to seek in the friendship of scholars and in literature.

A sanguinary combat between two Morlachs,* which had occurred some years before on the Quay of the Slavonians (*riva degli Schiavoni*), on account of rivalry in a love-affair, had produced a vivid impression upon Giustiniana, who was always interested in anything romantic. Travellers' tales, such as those of Senator Dandolo, at one time Provveditore amongst the Dalmatians, and especially a book by the Abbé G. B. Fortis, *Viaggio in Dalmazia*, gave the Countess the idea of writing a volume on the customs of this Jugoslavian people. It appeared in January 1788, under the title of: *Les Morlaques, par J. W. C. D. U. & R.*, dedicated to Catherine II, Empress of all the Russias. The authoress mingled romantic episodes, such as that which had occurred in Venice, with a description of the costumes of the Morlachians and their customs and music. As stated in the edition published at Modena, she aimed at a kind of historical novel, both descriptive and poetical. This work, on a larger scale than its predecessors, earned Giustiniana a certain fame, and was quoted by Goethe. There were two editions in the original French, which appeared in the same year, and the work was translated into

* Natives of Morlachia, a port of Dalmatia, which at that date belonged to the Venetian Republic.

other languages.* Giustiniana's friends praised it warmly, and Cesarotti in particular greatly admired it. But Benincasa had had so large a hand in the book that in the edition printed in Modena his initials figure on the title-page.

This literary activity on the part of the Countess brought her added respect and made her talents known. Her salon became of considerable importance, and the time had for ever passed when Giustiniana might have feared an icy welcome from those members of the Venetian nobility who suspected that there had been a basis of truth in the rumours from Paris. Casanova was far from the scene, and with him had disappeared her fear of indiscreet revelations. Memmo was absorbed in other interests; and above all was a gentleman. Learned professors, all kinds of intelligent and charming people, and distinguished foreigners, visited the Countess, who kept up a lively correspondence with her friends and especially with her brother.

The news reached her from London about this time that her sister-in-law was in poor health, and that Riccardo thought of seeking a better climate and of joining Giustiniana in Padua. She was much attached to one of her nieces, Maria Augusta, an intelligent and precocious girl. Zaguri, in a letter to Casanova, says that she was "full of intelligence but very wild."† She later acquired a certain reputation as a blue-stocking, and became a member of the Academy of the "Uniti" in 1790, when she took the place of Teresa

* The first Italian translation was that of Domenico Tiato, in 1798. It inspired Camillo Federici to write an inferior comedy, *Le nozze dei Morlacchi*, presented in Rome in 1805.

† *Molmenti*, ii. p. 116.

Depetris Venier, more famous in contemporary annals for love affairs than for learning. Augusta Wynne married Vittorio Correr in 1783; and it is probable, in view of Zaguri's remark, that the wildness of the aunt was repeated in the person of the niece, and that Correr's position was none of the most enviable. The advice in the *Essays* cannot have been much laid to heart. It would seem as if the Wynnes were fated to conduct themselves badly when young, and to preach virtue when old.*

In the midst of her many social and intellectual occupations, Giustiniana did not neglect the family of her beloved brother. Proof of this appears in a letter written to a friend of her own sex. The orthography is more fanciful than ever in the original French :—

‘ Padua, June 24, 1790.

‘ Yes my charming friend I have hit upon one of the most ravishing ideas imaginable, one of those ideas that still has power to move my soul that's almost withered with joy of the stay that I count on making with you in the country, not earlier as I have told you than the beginning of August. I owe the time till then to my brother and his family. My poor sister-in-law obtains not the slightest relief for her ills from the treatment she has been following these three months past. She grows visibly thinner, she eats nothing, but absolutely nothing, and suffers continual pains. Dr

* Another relative of Giustiniana was Cassandra Wynne, whom Burney heard singing in Grimani's house. “ *A Musical Journey in Italy* ” (1770).

Bognolo,* who attends her, is alarmed at her state and knows not what to think of it. My brother perhaps grows used to it and the little girls are ignorant of the great loss they are threatened with. There is no sore but all the symptoms which the strength of the remedies cannot subdue announce the most fatal catastrophe. I see her often, I have forgotten all, and I try and give her courage through the strength of Religion. My Sister-in-law said to me yesterday, Be sure, without this Religion that I venerate I would already have put an end to my sufferings. Oh how little attraction has this world for me, my sweet friend, and how persuaded I am that my future destination offers the most wholesome, surest food for my spirit !

‘ I thank you my good Betsy† for the trouble you have taken with M. Bernini. I await his friend’s reply with impatience. One can fail a woman according to the principles of some, but honour one cannot fail. I understand nothing more about men, and I suspend my judgment. But, but . . . let us say no more of it. I shall see you, and I’ll pour my sorrows and doubts into your bosom. Know that up to this moment I have had no reply to my letter sent by M. Bernini. If he has received one for me act in sort that I may know it. We have a detestable Opera, which is what fairly prevents my going to it. The Ambassador and Ambassadress of France are here, I live much with them in the midst of their children and my little nieces. I need to live a little with you, to be soothed with consolations that elsewhere are denied me. Querini and

* Riccardo Wynne dedicated an inscription to Dr Bonioli (not Bognolo) to express his gratitude for his wife’s recovery.

† The letter is addressed to Elisabetta Mosconi Contarini.

Benincasa send you their compliments. Embrace your charming daughters for me.

‘ To Madame,

‘ Madame la Comtesse Mosconi née Contarini
à Verone.’ *

From this letter it would appear that men were no longer the slaves of Giustiniana’s will. Her old vivacity had deserted her ; its place was taken by a note of calm melancholy, as though the passage of years had brought disillusion, together with a quiet longing for the affection of friends. The physical sufferings to which she became a prey may have been the sad consequence of her youthful excesses.

Zaguri, writing to Casanova on January 15th, 1791, says : ‘ The Rosenberg is not well.’ The alternating state of the Countess’s health is reflected in Benincasa’s letters to the State Inquisitors. These private notes, inserted among the official, or at least officious, reports of the confidential agent, offer the clearest possible proof of the great interest which Benincasa took in the health of the Countess, and reveal a degree of affection in which gratitude had only a small part.

In a letter dated June 15th, 1791, to Giuseppe Gradenigo, Benincasa said that a ‘ disagreeable incident in the precious Lady’s illness ’ had obliged him to curtail his news for the Inquisitors. He wrote to the same correspondent two days later : ‘ I am overwhelmed with affliction. The most interesting, most charming, most praiseworthy Lady of our time and country is fighting against death, to which she

* Autographed letter of Giustiniana Wynne, in the Library of the Museo Correr, Venice.

opposes a painful resistance. I ask indulgence and pity. I ask a respite of my anguish, and also implore, with friendly, simple freedom, that there may be no delay in obtaining for me and sending me the customary mark of satisfaction for my services, taking into account one or two journeys—I no longer know how many—made in the first half of this month. . . . When I have endured my cruel sentence, I will summon strength to resume the exercise of my duty. . . .’

And he added in a postscript : ‘ Let me not be accused or suspected of indiscretion on the head of my request. You can picture to yourself the disorder and confusion of my circumstances, and that precisely at the most unfavourable moment.’

But the patient appears to have improved on the following day : ‘ The precious invalid has a little respite ; but it were vain to have illusions or to hope, only to descend thereafter into blacker depths of despair.’

On the 19th, improvement continued : ‘ The precious invalid yesterday and to-day has breathed more freely and gains strength, as do many others with her. The improvement is almost sudden and prodigious : it relieves and suspends our anguish, but cannot dispel it, for we tremble every day lest the illness may return.’

The improvement, which was maintained for a few days, justified a little hope ; but this condition ‘ of calm or languor in the most worthy Lady ’ lasted but a short while. At the end of July her sufferings became acute again. On the 30th of that month Benincasa wrote to Gradenigo : ‘ I am distraught with the aggravation of the most worthy invalid’s disorder, whose stomach now rejects

all nourishment and all work.' Twenty days later, the catastrophe appeared imminent: 'For some days'—so wrote this faithful friend on August 20th—'the fatal end has been momentarily imminent, despite the resistance of a robust temperament. Through sentiment and duty, my resistance is no less to the sad circumstances of this situation.'

The troubled existence of Giustiniana Wynne, Countess von Rosenberg, came to an end during the night of the 21st of August. Benincasa sent word of the event to Grad-enigo, in a letter of the August 22nd, in which he expresses his profound grief. 'This night expired the incomparable Countess von Rosenberg. We have lost in her the rarest, perhaps unique, example of qualities the most difficult to be found united in one and the same person. Great intelligence, a noble heart, an accomplished mind, all the world's graces, exquisite taste, profound knowledge, and the sincerest, most spontaneous modesty joined to such wealth. Everything conspired to make of this illustrious Lady the delight of Society, the ornament of her sex, and a Personage the most valuable to Venice. She might have lived to the most advanced age. Nature has robbed us of twenty years of her sweet company, since she is dead at the age of 54 years and 7 months. . . . I have let myself be carried away, and I beg you will forgive my effusion; it helps me to temper my just sorrow, by feeding it.'

The death of such a woman could not escape the attention of the Abbé Gennari, the Paduan chronicler. On the 23rd he noted in his journal:—

'Yesterday evening there was brought to the Church delle Monache di S. Benedetto, with a decent equipage, the

body of Mad. Giustiniana Wynne, widow of the Count von Rosenberg, Imperial Ambassador in Venice, who, having suffered from a long and painful malady of the uterus, died in the Palazzo Soranzo, now Zorzi, at the age of 54 years and 7 months. She was the daughter of an English gentleman, Richard, who died a Catholic, and of an Italian lady of Grecian origin. In her youth she had been very beautiful and full of dash and spirit. Certain works of hers have been printed, the *Story of the Two Venetian Gondoliers*, the *Morlachs*, a prose poem, etc. This morning the solemn Mass of Requiem was sung for her, besides a large number of low Masses which, both to-day and yesterday, were celebrated on her behalf.” *

Did she die comforted by her brother's affection, besides the Pontifical Blessing? It does not appear so. Riccardo had probably left Venice after the death of his wife. But he made provision for a worthy sepulchre for his sister in the Church of S. Benedetto, where one may still read, on a marble tablet, the following inscription inspired by fraternal love :—

JUSTINIANÆ WYNNE
COMITISSÆ A ROSEMBERGH
SORORI
RARISSIMÆ ET DESIDERATISSIMÆ
MORBO SÆVISSIMO IN HAC URBE
SUBLATÆ IX KAL. SEPT. A. CICIOCCXCI
ÆTAT. P. M. LIV
RICHARDUS WYNNE NOB. BRITANNUS
CUM LACRIMIS H.M.P.C.

* Gennari : *Notizie giornaliera*. Library of the Seminary of Padua, cod. 551. The Health Register states : ‘ On August 22, 1791, Her

Richard Wynne died in 1799, as Rector of Ayot Saint Laurence, near Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. He, also, had been a writer, and had published in 1784 a critical edition of the New Testament.

Giustiniana's death was much mourned by her friends at Padua and Venice. But naturally her loss was most keenly felt by Benincasa and Querini. The latter erected a monument to his beloved friend at Altichiero—he could have paid her no higher tribute—in the very garden where her friends had enjoyed the charms of her conversation, and where he had passed such fragrant hours in her company. The monument was in the form of a bust of the Countess, with the following inscription :—

Honori—sæculo suo et loco—memoriæ jucundissimæ desideratissimæ—Justinianæ—Comitissæ de Rosenberg—matronæ—acie ingenii atque scriptis—sophia et attico lepore refertis—nemini secundæ—cui musæ et charites meliore luto præcordia—finxerant venus quinta parte sui nectaris—inbuerat quæ iniquo demum vexata morbo—ætat. ann. LIV—magno animo supremum diem præcepit ac humaniss.—dissimulatione erga suos constanter leniterque—peregit—IX Kal. Sept. MDCCXCI—A.Q.—monumentum—doloris et amicitiae—dum ipse vivit et ultra—M.L.L.—præ cæteris carius posuit—asservandumq. hæredib.—præ cæteris commendavit—prid. idus octobr.

On each side of the statue, at the base of two Etruscan vases, were engraved two other inscriptions :—

Illa mihi mortua—vivet hic—illa meis oculis—aurea semper erit—sint omnia rosæ.

Excellency Signorina Giustina Wynne, etc., after a year's illness from a sore in the uterus, visited by Dr Bonato,—Parish of the Cathedral.' And the Cathedral Register says the same, adding that she had ' Passed to a better life . . . furnished with the Holy Sacraments and Pontifical Benediction.'

Somno æternali—sacrum—si habere potuisset—æternam incolumitatem—musæ donassent—amica optima—æternum vale.*

Querini died suddenly four years later at Venice, when leaving the theatre at S. Moise. His nephew and heir, Lauro, must have been somewhat surprised when he read the arrangements in his uncle's will. The latter left instructions that his body was to be buried in the Church of Altichiero, near the tomb of Giuletta Uccelli, the "Cavamacchie," and his heart in an urn in the little temple of Pallas, which stood not far from the monument erected to the Countess von Rosenberg. The heir carried out the first part of these instructions, but not the second, thus leaving the poor heart far from the shrine erected to her who had been the accomplished Senator's last flame.

After Giustiniana's death, Benincasa found himself financially unsupported. One of his brothers was Bishop of Carpi, the other was in the service of the Prince of Modena, and both tried to attract him to Modena. But the reigning duke, it appears, was opposed to his returning thither. Benincasa then set about winning the confidence of the new Imperial Ambassador, the Count von Breunner, as formerly he had gained that of Durazzo, and with this intention he dedicated a *poesia teatrale* to him. He also courted the new Ambassador of France. His address and ability eventually won the favour of both Ambassadors, and of Corradini, the Imperial Ambassador's Secretary.† After Breunner's recall and that of Corradini, who suc-

* Ferretto, *Chiese di Padova*, MS. in the Civic Museum of Padua (S. Benedetto).

† State Archives of Venice. State Inquisitors, 622, report of Pedrini.

ceeded him, Benincasa wandered from town to town and finally settled in Milan, where he became editor of the *Monitore Cisalpino* during the Napoleonic régime, which supported the French Government after the suppression of the patriotic *Monitore Italiano*. At Milan, Benincasa died in 1825.

How did Andrea Memmo receive the news of Giustiniana's death? He had become a great personage, loaded with honours. The Emperor Joseph II recognised his worth. He met him several times in the course of his visits to Venice, and declared one day: "Since knowing Senator Memmo, I am no longer surprised that the Venetian Republic should be famous for its wisdom. Four men of his stamp would suffice to govern the whole of Europe." * Memmo, ever respectful of the laws, yet understood the new age that was dawning, and among the old retrogrades who governed in the last years of the Republic, he appeared liberal, of the sane type of liberalism which rests within the limit of the laws. But politics had neither alienated him from the ladies, nor the ladies from him. He had one day remarked to Casanova that he could not make up his mind to put an end to a useless correspondence with twenty women in different countries who declared themselves "constantly in love with him." Was Giustiniana one of these to Memmo? He could not deny what Giustiniana had sacrificed for him; and he had definitely severed his relations with Contarina Barberigo, after twenty years of love and friendship, when he realised the risk he

* Joseph II was one of the most enlightened and intelligent monarchs of his century. Students of history will therefore appreciate the value of such a remark. (Translator's Note.)

ran of having to marry her. The only black cloud in the otherwise serene skies of his old age was the unfortunate marriage of his daughter Paolina, who died, after many conjugal sorrows, in 1789.

When Giustiniana died, Andrea was in Venice, occupied with various social and artistic questions. The news of her death may have saddened him a little, but cannot have affected him profoundly. Perhaps, during the course of the years, he would have thought of her more often had he known of the birth of their child, which Giustiniana had so strangely concealed from him. Memmo died in January 1793, after several months of acute suffering, caused by gangrene of the right foot.

News of Giustiniana's death promptly reached Casanova, who, in his hermitage at Dux, was recalling to mind, as he wrote his *Memoirs*, his former conquests and adventures. That which he had had with the Wynne was not the least piquant. He did not learn of Giustiniana's death from Zaguri, his assiduous retailer of Venetian gossip and news. Zaguri had informed him of her illness: but the Countess of Rosenberg had never claimed his sympathies.

Giustiniana died on August 21st, and on September 2nd, Casanova made the following note, which has since been found amongst his papers: 'Souvenir—the Prince von Rosenberg * told me, when coming downstairs, that Madame von Rosenberg was dead, and asked me whether the Count von Waldstein had in his library the description of the villa at Altichiero which the Emperor had inquired for in

* Francesco Saverio, Prince von Rosenberg (1723-1796), Giustiniana's nephew, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Court Dignitary, Diplomatist, etc., was then Director of the Court Theatre of Vienna.

vain from the librarian of the city of Prague, and when I answered yes, he broke into an equivocal laugh.'

The old Don Juan in retreat, among the shelves of Count Waldstein's library or in the secluded corners to which he withdrew to compose his *Memoirs*, from the notes of names and places which he had always kept, could see in his mind's eye the ghosts of the women who had made glad his youth and maturity; and among them, doubtless, rose the profile of Giustiniana Wynne. Perhaps Casanova had envied the destiny of the great lady who, in her time, had revealed all the characteristics of an adventuress, who had sinned and suffered the consequences of her sin, yet whose last years had passed in an atmosphere of respect and consideration. She had known how to repair the errors of her youth. The similarity of their tastes, their common thirst for adventure, had for a space brought them together, nor of all the Chevalier di Seingalt's flames had any seemed more worthy of him. . . . Then the diverging streams of life had borne them far apart.

And to him, in his last retreat, a relative of this honoured and respected lady brought the news of her death. But a smile had sufficed to let him understand that the prudence of old age had not effaced the memory of youth's stormier days. The Prince von Rosenberg remembered the difficulties encountered by his aunt when she sought to be presented at Court, and the echo of certain rumours still lingered in his ears. . . . And he had maliciously asked Casanova if the library entrusted to his care contained a copy of one of her books. Certainly, he was ignorant of the secret that Casanova carried in the recesses of his conscience; but he knew of Giacomo's friendship with

Giustiniana, since he had been so eager to inform him of her death ; and he must have had his suspicions about the past life of the two friends, since he had been unable to restrain that “equivocal laugh.”

To suppose that Giacomo Casanova, the sceptic, the philosophic, was deeply affected by the news, would be to exaggerate. For him, Giustiniana had been an adventure, and little more. He had loved her, but he had loved so many more, nor would he ever have had his fill of adventures had not age reminded him that all things have an end in this world below. Did not the women of Dux complain that the old man taught “naughtinesses” to the youngest of their daughters? Mere calumny, perhaps, due to the reputation of the incorrigible Chevalier, or to the bourgeois hostility of an obscure little Bohemian town.

There is a local legend to the effect that, after the cross fell, which, from 1798 until the recent discovery of the authentic tomb, was supposed to indicate the adventurer’s last resting-place in the little graveyard at Dux, the skirts of the devout, on their way to church, were often caught in it. . . . Certain, however, it is that, if any ghosts haunt the church and the castle grounds, or hover round that tomb, among them must be the ghost of Giustiniana Wynne, adventuress and *grande dame*, a true daughter of that age of adventurers of which no more typical or genial example remains than the Chevalier di Seingalt.



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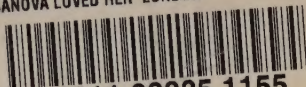
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